THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded [illegible]8 by Benj. Franklin

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THANKSGIVING

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

has brought back to the firing line thousands of friendly old jimmy pipes

Copyright 1915 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

PRINCE ALBERT puts pipes in the mouths of men—*and keeps them there*—men who believed they never would, *never could*, again be tempted! To them Prince Albert has been as much of a revelation *as it will be to you!* The patented process fixes that—and cuts out bite and parch!

And the sooner you hitch up your Department of Satisfaction to this fact, and have a 6 x 9 *personal* look-in on some national joy smoke—jimmy pipe or makin's cigarette—quicker you get real cause to

make a noise like you're having fun!

With these few remarks

let's all fire-up and have a chat and call each other by our first names and get acquainted-like and bask in the sunny atmosphere of P. A. Because, you'll find Prince Albert popular in every bunch of fellows you meet in the day's journey; men who work indoors and out; men of the cities, the woods and the fields; men of all nations and tastes! And it's pleasant to have *your* brand of tobacco on sale everywhere you travel—back in the bushes as well as in the big cities. Always greets you cheerily—*it's so friendly*. The toppy red bags sell for 5c; the tidy red tins, for 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—*and*—that clever pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps P. A. so bang-up fine—*always!*

Don't have to have your palm read to discover *you can* chum-it with a pipe or a makin's cigarette; *you'll get that information* via smoke-wireless at the cost of a nickel or dime! For Prince Albert sets you back only those gentle-little-sums for liberal supplies that will put you straight on the tobacco question.

You take a lot of stock in what we say on P. A.—just like you believe in U. S. ten-dollar bills! For *we know* what we tell you about Prince Albert is A1XXX and *we know* how this tobacco will set on your smokeappetite!

Just the true-to-nature thing for you to do-right-quick as you read this is to cut-tracks for that old pipe or land on the makin's papers, some P. A. and biff-bang-into-action, for there's more joy due you instantly than you can shake a stick at! And *you be right game* and try-out this line of talk!

There's *one* tune-that-listens—"Prince Albert, the national joy smoke!" *Play that both ways*—jimmy pipe or makin's cigarette!

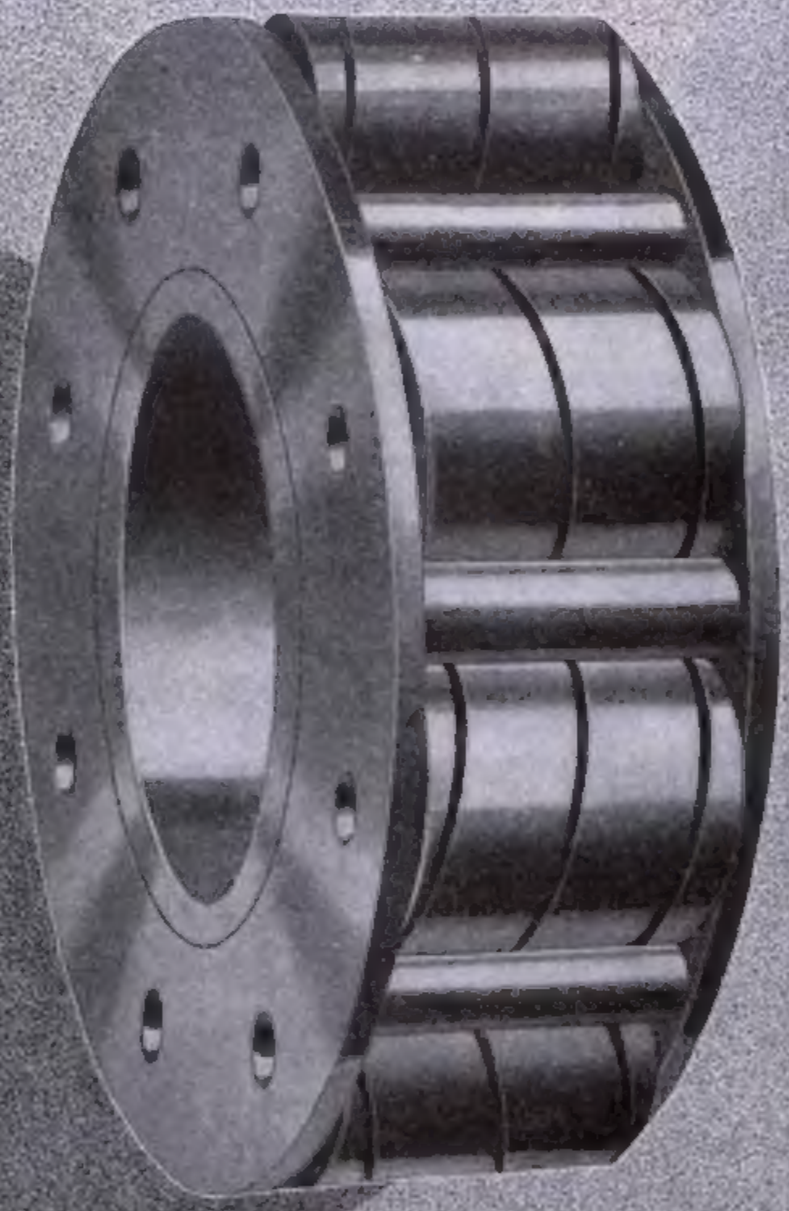
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

884,000

Nineteen-Sixteen Automobiles

(planned production)

from Smallest "Four" to Greatest "Twin-Six" will use



HYATT

QUIET BEARINGS

NATIONAL MAZDA

Buy Lamps in this Blue Convenience Carton

The Way to Better Light

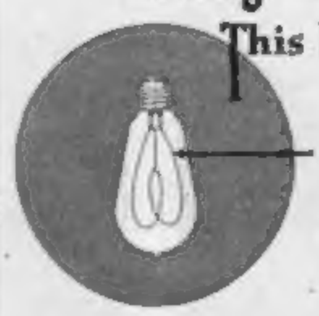
A National Mazda Lamp in Every Socket

YOU need something more than electric light to be up-to-date—you need the electric light of National Mazda lamps. When you have a National Mazda lamp in every socket you are getting the most, the best and the least expensive electric light that science and invention have produced.

National Mazda lamps are giving electric light to homes that do not wish to tolerate old-fashioned carbon lamps with their expensive waste of electricity, and their gloomy, flickering light.

Judge Them By Their Looks

This Lamp Uses More Electricity Than These Three



This is the old-fashioned carbon lamp, invented October 21, 1879. It is a current-waster and has no place in a thrifty home.

This lamp has a loop filament. Beware of such lamps! They waste two-thirds of the current they take. Lamps like these three are the ones to buy. Be sure *"National Mazda"* is *etched* on the bulbs.

Which Kind Do You Use?

These are National Mazda lamps, rugged, low-priced and triply efficient.

Every carbon lamp burns enough current to light three National Mazda lamps, each of the same candlepower as the single carbon lamp.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS
of General Electric Company
62 Nela Park Cleveland

Any of the labels shown below is a guaranty of National Quality

NATIONAL Mazda lamps give three times as much light as carbon lamps with the same current. You can use three times as many lamps at the same expense, or the same number of lamps each three times as bright.

When you use carbon lamps—no matter how few—you are wasting current that National Mazda lamps will turn into light. National Mazda lamps—rugged, efficient, and costing only 27 or 36 cents for ordinary home sizes—make light that is sanitary, convenient and economical.

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GREEN TIMBER

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL

Sometimes I Made Speeches

I HAD been a business woman for ten years before I learned that, compared with any business man of my own equipment and opportunities, I was a failure. During those ten years I considered myself unusually successful. Often, toward the end of my self-hypnotized period, when I signed myself "Janet Thayer, Assistant Advertising Manager," I did so with a thrill of naïve pride in the fact that few business women of thirty had gone so far as I. As I now look back it seems incredible that, just because I held down a job, had men and other women working for me, had been interviewed for the woman's pages of various newspapers, and had talked before clubs on new vocations for women—that all this should have befogged me so thoroughly as to my real value in the business world.

Various experiences in school and college had made me draw the conclusion that my mental make-up predestined me for a success away ahead of that to which most other girls could attain. The most significant experience came when I was a senior in college. It was in a psychology class; and the professor, for a reason he did not tell the students, was making experiments on us by handing round tubes filled with fluids. We were asked to smell them and classify, as well as we could, the sorts of odors. One tube the class was divided on.

A dogmatic young fullback said it was faintly aromatic, and half the class followed his lead until a man, who was writing stories already accepted by the magazines, said he detected a sort of evanescent acid smell. The rest of the class agreed with him, except myself. I said there was no odor at all. The experiment was tried twice, no one receding from his position.

Then the professor said:

"There's just one person in this class of forty who went at this test with a head clear of bias. Miss Thayer is right: the tube holds water."

Of course it was a little triumph, and I should have been justified in gloating over it quietly during the day; but after that, for the sake of balance, I should have dismissed it. Yet, from that time forward, I felt very distinctly superior to all my classmates. A little sense of superiority is an aid to salutary self-confidence, but I overdid it. From the little episode I deduced that I was not a sheeplike follower of other people's ideas, but had a keen, penetrating, shrewdly appraising head. What I had was a swelled head.

And yet, but for this, I might not have made the choice I did after I left college. I was very much dissatisfied with my home. My mother was dead, and my little sister Stella and I lived with my stepfather and his children by another marriage, Claire and Leonard Saunders. My mother had left enough money to support and educate Stella and myself until we were twenty-one, if it was done simply. Mr. Saunders was rich and he gave us more than our money called for. There was no way of our living frugally in the Saunders house. Though he liked us, the Saunders relatives, who always filled the place, criticized Stella and me, making Claire believe that we were trying to undermine her father's affection for her. Leonard, who was just like his father—weak and good-natured, and rather dull—they could not influence, because he was fond of me; but Claire, with them behind her, made her father's house a disagreeable place for me. I meant to earn my own living and to take Stella away just as soon as I could provide a home for her.

At first I took it for granted that I should teach. Then it occurred to me to look up the matters of a teacher's duties, salary and pension. I began to reflect. It was hard enough to get information out of one's head into juvenile heads; but there was the discipline too. One had, at the same time, to give instruction and do police duty. Then the thought struck me that if a woman could be worth to a school board anything from five hundred dollars a year to two thousand, with a pension finally thrown in, she ought to be worth more to herself. I investigated other occupations and I got my first glance into the business world. If men could go into offices and work up into good positions, and even into businesses of their own, why not women?

I informed the Saunders family that, after I was graduated, I meant to go to a business school; and I might just as well have announced that I was going to plunge into some forbidden social cesspool. When people tell me the fact that women have gone out from the home to take their places in offices and shops has meant a splendid sweep of democracy, I remind them that it has also produced among home-keeping women a wave of aristocracy. A whole background of social snobbery and pretentiousness has made the workingwoman instinctively and passively turn to just one profession—teaching.

Only a few years ago women shrank, for the same reason, from any profession. The world may not be willing to admit it, but there is, among most rich people or people of position, a sense of superiority to any woman who has to earn her own living. They would not necessarily feel it for her brother if her brother were a good-looking bachelor valuable for filling in at dinner parties or taking a seat in an opera box at the last moment; but she must pay the social penalty for the fact that her father has not enough money to keep her at home and that she has not taken a husband.

Yet, even those who look down on women who make their own living permit the teacher. She could be graduated from that profession to marriage with a millionaire and look back without embarrassment on the fact that she had conducted a schoolroom. Seen from that angle, teaching does not seem the same thing as earning one's own living; rather, it is an intellectual occupation. I remember hearing a friend, anxious to keep up appearances, say of her daughter to my mother:

"Elizabeth is so energetic; she can't be content with nothing to do. So, as she loves children, I'm going to let her amuse herself by teaching."

"As if," said my mother impatiently, "as if Elizabeth couldn't put in her time daubing pictures or making jewelry! Why do people try so hard to hide their need of money? If the American deference to intellect and the memory of pioneer grandmothers who taught did not permit the teacher, I suppose Elizabeth would starve."

Moreover, the teacher is guarded from rough contact with business. She sits apart from the world of men in her cloistered schoolroom; but the office girl works beside men, takes orders from them, and sometimes breathes in their tobacco smoke, and even sees them without their coats on; therefore, the office girl cannot be quite ladylike.

"Think!" said one of Claire's aunts. "Think! If you should ever marry a man who afterward made something of himself in politics! Think how ashamed he would feel if the newspapers had printed the fact that you were a stenographer!"

I replied that if ever I saw a man I wanted to marry I'd make him swear that he'd be as proud of me for pounding a machine as the nation was of Abraham Lincoln for splitting rails.

"You know it's not the same thing," she said.

"It's going to be with me," I vowed. "I expect to conduct my life exactly as a man does."

Claire cried and said I was going to disgrace them—to say nothing of Stella—by working in an office. Leonard, big, dull, kind fellow that he was, blushed furiously as he

I'd Make Him Swear He'd be Proud of Me

said that he didn't want to think of me as grinding away in an office; that I deserved an easy life and ought to have it. This remark was Claire's first intimation that dear old Leonard's feeling for me was other than brotherly. After that she said nothing, hoping that if I did go to work Leonard would be cured of his infatuation. Naturally all this opposition reënforced my determination.

In the business college I attended for six months I met working girls in embryo and soon looked on them with critical eyes. The majority of them had had a year or two in a high school; many of them had come straight from the eighth grade—handicapped little creatures. Most of them were there to take the briefest possible course that would fit them to enter the business world. A few were there to learn all they could and were most unwisely trying to master both bookkeeping and stenography instead of specializing on the latter and typewriting.

Probably it was not the business of the keepers of the school to explain that systems of bookkeeping differ very much, and that it is better for a girl who gets one of the few positions where she must keep books as well as act as stenographer, to pay a few dollars to an expert to open her books, give her instruction, and then, when she is in doubt, settle her difficulties over the telephone. All the girls seemed to me to take their work less seriously than we did in college. At first I wondered at this, since it was to be the instrument for making their livings; later on I realized that it was because they expected to marry soon.

When I took my first position as stenographer to the employment manager in a mail-order house I was so busy learning and adjusting myself that I had no time to estimate the attitude of the girls who worked with me. When I woke up to the fact that they were just marking time until they got married I did not, at first, deplore their attitude. I had seen it in college girls, for that matter. I did not judge them harshly, because it is such a perfectly natural thing for a girl to expect to marry. Soon after I became subject to the methods of business life, however, I began to reflect that the whole course of a girl's early life not only unfits her for the world of the office but will not take her far in the technic of managing a home, because the emphasis is put, not on success in marriage but merely on getting a husband.

Why Girls Know So Little

THE girl-child's father never explains to her carpentering or plumbing or politics, as he does to her little brother. Her mother rears her on a system of "Don'ts!" that leads to passivity of conduct and thought. If somebody gives her brother ten cents and he spends it foolishly, he is blamed and told what he could have done with the money; if he invests it in marbles and trades those marbles until he has fifteen cents' worth, he is praised. If the little girl spends her ten cents foolishly people laugh at her indulgently and say: "Isn't that just like a girl!"

Small wonder that when the average girl is eighteen she does not know how to do anything but wait for her rosy future. I had not been working very long, however, when it dawned on me that while the working girl pursued this aim she did it at the expense of her employer. My eyes were opened to this by an incident that occurred one day when I had gone into the office of Mr. Brownlee, the employment manager, to take dictation. Just as he was about to begin a letter the door of his office opened and a pretty girl came in who, I gathered, had formerly been his stenographer. She came simpering up to him and held out her hand, saying:

"Good-by, Mr. Brownlee; I'm going to be married next week."

He said some congratulatory phrases, and after she had gone he remarked to me: "Now if you want to know one reason why business men take to drink, look at that girl. Do you know what she half expects? That we'll give her a wedding present costing at least fifteen dollars. A wedding present! Do you know how far she has set the firm back?"

I couldn't tell him.

"Well, I suppose I could figure it out; but, look here, she came in raw to the office and for a week she wasn't worth anything, and then for three weeks it took most of the energy of a ten-dollar-a-week clerk to break her in. When she got used to things, as she was bright, we promoted her. Every time she got into a new department she took the time of some high-priced expert to break her in. Three months ago we gave her to the senior partner."

I smiled; the senior partner was, to put it gently, peppery.

"I know," Mr. Brownlee said; "but he's a great man and we have to conserve his energy. We gave him this girl and she cost him—well, I won't say in dollars how much energy to get used to her. And now what does she do? She gets married on us; and then we've got to get somebody else for the senior partner and take more energy out of him. If it was a man he could have stayed by the chief, getting raised all the time until he died. Most girls don't stay long enough to give us a decent percentage on the investment we put in them. Forty girls leave to one girl who stays, or to one man who leaves. But do you suppose that girl cares how much money she's cost us for her training, through the teaching of experts—training she'll throw away? She does not. Nor does she care that every time a girl marries she gives a black eye to the career of women in business. She doesn't care, and I don't believe she really more than half knows."

Doubtless she did not know. I am sure it had not until then occurred to me that girls are a detriment to the business world. I sometimes think it might be a shock to stenographers who are using their work and their employers as conveniences to find out, if a census was taken, how very few men are satisfied with their stenographers. The employer uses the office girl, not because he wants her but because, as things are now constituted, he must take her. The fact that he doesn't waste energy in reacting against a tiresome condition is no sign of satisfaction—sensible people don't react against old age and accident and death either. His attitude toward her is that resignation which comes from carefully conquered exasperation toward any waste in life. He takes what he gets and is doubtless grateful that negative qualities are not positive faults. He doesn't look for initiative or even for strong common sense. He employs men when he can, and when he cannot he pays the girls lower wages than he pays men in order to compensate himself for the poor business risk they are to him.

Even when the working girl understands, in a general way, that her employer does not approve of her, she is liable not to care. Herein she resembles a certain type of married woman who says to her husband:

"Here I am; you've married me. If you don't like the way I keep house, if you think I am incompetent, what are you going to do about it? You've married me!"

The working girl's attitude is that the employer wouldn't take her if he didn't want her, and meantime she need not use any more of her energy than she has to. This attitude is the child of another attitude that women have assumed for ages toward men. I believe that, unless women are afraid of their men, they have a secret indulgent contempt for them, a feeling that they have better sense than men. It arises perhaps from the reason that in the hours of the softer emotions men are wholly theirs. The women forget all the rest of the time in between; they remember only that in the tender hours their men more unreservedly belong to them than women could belong to anybody.

I've seen so many married women placating their husbands as though they were big children—and perhaps the men understood, but knew it wouldn't do any good to resent; the placating would simply take a different form. I have seen these same women pretending to listen to their husbands when they were talking business or giving their views on current affairs. They felt that a more or less perfunctory assent was all the men required; underneath, the wives would go on thinking of their own personal interests. These women miss all along the line a splendid chance of learning from men and of getting more out of themselves.

That, as I have said, is the fault of business women. They won't learn from men. They come into the offices as green timber and it is their own fault that they do not become seasoned timber. They feel that the office is not their proper environment and they don't care to adapt themselves to it more than is absolutely necessary. They are willing to work far harder in their homes than ever they do in an office; but they don't care to use their minds hard enough to carry over from the office to the home methods that will help them to be better partners for their husbands. They don't want to use their minds fully; they'd rather not learn more than they must.

Once I was in an office with a very pretty girl, Lucille Hart, who was the special stenographer of the head of the firm for which we were working. She had a good many free hours, in which she did embroidery.

"Why," I asked her, "do you stick that silly needle in and out, and moon, when you could be learning something worth while? Why don't you read that booklet on my desk about stocks and bonds?"

"Nothing doing!" she said. "I'm engaged."

"But don't you want to know things for the sake of knowing them?" I asked.

"Not if they aren't going to be of use to me in my own home," she said. "I'm not going to wear myself out learning anything I can't use."

"But don't you see," I argued, "that if you were to sharpen your mind by learning about stocks and bonds you would have it bright for some housekeeping problem?"

"Housekeeping problem—with a delicatessen shop round one corner and a restaurant round the other? Say, sister, what do you think I'm going to keep—a boarding house?"

"Don't you take any pleasure," I said, "in being able to do more than you're asked? Look at young Barnes. He pokes round the office and does more than the stipulated amount just because he is interested."

The Philosophy of the Lucille Hart Type

"YES, and do you know why he is interested? Because no fair-haired young girl round the corner is going to support him; he's got to earn for himself and a family. But any girl who's attractive to men has got a gift that's just the same as bed, board and clothes. So long as a girl looks nice, keeps the house going and doesn't nag, she can hold her husband—unless he's a pup; in which case she can get another. Then why should she try to make a highbrow of herself? Not for me!"

Never have I heard more clearly defined the position of the parasite. That Lucille Hart could so clearly gauge her situation was proof positive that she had brains enough to go far in her work if she had cared to use them. She not only did not use them in her office but when she got her own home—and surely the most selfish person ought to be willing to think for her own home—she did not use them there. Once, when spending a day with her, I said:

"How is it, Lucille, that when you leave the living room in the evening for another room you don't snap off the light?"

"Oh, I'm always back in a few minutes."

"Last time it was an hour. In the office they had you disciplined to save pencils and stamps, and ——"

"Oh, you old cheeseparer! What's the use of a home if you can't feel free and easy, and able to keep a light going if you want to? But I guess I get it from mother. Waste of light and fire was her one extravagance."

Belden Was Brown-Eyed and Cheery, a Good Deal of the College Boy on the Outside

I observed in my stay with Lucille that all her ways of housekeeping she inherited from "mother." She did not dream of trying to find out whether some modern way of housekeeping would be more economical and more convenient than the older way. She simply did things without thought, just as mother used to do them, because that was easier than to put her mind on making a science of housekeeping.

It was about this time that I decided never to marry but to be a business woman for life. My stepfather's son, Leonard, and one or two others while I was in college, had offered me a life job in a home. But my mother had not been happy in either of her marriages, and I had seen other women and men who seemed to me discontented in double harness—not because anything was wrong with their mates but because they were temperamentally unfitted for marriage.

I did not, however, definitely decide against marriage and for business until a little incident

arose in which I was concerned, between my employer, Mr. Brownlee, and his wife. She was a pretty, hopelessly extravagant creature, wearing wonderful clothes to attract other men, because Mr. Brownlee never looked at clothes, was nothing of a lover, wanted to save fifty per cent of their income, and hated dinner parties.

They simply did not get on. I had to look over Mrs. Brownlee's household accounts and pay the bills; and sometimes, if she came into the office the day I had asked Mr. Brownlee to sign the checks, they would have a battle royal in my presence. On one of these occasions Mr. Brownlee flung out of the office. His wife wept on my shoulder, sobbing among other things:

"I wish I had married another man. I ought to have married another type."

When she was gone and I was locking up for the day Mr. Brownlee came back. He had me get him some money out of the safe—I suppose to buy her a make-up present—and then he said, sighing:

"I ought never to have married, Miss Thayer. I wish I had never married."

Well, there it was! I reflected. The woman instinctively assumed that her future lay only in marriage, that she couldn't get along without a man behind her. The man assumed that life would go on very well for him without marriage; there were his work, his friends, all the wide horizon of interests. He was not thinking of another mate; simply he was wishing he had never married. Why should not a woman have that ideal of a full life—just business and friends, without a mate? I made my resolve then to cut out marriage and live simply for my work.

After making this decision I felt more than ever superior to the girls about me. As I became, later on, a failure in the business world, this sense of superiority was as ridiculous as it was unjustifiable; but for the moment it made me keen to pounce on the deficiencies of working girls. I made up my mind that fundamentally what ails all of them is insistence on sex, and that they never can succeed in business until they can overcome that tendency.

Take the girls who want to marry, but cannot because they are plain or dull or diffident, or in some way unattractive to wife-seekers; because, in brief, they are not "live ones." For a long time I did not understand why such a girl should not say to herself:

"Very well; I'm thirty years old and I can't get a caller even when I offer him the best dinner in town. So now I'll put all of me into my work, get a good living and maybe a business of my own. In the end I'll have enough to adopt a couple of children, and have as much love and safety when I'm old as any girl I know who has married."

Only now and then does a girl take herself in hand in that fashion, however. Most of them drift along, neglecting opportunities for making themselves worth more in the business world, apparently indifferent to the fact that their old age may be semidependent. They may give any number of excuses to themselves, such as: "I'm too tired to do more; I'm too nervous to work harder." They come closer to their real meaning when they say: "I work as hard as any woman should"; or "No woman ought to drudge this way day after day." But what they really feel is: "I ought to have married. I'm a failure because I haven't. So I might as well go on failing."

Women Who Lack Sex Loyalty

I AM always sorry for this type of girl; but I wonder whether she is much better than the would-be vampire one occasionally sees, who demands support from a husband who has deserted her, and who says, in effect:

"I am entitled to support. Once, when I was young and pretty, I lured a man, and somebody has got to keep me from working for the rest of my life."

The working girl who wants to get on must fight against this tendency to lean; it is one of the commonest manifestations of her inability to keep sex out of business. Another manifestation, and the one that is most likely to annoy her employer, is her sensitiveness, her readiness to have her feelings hurt at an occasional abruptness in his manner, when he is not thinking of her at all.

The first time that sort of thing came to me I looked at it from the girl's side rather than from the employer's. I was in Lucille Hart's flat and her husband was telling us of an office experience that had tried him.

"Well," he said, beaming at Lucille's pretty face, "it's nice to come home to a woman that's not weeping."

Lucille looked up alertly; the parasite is never blind to her own interests.

"That Miss Bell," he explained, "who takes letters for Jenkins and me; you know her, Lucille—tall, lank, bean-ladder girl who'll never see thirty-five again and, if she does, will look at her birthday with one eye crossed."

Lucille nodded. She herself had managed to select her husband's stenographer.

"Well, a man was in to-day fussing about something. It was up to me to keep my temper all right with him; but when I sent Miss Bell for some records, and she was slow to get them, I hollered at her to know what the Satanic Majesty was keeping her! It eased the other fellow's nerves as well as my own; we both grinned. Well, she came in with the records, mouth set, face red, eyes red. When the fellow'd gone she came into my office and stuttered

For Several Months I Saw Mr. Sinclair From Time to Time When He Came Into the Office to Confer With the Manager

out that she thought I owed her an apology. I told her to march right back to her office and get to her work, and not let me hear another peep out of her."

I glanced at Lucille and the look I saw on her face made me ashamed of her. It was a malicious, smug look. She was feeling a sense of petty power because she had won a man; a feeling of hateful superiority to poor Miss Bell, because the same man who adored her would speak brutally to another girl—and could do it because the other girl needed twelve dollars a week. I thought Miss Bell had been foolish to mind her employer's manner, but I only pitied her and was not impatient. I did not despise her as I did Lucille. I never went near Lucille again.

Miss Bell was wrong, of course, in not armoring herself with a thick skin for office purposes. Most employers are impersonal; a few are discourteous. A working girl should take the unfortunate manner of an employer as something to be philosophically endured—just as a workingman does. She should not say:

"He ought not to treat me that way, because I am a woman."

Lucille's attitude about the Miss Bell matter—if I may digress briefly—is significant of the lack of sex loyalty from which so many women suffer. The attitude that the sheltered woman takes should be that of my friend, Eleanor Blake—Eleanor Blake, who, except Alexander Sinclair, has influenced me more profoundly than anyone else. I met her first through Claire, whose acquaintance she was, and I instinctively avoided her because I always disliked anyone Claire liked. This incident happened long before we became friends.

Eleanor's husband was a reporter. One night he and two other reporters, one a girl, had been out on a trying assignment. At one o'clock they came to the parting of the ways, the girl having either to take a cab or to walk five blocks through an unsavory neighborhood before she could get her street car for home. Said Blake:

"I guess you'll be all right, won't you, Miss Sweeney?"

"Certainly," Miss Sweeney said; and as she could not afford a cab she walked.

When Blake, eating the onion soup Eleanor had prepared for him, casually let her know how he had left Miss Sweeney, she said:

"Dear, to-morrow you must go and apologize to her. You wouldn't have treated a home girl that way."

Maybe Eleanor was strenuous. At any rate, she was right to want to protect Miss Sweeney; and Miss Sweeney should have felt, as she doubtless did, that when she was out in the world, working with men, she was practically demanding her rights, and that she should not expect rights and chivalry, too, though it would be agreeable to have both.

Behold me, then, determined never to marry, and feeling as though that fact in itself was for me a guaranty of success in the business world! Behold me, also, spending most of my salary for good clothes and good living, sure that in the future I should be earning much more than I was in the present! Behold me casting away old acquaintances and old employers, and old boarding houses, and taking on new! I had looked into various businesses and decided that advertising interested me more than anything else. So I had gone as a stenographer into the Holland-Grace firm, the largest wholesale grocery house in Chicago.

Sinclair's Proposal

AT TWENTY-SEVEN I was the personal secretary of the advertising manager, and I had a very keen idea of how important and how difficult and incalculable advertising is; how potent if it is done right; and if done wrong how much worse than wildcat speculation. I also felt keenly how attractive its very uncertainties are to anyone who is keen for adventure and romance, and can, nevertheless, keep his head. My personal life had changed in that I had taken a flat and had my sister Stella with me. She was going through her last year in college and preferred play to work. I was glad I had a good many callers, from whom she might, if she cared to, choose her husband.

I had many friends, and among them Eleanor Blake would have been prominent if I had not disliked her attitude toward the cause of women. I felt this cause in capital letters and took it up ardently, especially from the suffrage end. I wanted Eleanor, who was a good speaker, to do platform work for it. I thought it would do her good as well as the cause, for her husband had died and she had a position in a real-estate office; but she said her own work was all she cared to handle. This I thought selfish when it was so necessary to help and educate our sex.

I was at the height of self-satisfaction, youth and health when I met the man who influenced my business career and, for that matter, my whole life more profoundly than anyone else has—Alexander Sinclair. One day I sat in the advertising manager's office offering him my criticisms on some of our proposed advertising, and he was listening with attention when I felt somebody in the doorway. I looked up, to see a man who instantly struck me as perfectly combining energy and poise. I have worked for men whose appearance shouted that they meant to have their outside correspond with their inside; who were so determined to stand for force, ability and speed that they catapulted themselves into rooms, kept their eyes at a steely gaze, and set their jaws at an angle of iron resolution. The man in the doorway wasted energy in no such attempt to register his importance. He moved forward quietly, an expression of half-jocular leisure on his dark, keen face, his eyes scarcely seeming to stir and yet seeing everything. He was too tall, too strikingly rugged in feature and figure, not to win instant attention; but he had no air of expecting deference.

I went back to my work and he and the manager talked. Later I learned that he was from the Far West, had spent some time in a St. Louis wholesale grocery house, and was now a kind of first aid to the senior partner. I learned, too, that he had been hampered in his first youth by having to support a mother and half a dozen brothers and sisters whom he had educated.

For several months I saw Mr. Sinclair from time to time when he came into the office to confer with the manager. Then one evening, when I was about to go home, he asked me whether he might go with me to talk over a matter of business. In the little living room of my flat he offered me my big chance.

"I'm going into business for myself, Miss Thayer," he explained. "I've made some pretty good investments in land in my own Western State and I've got enough to begin in a modest way." *(Continued on Page 38)*

PEEWEE PETERS

By James Hopper

ILLUSTRATED BY HAWTHORNE HOWLAND

NOW that years which I do not like to count have gone by, I am beginning to see reluctantly that our college was not altogether what we thought it to be when we made a tumultuous part of it. It looks rather Far West now, the college—university, it is called. The three frame buildings that composed it, I see now, were gaunt and not palatial. And there is no use denying the fact that every spring, if I am in the country, it is the smell of new-mown hay which sends my memory winging straight back to the old campus—simply because the old campus in those days was fragrant each spring with the same sweetness, its crop of vernal feed being no small portion of our annual revenues.

In those days, however, it was the greatest university in all the land—at a time when other lands did not count—and the biggest thing in our lives. We loved it as no nation has ever been loved, sang its exploits more resonantly than the Iliad sings, and fought for it like Leonidas. Sorrow had given this sentiment depth and sanctity, for we also had our Alsace-Lorraine—five Alsace-Lorraines, in fact. We had lost five successive football games to Milpitas.

Ran it Back Through a Field Strewn With Milpitas Giants

This Milpitas College was a new and upstart institution. I can see now that we ourselves were not exactly hoary with age; but, compared with Milpitas, we reached back to the original beginnings. Milpitas had no traditions. It had come upon earth full-fledged by the following simple process: A railroad magnate had given umpty millions to a professor who studied fishes and had said: "Go ahead!" The piscatorial expert had gone ahead. From the superiority of our hill we had seen the new institution rise in the valley, and had jeered. Bricks and stones their millions could give them, but never the traditions and spiritual qualities that come only with age—hadn't we just graduated with pomp our thirteenth class? Finally the thing was finished, stocked with professors and students. And then our football team had received a challenge—a challenge that smelled of paint and plaster.

We accepted with delight and prepared with disdain. Hadn't we walloped Union High twenty to naught, and hadn't we dragged Barn's Military Academy through a thirty-to-nothing romp, and hadn't we held the redoubtable Spartan Athletic Club to a six-to-six tie? Alas, we failed to see that by the same simple method which founds universities still more essential institutions can be created. The railroad magnate was still alive and, though pretty well whittled down by his fish expert, he still had a few dollars in his pocket. When on Thanksgiving Day—innocent babes—we faced Milpitas on the gridiron of Recreation Park, we really faced two Yale men, a Harvard product, two Princeton ends, and a choice bunch sagaciously culled from Columbia, Amherst, Brown and Notre Dame. They were concealed in the red jerseys of Milpitas; and they were not illumined first-string men, but rather obscure, just-missing-it, second-string men. But they sufficed. What they did to us I will not relate. Let it be known, though, that this was our first Alsace-Lorraine.

It was followed by four others. For five years Milpitas planted its bloody banner in the quivering flesh of our inadequate resistance, and our love for our college became bedewed with tears and sacred with grief. And this was the life of that college: A black winter, bitter with the sting of recent defeat; an early spring, during which heads straightened slowly, like flowers watered long after a drought; a late spring, during which hope became plan; a summer that was merely a waiting; an autumn of feverish preparation, filled with crashing bodies, the thump of balls, the pounding of turf, enthusiasm rising to delirium. Then Milpitas again!

In our determination to avenge ourselves we spent considerable sums hiring football coaches from the East. These young men, just out of Princeton or Harvard or Yale, were to us old with all the wisdoms and brilliant with prestige; we imitated them, so that each year all our styles were convulsed. They were not very successful, either. I remember one who, between the day we hired him and the day he came to us, had got religion. He turned out for the final catastrophe a team mild and meek, with a tendency to turn the other cheek. Another one slouched all day in his sweater, drinking beer at "the widow's." What with our faculty for ardent admiration, we were very much out of condition the Thanksgiving Day of that year—all but Fat Donovan, our center, who, as a matter of fact, was nearer to condition than usual with him. Donovan preserved toward all these imported gods an independence, an irreverence, I might say, which was our wonder and almost a scandal.

It must be said that he had come among us, as it were, by the side door. Our manager had discovered him climbing a pole in his then capacity of telegraph lineman, and had been seduced by the grace with which he handled, among a forest of dangerous wires, his most remarkable bulk. He had immediately enrolled him in the Blacksmithing Course—now known as the Course of Applied Mechanics—of the Cow School—now called the Agricultural College. Fat had been with us ever since and showed no signs of ever leaving us. He was an immense and solemn fat man, with a little chuckle hidden somewhere in the many folds of his beltline, and he was the bugbear of the coaches because of his calm disrespect. Each one, one after the other, had tried to constitute a team without him; but each always found he had to have Fat on account of his weird faculty of grabbing many legs without being seen by the umpire.

But I must come back to my coaches. Another, I remember, had been strongly impressed by the modern methods of scientific investigation. He went at the game with the methods of the "lab." He discarded all the old tried ways of driving a pigskin through opposition and evolved new attacks based on analytic mechanics. When on Thanksgiving Day Milpitas saw us appear in our queer formation, with all the men in the line and none behind it, they were nonplused for a moment, then pounced on us with a veritable grunt of avid joy.

As a matter of fact—I see it only too well now—we never had the slightest chance in this coach business; for Milpitas, with its usual foresight, had made a ten-year contract with the grandfather of football himself, the man who invented the game. He not only had invented it but had kept a wise hold on it. Each spring, at the head of an innocent committee, he changed the rules—not much, but just enough, so that each fall he was the only one who knew just how the game was played.

Which brings us down to the period of which I wish to tell. This began one spring, after the fifth crushing defeat, when we began again to raise our drooping heads. Our manager was a lank youth with golden spectacles, wrapped in an atmosphere of mystery and discretion. He began to drop hints as to the identity of our next coach. He would come along the walk between the hall and the library, very busy carrying a little grip that had the air of being filled with gold pieces, and would stop you for a moment, looking over his shoulder meantime in a flattering demeanor of not wishing anyone else about.

"I think we have a fine chance next season. Yes, sir, all the earmarks of a most successful season. Donovan is coming back, and Bernard and Hill. And I've settled on a coach—I am not at liberty to name him yet—whose name alone is bound to rouse the greatest enthusiasm. Yes, sir—the gr-r-r-ea-eatest enthusiasm!"

The name finally came out—through some effort of its own, I suppose—and it struck us like a thunderclap. It was resonant in itself, in the first place, as, singularly enough, were the names of the gridiron heroes of those days. It wasn't Heffelfinger and it wasn't Butterworth, and we'll call him Heffelworth to preserve the anonymity of this tale. But if the name was loud-sounding in itself, with what crashing echoes did the deeds of its master hail it! He was Yale's great fullback. He was the great All-American fullback. For several years we had seen his picture in the papers—generally as he emerged from the Harvard game—with his arm in a sling, his leg aided by a crutch, his face starry with little maltese crosses of sticking plaster. Each spring we read his records and his deeds in the football guide.

I see now that, after all, he must have been just a boy. A boy just like us, no older—that seems wonderful; no wiser—that seems incredible. But at that time his name possessed the mystic significance and the real magnificence held by Thor to the warriors of old.

He appeared one day of the early fall. He stood on the platform of the gym, before a mass meeting tumultuous with ha-has and rah-rahs, which was conscientiously raising its patriotism to whitest heat. Both because of the effulgence that wreathed him and because of that which was within the effulgence, he pleased us mightily, and our enthusiasm rose to a delirium.

What we saw within the effulgence was a capable young man of spare silhouette. He stood with feet apart, as a football man should stand. But what pleased us most was his clothing. He wore a jacket which, falling from the shoulders in the form of a half-open Chinese umbrella, carefully refrained from touching any part of his person. A like effect was produced by his trousers, very wide at the thighs and falling to tightness at the ankles. We recognized immediately there—full and complete in him before our eyes—the hints of this year's style, of which, up to that time, we had had only the presentiment through the advertising pages of the magazines. The derby set jauntily on the left eye was irreproachable, and the five-inch up-and-down collar under his chin was an absolute replica, with more dash, if possible, of the posters. In his left hand he held lightly two gloves, laid finger to finger. We had just reached that stage of civilization at which though having ceased to rail at these effeminate adjuncts of effete toilet we did not yet dare to adopt them. Those gloves completed our conquest.

He stood above us, legs apart, swaying the slightest bit from side to side, and considered us a moment. I see now that it did not take him long to size us as just what we did not know we were. In a minute he had launched a speech at once so electrifying that it took us off our feet and so audaciously patronizing that, before its end, we were fairly groveling at his feet in an agony of kick-me love—all but Fat Donovan; he hadn't come to the meeting at all. He let us know right away that he recognized to its fullest our plight—our defeated, hopeless plight; that he was aware of our sodden inefficiency. But he promised us—or rather he did not promise but simply stated—that he would take us out of our depths, wash us, as it were, transform us and make entirely new beings of us, and take us up and on to the highest pinnacles of victory.

He was the football Messiah all right. He ended his oration by stepping down graciously, for a moment, from his Olympian heights to espouse our cause in an exordium that was one solid jet of virulent hatred of Milpitas.

I've wondered ever since how he could have steamed up so much feeling during the short five-day journey from New Haven.

The next day the season began in earnest. Many had come out for the team that year, and he kept us busy until we heard distinctly in the twilight the tinkle of the cows wending their way home over the hills. The following days confirmed what we had learned of him the first day. He was what might well be called a driver of men. He came among us but little and showed us little; he seemed concerned rather with large ensembles than petty details; but he stood behind us and certainly cracked the whip. He reveled in swirls of arms and legs and the thud of catapultic bodies, and his yelp was unceasing in our ears:

"Yip-yip-yeh-eh! Get into it, into it, i-n-n-to it! Oh, shucks! You go in like a crab! Like a crab, like a crab, like a crab—backward! I-i-i-in-to it—i-i-i-n-n-to it, I say! Cannon, what are you doing, standing up in the line like a gander? Get under 'em, under 'em! Under 'em! Grab their legs—oh, grab their legs, their legs, their LEGS, their L-E-E-E-EGS! Scrubs, don't you let the varsity gain on you! Not an inch, an inch, an inch! Get under 'em; grab their legs! Low, low, low-ow-ow, low-ow-ow-ow! Oh, oh, oh-oh-oh, a-ow-ow-ow—rotten! Varsity, you let 'em stop you, stop you, S-T-O-P you! You let those miserable scrubs stop you! Oh-oh-oh! A-oh-oh—rotten! You let them stop you! Don't you let 'em stop you! Tear 'em to pieces, eat 'em up, bite 'em; don't let 'em stop you! Scrubs, hold 'em! Don't you let 'em get an inch. Not an inch, scrubs!

"Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh-oh-oh-oh, a-oh-oh-oh-oh—rotten, scrubs! You let the varsity gain! You let the varsity gain! Oh-oh-oh—you're rotten, ROTTEN! Varsity, don't you let 'em stop you! Scrubs, don't you let varsity gain! Here, you backs, get into it, get into it! Hard, hard, h-a-a-a-r-d, ha-a-a-a-rder! Low, low, low-ow, low-ow-ow!! Crawl now, crawl, crawl, craw-aw-l! Varsity, why are you letting that man crawl? Jump on 'im, dig your knees into 'im—don't, don't let 'im crawl! Oh-oh-oh-oh—rotten! Break his ribs, varsity—break his ribs!"

Thus it went—one hour, two hours, three hours—every afternoon. He enveloped us, springing about on both feet like a jumping jack, snapping his fingers, his shrill voice drilling into our ears. We were electrified. Never had we played like this, putting about one hundred and fifteen per cent of our total strength into every move, every gesture. We were electrified, fascinated and delighted. And when afterward, gathering us together in the gym, he called us a lot of puling babies and told us to go home and get wrapped up in cotton, we fairly shivered in an ecstasy of fawning love—all but Fat Donovan, who would sit very stolid during the whole performance, his big face absolutely emotionless.

After three weeks of this, however, we began to look at each other a little solemnly—that is, when we had the strength to look at each other—for a singular phenomenon was taking place. Our legs were beginning to feel like wood—just like wood. When I, faithful and conscientious right end, ran down on a punt I knew my stride was just the compass of my legs—just that and no more. Also, our arms showed a reluctance toward being lifted; they preferred to hang limp at our sides. And back in the dressing rooms after practice we lay round, dumb to the sweet promise of the shower, for some time before we took off our sodden armor.

But, with that crackling spitfire after us, we kept it up. The little speeches he would make us two or three times a week left us but little illusion as to ourselves. We were babies and we were mollycoddles. We shrank and we cringed. We thought football was tag—"Tat-tat-tat-tat—you are it!"

How different the men of the East, whence he came! Hadn't Hallowell, of Yale, played a whole game with every one of his ribs torn off his spine? And hadn't his old friend, Dane Thompson, won the hundred-yard at the Mott Haven games with a broken ankle? Yes, sir—with a broken ankle! So broken it hardly held on. He had just gritted his teeth—that's all—gritted his teeth, gritted his teeth and won—great play of gritting one's teeth and running in a circle with one leg out of commission! In a little less than ten seconds too. Almost a world record!

Such a shining example was, in fact, becoming of necessity to us; for things—knees, ankles, shoulders, and so on—were beginning to crack under the strain. And here we discovered another characteristic of our revered coach. Already, before his coming, our organization for the care of our wounded had been rather weak. The inevitable victims of any vigorous football season were always left in the care of our trainer, and our trainer was a jolly Dutchman who had been a professional wrestler, and whose chief claim to the position was his ability to turn a flip. "Turn a flip, Al!" the bleachers would yell invitingly as soon as he appeared with his buckets on the field; and Al would turn a flip right there.

I remember that once, when I had water on the knee, Al wrapped round the injured joint a bandage soaked in pure turpentine. After several hours of docile agony I at length revolted and took the thing off, the skin following it like so much onion peel. But when I taxed Al with this he stoutly defended his treatment. "You see," he expounded, "de durpuntine, it will r-roast de wader out!" He had happily another and more conservative treatment, which he used henceforth. This was to wrap the knee tight, with two sponges inside the bandage—the idea doubtless being that, to their polite and porous insistence, the water in the joint would transfer itself to the sponges.

Even before Heffelworth's advent, then, perhaps our wounded did not get all the affectionate care their sacrifice should have brought them; but with Heffelworth on the spot it was worse. I see now what was the matter with the man. He was an idealist—just one pure flame of idealism. His ardent spirit floated far above physical facts. And so he refused to believe that we could ever be hurt. For the one who was laid out he had only the exhortation and the sneer. I remember his standing over the prostrate form of Hall, our right guard, when he had the wind knocked out of him, and telling him all over again, while the unfortunate sobbed in a desperate effort to get back within his lungs the air that had been knocked out of him, the story of the Yale man who won the hundred at Mott Haven with a broken ankle.

We were good boys—oh, awfully, awfully good boys! I see it well now. It never occurred to us to question his superior rightness; and so, with sprained ankles and twisted knees and dislocated shoulders, we charged and charged and charged. The slightest manifestation of pain, the slightest sign of a desire to leave but for a moment the scene of hostilities, brought from him a cataract of contempt—and on we went, limping, sobbing, soggy, desperate and wild-eyed, the drill of his cry still in our ears; hearing, even beneath two tons of superincumbent flesh, our names heralded with a snarling: "Why ain't you under that pile? Why ain't you under it?"

I have often wondered what his definition of the word "under" could have been. No ordinary under ever satisfied him. You might be beneath a weight equal to that of Mont Blanc, with your face grinding into the lowest ooze of a puddle, and still be hearing his shrill question. I fancy his genius already foresaw the character of the big war which was to come so many years later, and that vaguely he was advising us to sap.

Well, with this method he was developing, no doubt, a team that was not ordinary. Never had there been so ferocious an aggregation. Our appearance alone, with our blackened, bloodshot eyes, our torn noses, our ragged jerseys, would have sufficed to put our usual enemy to rout. As for playing low, no team ever seen before or since ever played so low. Our spines had developed a veritable horror of our master's shriek; they never at any time wandered higher than eight inches from the ground. And as for getting under the pile—we all made a simultaneous dive for the probable spot where that pile would establish itself, with many collisions between heads which should have been brotherly as the result; and, the pile formed, we still squirmed like worms to get still farther under it, while somewhere in the free air above we heard our names called out to the attentive bleachers.

Oh, yes; we looked fierce and we played fiercely, but—— The trouble was that at least half of the squad was in the hospital—for, besides the pain, which can be conquered, there are perfectly definite mechanical difficulties against running, say, on a broken leg—and that the other half was not much better off—with the exception of Fat Donovan, who tranquilly refused to follow our pace.

Heffelworth would visit that hospital once in a while. He would go in airily and breeze along between the beds toward the door at the other end, assuring all the victims the while, as he passed, that they were all right, that they would be out "in a jiffy."

"I'll have you out in a jiffy—don't you worry! In a jiffy—fit as a fiddle. You just see! I've written East already; the things will be here soon. I'll have you all playing in the Big Game—you just trust me!"

Most of them, just about that time, did not feel they'd be out in a jiffy; and it was only languidly they wondered just what he had written East for and what it was that was to resurrect them.

Between Halves Heffelworth Talked to Us Like a Dervish, Attempting With Words to Supply the Arms and Legs We Lacked

Such was the situation three weeks before the Big Game, when Peewee Peters arrived.

Peewee Peters, as a matter of fact, had been with us always, and "arrive" must be taken in a metaphorical sense. Peewee had been out for the team ever since his Freshman year, and he was now a Senior; but he had never been called into any line-up. Every day he took part in the preliminary warming up; with us he punted, caught punts, fell on the ball, tackled the bag, and even ran through signals; but when the real work began and the line-up was ordered Peewee was never called. The reason for this was also the reason for his name.

Peewee was about four feet ten inches tall, weighed something like eighty-five pounds on good days, and possessed a little pee-eep of a voice, resembling that of a chick trying to break out of its egg. We had tolerated him on the field at first merely because he took so little room; but little by little he had become an institution, and now we had a sneaking respect in our hearts for the little fellow. He was very spry on his baby feet; he hit the tackling bag like a wasp; and it was a moving thing to watch him catch a punt.

There he would stand, perfectly unflinching, beneath that descending ball, which, as it approached him, looked in comparison as big as a Zeppelin—there were no Zeppelins in those days, though—until our hearts were in our mouths what with the impending catastrophe, and we stiffened our courage so that we might be able to perform the last services and sweep up the resulting pulp. Then suddenly his little arms went out and the ball settled accurately within the curve of his little abdomen—and he was off down the field, his little feet just pounding away at the turf.

Oh, yes, we held Peewee in much esteem; but there was not one of us so callous or brutal, or damned with so morbid a curiosity, as to ask him into a real line-up. Every day, when the time came and the coach or the captain began to call out the men for the real work, Peewee, without waiting further, walked to the side line, from which thenceforth he watched the play eagerly, at times trembling all over like a fox terrier over a rabbit hole.

Well, on this particular afternoon we found ourselves without a coach. This had happened twice of late, and it was rumored that Heffelworth was very busy "rushing" a society belle in the city across the river, at whose Grand Hotel he stopped and whose Four Hundred had taken him up eagerly.

Anyway, we found ourselves without a coach for that afternoon's practice. We were good boys, as I have already shown; so we took no advantage of the situation, but promptly at four o'clock began the usual practice and tried to work as hard as though he was present.

I must admit that we did not quite succeed. Out of the range of his voice and his terrible vigor we felt suddenly all the weight of our infirmities; we dragged on our poor sprained ankles, our barked shins, our poor, old, spavined, ringboned legs. Then another interesting crisis occurred. When good old Chap Smith, fullback on the scrubs, went out, holding his nose in his two hands, we looked in vain along the side lines for one to take his place. Just to that point had the squad been depleted. On the side line there wasn't a substitute, not one—except little Peewee, crouching there with a look of half-expectant horror on his usually blank little face.

Pete Hansen, our captain, who was in charge of the funereal affair, stood still a long moment looking away toward Peewee, nonplused. Then Fat Donovan burst into one of his rare moments of loquacity. "Put him in, Pete," he said. "We'll be careful of the little cuss." And Peewee went in.

It was the varsity's ball, and Peewee stationed himself well back of the scrub line, in a comparatively safe place for the moment; and the varsity, being very weary, decided to kick. I heard the signal, set myself at my place at end, started down the field as the ball moved, and heard behind me the thump of the punt. I took one look over my shoulder as I ran, saw that the ball, sailing over my head, was going in the general direction of Peewee, and thenceforth, ceasing to bother about the ball, fixed my eyes on Peewee and set sail for him.

He was standing with his eyes attentive up in the air, and he was taking little, short steps to the left, to the right, backward, so that I knew he was under the ball, keeping carefully beneath every one of its darts and swoops. I neared him fast, making at the same time a mental resolve not to hit him too hard, because of his palpable frailty. Plump! I heard the ball light squarely within his arched little stomach and at the same time I left my feet after him. Even as I did so, I knew I had forgotten my intention and that I had driven much too hard. I had a second of remorse as I flew through the air, felt him already crunch most horribly under me, and then I struck the ground—and Peewee wasn't there!

He wasn't there at all! From my recumbent position, while I still slid, earth in my mouth, I saw him tearing down the field. A big body shot by him—missed! Another! And he ran. He ran close to the ground, with queer, instantaneous little zigzags, the ball in one hand, the other arm with its elbow out like a rudimentary wing, his little legs simply twinkling. Rising to one knee I saw the rest of the performance. Everybody was missing him—everybody! Big bodies shot along the ground by his feet, missed and went on; and he went on. The fullback went clean over him—and Peewee was behind the goal posts, all alone, touching the ball down!

Of course we all took it as a joke. Getting up from our various postures of humiliation we placed big grins on our faces. We slapped the little fellow resoundingly on the back. "Peewee has scored on the varsity!" we said to each other, aloud for his benefit, but winking to each other the while, as though we had let him do it on purpose.

It was the varsity's kick-off, and again I went down under the kick toward Peewee, who stood far off, almost beneath his own goal posts. I heard him peep "My ball! My ball!" heard the thump which said that he had caught it, and I made my spring for him, this time without the least compunction—no I'm-coming-too-hard about it, but just the proportion of reasonable fierceness I thought needed to flatten him out thoroughly. But I didn't flatten anything, with the possible exception of a few clods of our imperfect field, for Peewee wasn't there when I lit.. So astonishing was his disappearance that if I had had a microscope I should have been tempted to turn it on the earth I had plowed, with the expectation of finding Peewee ground within it. But I had no microscope; so, instead, I rose on one knee and was in time to see him scurry down the field to a second touchdown.

Even then we refused to believe it, and still affected to treat the matter as an excellent joke; but when, within seven minutes, Peewee ran through the scattered varsity to his third touchdown, we surrendered to the evidence. It was Fat Donovan who gave us the tip as to what was really happening. Said Fat, rising leisurely from his third sprawling attempt at Peewee:

"You might as well try to tackle a chicken—that's what! Just as well try to tackle a chicken!"

And that was it. You see, Peewee was too small. He presented an altogether insufficient target. Flapping from side to side, as he did, he passed through our arms or legs, or wasn't just at the spot where we lit. We aimed too carelessly, being accustomed to more generous targets. We looked at him with new interest.

"Gee!" said somebody. "If we could only spring him on Milpitas!"

We were having a little rest before starting out on the second half of the practice. Fat Donovan was on the side line, talking to Doc Mundell, the university's nice, silver-haired physical director, and Al, the trainer, had joined them. Peewee was standing alone farther in, about in the center of the field, his thumbs through his belt, trying to take his triumph modestly. I had not noticed he had been hurt and thought he was standing on both feet, perfectly normal, when suddenly Fat Donovan, turning from Doc Mundell, rushed toward him with a roar of warning.

Shamelessly—Before the Whole World—He Bit Off a Generous Chew

"Here, keep off of it! Keep off of it!" he cried hoarsely, running toward Peewee. "Don't stand on it! Don't stand on it!"

Peewee, beneath the urgency of that call, sat down abruptly. Donovan reached him, stooped and picked him up in his arms like a baby. He ran with him to Al and transferred him to the trainer's arms.

"You'd better take him up, Al—don't you think he'd better, Doc? That's an awful ankle he's got—an aw-awful ankle! Might be just a sprain, but looks like a break! Don't you let him put his foot down, Al. You'd better take him up right away—don't you think he'd better, Doc?"

"By all means," said Doc Mundell briskly. "Do that, Al, and I'll go up to look him over."

And we saw Peewee vanish toward the gymnasium in Al's strong arms, his eyes sticking out of his head as though he had been a fish just landed on a hook.

When we ourselves reached the dressing room in the gym, after the practice was over, Peewee had disappeared; but, as we took our showers or, stretched on the tables, bandaged our honorable wounds, the news went about that he was so badly hurt that Doc Mundell had taken him into his own home; that his left ankle was broken. We talked a while on the subject of the contagion of heroism, for it was plain that it was Heffelworth's story of his indomitable sprinter friend which had inspired Peewee to the point of standing on a broken ankle.

Then we broke into cusses regarding our luck. Here was our boy wonder gone as soon as found! We calculated that he could not possibly be well in time for the Big Game.

"Too bad! He certainly would have been one on those Milpitas blankety-blanks! He'd have made three touchdowns before they'd have learned how to pinch him!"

The next day our great coach was once more on the scene. I don't know whether he had learned of the incident of the preceding day; but I do know he worked us harder than ever and with still more detachment, as though he was turning us over from a distance with a long-handled pitchfork.

The season went on and the Big Game neared, and the slaughter continued. It was a very rainy fall and the grounds at length proved impossible; so he played us on the sloping campus—there where in spring the hay verdantly grew. He would place the varsity downhill and the scrubs uphill, and thus we were asked to push those fighting scrubs up a fifteen-per-cent grade for three hours every afternoon. After that we'd lie down, stomach under, for an hour on the floor of the dressing room before we found strength to unlace our suits.

He was not forgetting the wounded in the hospital, either. One afternoon he went gleefully in among them and had a huge box unpacked, which had just arrived from the East. It was full of machines for cripples. He strapped them all on, himself, then rolled everybody, thus armored, out on the field, and bade them "Go to it!"

The experiment did not prove a shining success. I remember Brick Masters, for instance, who had a dislocated knee. His apparatus was strapped tightly about the thigh, then again tightly round the calf of his leg, these two parts being united by jointed iron rods, so that there was no weight on the knee. Heffelworth placed Brick, thus attired, at half on the varsity to run through the signals.

"Go on, go on! Go on-on-on! Run, run, oh-oh, run! You're all right now; you can't get hurt! Go on-on-on! Run! Oh-oh-oh, run!"

Years afterward, whenever I met Brick, who had never gotten over it, he would complain gently of this treatment.

"He'd tell me to run. Well, you know and I know how one can run without a knee!"

Peewee was not of this group, for Doc Mundell was still keeping him in his house; but he was beginning to appear at recitations, hopping on crutches, his left ankle done up in most voluminous bandages. He was queer, though; suffering had made him queer. When you asked him how his ankle was getting along he would seem fairly terror-stricken; his pale-blue eyes widened and he began to stutter until, in pity, you left off asking. He carried about with him a sort of bewildered air tinged with resignation. He was like one who, having ceased all efforts to understand, lets himself drift on the current of events too large for him.

Something out of the ordinary, too, was taking place at the house of Doc Mundell. His house was on the edge of the college town, and behind it stretched a large fenced lot, in which he let his pony roam and graze. Passing one morning on my way to recitation I was stopped short by what seemed to be the thump of a ball struck by a foot. In a moment I saw, in fact, the inflated leather rise behind the fence, fly over several apple trees, and descend behind the fence—then heard a smothered landing, followed immediately by a light drumming of feet.

I looked at the big clock of the hall and saw I had no time to elucidate this mystery, my destination being the lecture room of Professor Harrison, who already had a debit of sixteen cuts against me and who had never displayed exaggerated

(Continued on Page 35)

IN ALSACE—By Edith Wharton

AUGUST 13TH, 1915.

MY TRIP to the east began by a dash toward the north. Near Rheims is a little town—hardly more than a village, but in English we have no intermediate terms such as *bourg* and *petit bourg*—where one of the new Red Cross sanitary motor units was to be seen in action. The inspection over, we climbed to a vineyard above the town and looked down at a river valley traversed by a double line of trees. The first line marked the canal, which is held by the French, who have gunboats on it. Behind this ran the highroad with the first-line French trenches, and just above, on the opposite slope, were the German lines. The soil being chalky, the German positions were clearly marked by two parallel white scorings across the brown hill front; and while we watched we heard desultory firing and saw, here and there along the ridge, the smoke-puff of an exploding shell. It was incredibly strange to stand there, among the vines humming with summer insects, and to look out over a peaceful country heavy with the coming vintage, knowing that the trees at our feet hid a line of gunboats that were crashing death into those two white scorings on the hill.

One of Those Contradictory Scenes of War That Bring Home to the Bewildered Looker-On the Utter Impossibility of Picturing How the Thing Really Happens

Rheims itself brings one nearer to the war by its look of deathlike desolation. The paralysis of the bombarded towns is one of the most tragic results of the invasion. One's soul revolts at this senseless disorganizing of innumerable useful activities. Compared with the towns of the north, Rheims is relatively unharmed; but for that very reason the arrest of life seems the more futile and cruel. The Cathedral Square was deserted, all the houses round it were closed. And there, before us, rose the cathedral—a cathedral, rather, for it was not the one we had always known. It was, in fact, not like any cathedral on earth. When the German bombardment began the west front was covered with scaffolding; the shells set it on fire, and the whole church was wrapped in flames.

The Beauties of Rheims Cathedral

NOW the scaffolding is gone, and in the dull provincial square there stands a structure so strange and beautiful that one must search the Inferno or some tale of Eastern magic for words to picture the luminous, unearthly vision. The lower part of the front has been warmed to deep tints of umber and burnt sienna. This rich burnishing passes, higher up, through yellowish-pink and carmine to a sulphur whitening to ivory; and the recesses of the portals and the hollows behind the statues are lined with a black denser and more velvety than any effect of shadow to be obtained by sculptured relief. The interweaving of color over the whole blunted, bruised surface recalls the metallic tints, the peacock-and-pigeon iridescences, the incredible mingling of red, blue, umber and yellow of the rocks along the Gulf of Ægina. And the wonder of the impression is increased by the sense of its evanescence; the knowledge that this is the beauty of disease and death, that every one of the transfigured statues must crumble under the autumn rains, that every one of the pink or golden stones is already eaten away to the core, that the Cathedral of Rheims is glowing and dying before us like a sunset.

AUGUST 14TH.

A stone-and-brick château in a flat park with a stream running through it, pampas grass, geraniums, rustic bridges, winding paths; how bourgeois and sleepy it would all seem but for the sentinel challenging our motor at the gate!

Before the door a collie dozing in the sun and a group of staff officers waiting for luncheon. Indoors a room with handsome tapestries, some good furniture and a table spread with the usual military maps and aëroplane photographs. At luncheon, the general, the chiefs of the staff—a dozen in all—and an officer from the general headquarters. The usual atmosphere of *camaraderie*, confidence, good humor, and a kind of cheerful seriousness that I have come to regard as characteristic of the men immersed in the actual facts of the war. I set down this impression as typical of many such luncheon hours along the front.

AUGUST 15TH.

This morning we set out for reconquered Alsace. For reasons unexplained to the civilian this corner of old-new France has hitherto been inaccessible—even to highly placed French officials; and there was a special sense of excitement in taking the road that led to it.

We slipped through a valley or two, passed some placid villages with vine-covered gables, and noticed that most of the signs over the shops were German. We had crossed the old frontier unaware and were presently in the charming town of Massevaux. It was the Feast of the Assumption, and mass was just over when we reached the square before the church. The streets were full of holiday people, well-dressed, smiling, seemingly unconscious of the war. Down the church steps, guided by fond mammas, came little girls in white dresses, with white wreaths in their hair, and carrying, in baskets slung over their shoulders, woolly lambs or blue and white Virgins. Groups of cavalry officers stood chatting with civilians in their Sunday best, and through the windows of the Golden Eagle we saw active preparations for a crowded midday dinner. It was all as happy and parochial as a Hansi picture, and the fine old gabled houses and clean cobblestone streets made the traditional setting for an Alsatian holiday.

At the Golden Eagle we laid in a store of provisions and started out across the mountains in the direction of Thann. The Vosges, at this season, are in their short midsummer beauty, rustling with streams, dripping with showers, balmy with the smell of firs and bracken and of purple thyme on hot banks. We reached the top of a ridge, and, hiding the motor behind a skirt of trees, went out into the open to lunch on a sunny slope. Facing us across the valley was a tall, conical hill clothed with forest. That hill was Hartmannsweilerkopf, the center of a long contest in which the French have lately been victorious; and all about us stood other crests and ridges, from which German guns still look down on the valley of Thann.

Thann itself is at the valley head, in a neck between hills—a handsome old town with the air of prosperous stability so oddly characteristic of this tormented region. As we drove through the main street the pall of war sadness fell on us again, darkening the light and chilling the summer air. Thann is raked by the German lines, and its windows are mostly shuttered and its streets deserted. One or two houses in the cathedral square have been gutted, but the somewhat overpinnacled and overstatued cathedral which is the pride of Thann is almost untouched, and when we entered it vespers were being sung and a few people—mostly in black—knelt in the nave.

No greater contrast could be imagined to the happy feast-day scene we had left, a few miles off, at Massevaux; but Thann, in spite of its empty streets, is not a deserted city. A vigorous life beats in it, ready to break forth as soon as the German guns are silenced. The French administration, working on the best of terms with the population, is keeping up the civil activities of the town, as the canons of the Cathedral are continuing the rites of the Church. Many inhabitants still remain behind their closed shutters and dive down into their cellars when the shells begin to crash; and the schools, transferred to a neighboring village, number over two thousand pupils.

A Military Tournament at Thann

WE WALKED through the town, visited a vast catacomb of a wine cellar fitted up partly as a hospital and partly as a shelter for the cellarless, and saw the lamentable remains of the industrial quarter along the river, which has been the special target of the German guns. Thann has been industrially ruined, all its mills are wrecked; but unlike the towns of the north it has had the good fortune to preserve its outline, its civic personality, a face that its children, when they come back, can recognize and take comfort in.

After our visit to the ruins a diversion was suggested by the amiable administrators of Thann, who had guided our sight-seeing. They were just off for a military tournament which a regiment of dragoons was giving that afternoon in a neighboring valley, and we were invited to go with them.

The scene of the entertainment was a meadow inclosed in an amphitheater of rocks, with grassy ledges projecting from the cliff like tiers of opera boxes. These points of vantage were partly occupied by interested spectators and partly by ruminating cattle; on the lowest slope the rank and fashion of the neighborhood were ranged on a semicircle of chairs, and below, in the meadow, a lively steeplechase was going on. The riding was extremely pretty, as French military riding always is. Few of the mounts were thoroughbreds—the greater number, in fact, being local cart horses barely broken to the saddle; but their agility and dash did the greater credit to their riders. The lancers, in particular, executed an effective musical ride about a central pennon, to the immense satisfaction of the fashionable public in the foreground and of the gallery on the rocks.

The audience was even more interesting than the artists. Chatting with the ladies in the front row were the general of division and his staff, groups of officers invited from the adjoining headquarters, and most of the civil and military administrators of the restored Département du Haut Rhin. All classes had turned out in honor of the fête, and everyone was in a holiday mood. The people among whom we sat were mostly Alsatian property owners, many of them industrials of Thann. Some had been driven from their homes, others had seen their mills destroyed, all had been living for a year on the

The Little Chasseurs Alpins in Blue Tam o'Shanters

perilous edge of war, under the menace of reprisals too hideous to picture; yet the humor prevailing was that of any group of merrymakers in a peaceful garrison town. I have seen nothing, in my wanderings along the front, more indicative of the good breeding of the French than the spirit of the ladies and gentlemen who sat chatting with the officers on that grassy slope of Alsace.

The display of *haute école* was to be followed by an exhibition of "transportation through the ages," headed by a Gaulish chariot driven by a trooper with a long horsehair mustache and a mistletoe wreath, and ending in a motor of which the engine had been taken out and replaced by a large, placid white horse. Unluckily a heavy rain began while this instructive number awaited its turn, and we had to leave before Vercingetorix had led his warriors into the ring.

AUGUST 16TH.

Up and up into the mountains! We started early, taking our way along a narrow, interminable valley that sloped up gradually toward the east. The road was encumbered with a stream of hooded supply-vans drawn by mules, for we were on the way to one of the main positions in the Vosges, and this train of provisions is kept up day and night. Finally we reached a mountain village under fir-clad slopes, with a cold stream rushing down from the hills. On one side of the road was a rustic inn; on the other, among the firs, a chalet occupied by the brigade headquarters. Everywhere about us swarmed the little *chasseurs alpins* in blue tam-o'-shanters and leather gaiters. For a year we had been reading of these heroes of the hills, and here we were among them, looking into their thin, weather-beaten faces and meeting the twinkle of their friendly eyes. Very friendly they all were, and yet, for Frenchmen, inarticulate and shy. All over the world, no doubt, the mountain silences breed this kind of reserve, this shrinking from the glibness of the valleys. Yet one had fancied that French fluency must soar as high as Mont Blanc.

Mules were brought and we started on a long ride up the mountain. The way led first over open ledges with deep views into valleys blue with distance, then through miles of forest, first of beech and fir, and finally all of fir. Above the road the wooded slopes rose interminably, and here and there we came on tiers of mules, three or four hundred together, stabled under the trees, in stalls dug out of different levels of the slope. Near by were shelters for the men, and perhaps at the next bend a village of trappers' huts, as the officers call the log cabins they build in this region.

Above the Promised Land

THESE colonies are always bustling with life—men busy cleaning their arms, hauling material for new cabins, washing or mending their clothes, or carrying down the mountain from the camp kitchen the two-handled pails full of steaming soup. The kitchen is always in the most protected quarter of the camp and generally at some distance in the rear. Other soldiers, their job over, are lolling about in groups, smoking, gossiping or writing home, the soldier's letter-pad propped on a patched blue knee, a scarred fist laboriously driving the fountain pen received in the hospital. Some are leaning over the shoulder of a pal who has just received a Paris paper, others chuckling together at the jokes of their own French journal—the Echo du Ravin, the Journal des Poilus or the Diable Bleu; little papers ground out in purplish script on foolscap and adorned with comic sketches and a wealth of local humor.

Higher up, under a fir belt, at the edge of a meadow, the officer who rode ahead signed to us to dismount and scramble after him. We plunged under the trees, into what seemed a denser thicket, and found it to be a thatch of branches woven to screen the muzzles of a battery. The big guns were all about us, crouched in these sylvan lairs like wild beasts waiting to spring; and near each gun hovered its attendant gunner, proud, possessive, important as a bridegroom with his bride.

We climbed and climbed again, reaching at last a sun-and-wind-burnt common which forms the top of one of the highest mountains in the region. The forest was left below us, and only a belt of dwarf firs ran along the edge of the great grassy shoulder. We dismounted, the mules were tethered among the trees, and our guide led us to an insignificant-looking stone in the grass. On one face of the stone was cut the letter F, on the other was a D; we stood on what, till a year ago, was the boundary line between republic and empire. Since then, in certain places, the line has been bent back a long way; but where we stood we were still under German guns, and we had to creep along in the shelter of the squat firs to reach the outlook on the edge of the plateau.

From there, under a sky of racing clouds, we saw outstretched below us the Promised Land of Alsace. On one horizon, far off in the plane, gleamed the roofs and spires of Colmar, on the other rose the purplish heights beyond the Rhine. Near by stood a ring of bare hills, those closest to us scarred by ridges of upheaved earth, as if giant moles had been zigzagging over them; and just under us, in a little green valley, lay the roofs of a peaceful village. The earth ridges and the peaceful village were still German; but the French positions went down the mountain almost to the valley's edge.

We stopped at a gap in the firs and walked to the brink of the plateau. Just under us lay a rock-rimmed lake. More zigzag earthworks surmounted it on all sides, and on the nearest shore was the branched roofing of another great mule shelter. We were looking down at the spot to which the night caravans of the *chasseurs alpins* descend to distribute supplies to the fighting line.

"Who goes there? Attention! You're in sight of the lines!" a voice called out from the firs, and our companion signed to us to move back.

Every One of the Transfigured Statues Must Crumble Under the Autumn Rains and the Cathedral of Rheims Is Glowing and Dying Before Us Like a Sunset

We had been rather too conspicuously facing the German batteries on the opposite slope, and our presence might have drawn their fire on an artillery observation post installed near by. We retreated hurriedly and unpacked our luncheon basket on the more sheltered side of the ridge. As we sat there in the grass, swept by a great mountain breeze full of the scent of thyme and myrtle, while the flutter of birds, the hum of insects, the still and busy life of the hills went on all about us in the sunshine, the pressure of the encircling line of death grew more intolerably real. It is not in the mud of the trenches that one most feels the damnable insanity of war; it is where it lurks, like a mythical monster, in scenes to which the mind has always turned for rest.

We had not yet made the whole tour of the mountain top; and after luncheon we rode over to a point where a long, narrow yoke connects it with a spur projecting directly above the German lines. We left our mules in hiding and walked along the yoke, a mere knife edge of rock rimmed with dwarf vegetation. Suddenly we heard an explosion behind us—one of the batteries we had passed on the way up was giving tongue. The German lines roared back, and for twenty minutes the exchange of invective thundered on. The firing was almost incessant; it seemed as if a great arch of steel were being built up above us in the crystal air. And we could follow each curve of sound from its incipience to its final crash in the trenches.

There were four distinct phases: the sharp bang from the cannon, the long, furious howl overhead, the dispersed and spreading noise of the shell's explosion, and then the roll of its reverberation from cliff to cliff. This is what we heard as we crouched in the lee of the firs. What we saw when we looked out between them was only an occasional burst of white smoke and red flame from one hillside, and on the opposite one, a minute later, a brown geyser of dust.

French Rule in Alsace

PRESENTLY a deluge of rain descended on us, driving us back to our mules and down the nearest mountain trail through rivers of mud. It rained all the way—rained in such floods and cataracts that the very rocks of the mountain seemed to dissolve and turn into mud. As we slid down through it we met strings of *chasseurs alpins* coming up, splashed to the waist with wet red clay and leading pack mules so coated with it that they looked like studio models from which the sculptor has just pulled off the dripping sheet. Lower down we came on more trapper settlements, so saturated and reeking with wet that they gave us a glimpse of what the winter months on the front must be. No more cheerful polishing of firearms, hauling of fagots, chatting and smoking in sociable groups. Everybody had crept under the doubtful shelter of branches and tarpaulins; the whole army was back in its burrows.

AUGUST 17TH.

Sunshine again for our arrival at Belfort! The invincible city lies unpretentiously behind its green glacis and escutcheoned gates; but the guardian Lion under the Citadel—well, the Lion is figuratively as well as literally *à la hauteur*. With the sunset flush on him as he crouched aloft in his red lair below the fort, he might almost have claimed kin with his mighty prototypes of the Asurbanipal frieze. One wondered a little, seeing whose work he was; but probably it is easier for an artist to symbolize a heroic town than the abstract and elusive divinity who sheds light on the world from New York harbor.

From Belfort back into reconquered Alsace the road runs through a gentle landscape of fields and orchards. We were bound for Dannemarie, one of the towns of the plain, and a center of the new administration. It is the usual *gros bourg* of Alsace, with comfortable old houses in trellised gardens—dull, well-to-do, contented; not in the least the kind of setting demanded by the patriotism which has to be fed on pictures of little girls singing the Marseillaise in Alsatian headdresses and old men with operatic waistcoats tottering forward to kiss the flag. What we saw at Dannemarie was less conspicuous to the eye but much more nourishing to the imagination. The military and civil administrators had the kindness and patience to explain their work and show us something of its results; and the visit left one with the impression of a slow and quiet process of adaptation wisely planned and fruitfully carried out.

We did, in fact, hear the school girls of Dannemarie sing the Marseillaise—and the boys too—but, what was far more interesting, we saw them studying under the direction of the teachers who had always had them in charge, and found that everywhere it had been the aim of the French officials to let the routine of the village policy go on undisturbed.

The German signs remain over the shop fronts except where the shopkeepers have chosen to paint them out—as is happening more and more frequently. When a functionary

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EARNING A LIVING IN EUROPE

By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM HOTTINGER

In Budapest This Grandmother Lived in a Hovel

PETER ZEKKA'S grandmother was a hodcarrier in Budapest and Vienna. For thirty-five cents a day she carried bricks and mortar up ladders and along dizzy scaffolds. In summer she contributed to her economies by going barefoot, and all the year round her leathery old hands went gloveless. What dreams of rest or of liberty may have floated in her doltish brain, one can only guess.

Peter Zekka to-day lives in the United States of America, and I am going to begin with his story because it brings out aptly the difference between earning a living in Europe and earning one in America. It helps one in a clean-cut way to see the United States as the most favored of nations. All through I am going to take that for my theme.

Zekka has been in this country five years. In Vienna he was a carpenter and his father a bricklayer. They belonged to the best-paid class of skilled labor in the building trades; yet Zekka the carpenter was getting a dollar and seventy cents a day and Zekka the bricklayer a dollar and ten cents. Sometimes, when the burden of life pressed particularly hard—as it always did in winter—they were glad to work as laborers at sixty cents a day.

To go back a little, Zekka was married about 1905 and took his bride to live in the factory district of Simmering, Vienna, where they took up housekeeping in two rooms on the third floor of a tenement house. Their rent was a dollar a week. I am going to translate all money terms into American equivalents.

The old grandmother was still carrying a hod in Hungary. She was only in her sixties; but if the scars of toil and adversity make a woman old, then, no doubt, she was a hideous crone. Like hundreds of women hodcarriers in Austria-Hungary to-day, she was a beast of burden ground into the social dust. In Budapest this grandmother lived in a hovel that had slimy walls and a stone floor. She carried water from a common faucet in a court, and from a sanitary standpoint her daily life was unspeakable. You see, her ambitious grandson Peter had gone up quite a bit in the social scale; and in Vienna he walked with his head rather high, even past the Imperial Opera House and the Rathaus where his grandmother's mother had carried bricks up the ladders.

How the Zekkas Scraped Along

HE REALIZED, however, that in Austria-Hungary his chance of bettering himself was small. He had already outclassed the masses by bridging the chasm between unskilled and skilled labor—and he had arrived at a two-room flat three floors up, with a young wife and an average income the year round of six or seven dollars a week. As the years passed he thought more and more of America, for work was slack and expenses crowding. In 1906 Peter Junior arrived; in 1907 came Paula; in 1908, Avac and Lothar, twins; in 1909, Miss Rosie. The two rooms would not hold all these, and the Zekka home was expanded until it comprised four rooms, now on floor four; but the fourth room was smaller than a kitchenette. The rent was now a dollar and seventy cents a week.

The periods of idleness were heartbreaking and the futility of his skill as an artisan galled Zekka's soul. Vienna is rich and beautiful. He could walk along Ringstrasse and view its private palaces and costly public buildings and monuments. He could stroll in the Prater, if he was careful not to step on the grass, and watch the aristocracy in its victorias and automobiles. He was privileged to inspect the fine shops in Karntnerstrasse. But everywhere he was obsessed by his limitations. The classes owned the land and the property, and to unlock the door to opportunity took money and caste. Of course here and there one of the common people got a foothold higher up; but to do so a man needed exceptional opportunity or rare power of leadership within him. The very government was dominated by the plutocracy.

True, he had advantages. On Sunday afternoon he could hear free lectures on political science or perhaps natural history. In time his children would go to school, for education is compulsory in Austria. He and his family could visit the famous Wurstel-Prater, a sort of perpetual fair, and watch Punch and Judy. There were coffee halls and motion pictures; and, then, everywhere in the better quarters he could behold art and beauty and catch strains of fine music. Then the government had done many things for the workingman—such as various kinds of insurance and the limiting of the working day in some lines to ten or eleven hours; but, on the whole, the grip of tyranny still held the people.

In 1910 it was costing Zekka four dollars and a half a week to feed his family, even with the sacrifice of eggs, butter and, to a large extent, meat. His rent ate up the remainder of his income and nothing was left for clothing and general expenses. Therefore they took in two lodgers.

One of these was a plasterer who earned a dollar and ten cents a day, and the other a plumber who got a dollar and twenty cents. In New York the union wage for plasterers in 1910 was five dollars and a half a day for eight hours, and for plumbers five dollars. In New York an ironworker's apprentice gets three dollars a day and is quite a lord. This is the people's country, just as it ought to be. The man who works and studies and acquires skill gets with it, as a rule, an independence that is unknown among the same class in Europe. We would not have it otherwise. Our skilled men are entitled to their wages, their plane of living and their aspirations. They go up in the ratio of their creative ability. Good wages and the right sort of independence are the bulwarks of the United States.

Workingmen, skilled and unskilled, lived all round Peter Zekka. There were painters at a dollar and a quarter a day, or less; patternmakers at seven dollars and a half a week; blacksmiths at eight dollars; brewers and millers at eight or nine; shoemakers who earned three or four dollars a week in factories; leather workers, musical-instrument makers, bone workers, toymakers, tailors—all at four or five dollars a week. Then there were swarms of unskilled hands in the factories and breweries, and many semi-skilled who were glad to get from sixty to ninety cents a day.

Zekka's lodgers had cots in the general living room, and in the morning had coffee and bread; and they paid Zekka's wife a dollar and a half a week each. This partly relieved the tension; but finally Zekka came to a focus and resolved to take a chance on America.

Through friends and relatives who were thinking of America, too, he was able to borrow money enough to put through his great gamble. He discharged the plasterer and plumber from his household and moved his family to a two-room apartment; and then one day many tears were shed, for Papa Zekka went away.

Now this is not an El Dorado story. I have no intention of minimizing the poverty in the United States, or of overlooking the sociological shortcomings here at home, many of which have been thrust on us by Europe itself. A large part of our poverty had its origin outside the United States, yet we must struggle with it as our own dilemma. This, I say, is merely a story of comparisons. No matter what the United States lacks it still enjoys advantages over Europe that are inestimable. With due allowance for exceptions, skilled labor abroad is typified by the story of Peter Zekka. This is not a story of Austria only, as you will see.

As to unskilled labor the same comparisons apply relatively. Common laborers the world over are in the mire. In the United States the muck is not so deep or so horrible as it is in Europe. Men and women are climbing out of it here by thousands.

Zekka came to New York, where, piloted by fellow countrymen, he quickly got work at four dollars a day. The union wage for carpenters was five dollars a day in New York City in 1910; but, owing to the handicap of language, it was a year before he was able to command that figure.

New York and Vienna are comparable, though not reflecting the interior of either country. Zekka was getting about three times his Vienna wage and his living had not gone up in proportion. Far from it! He sent for his family, and up near Forty-eighth Street and Second Avenue they rented four rooms on the fourth floor at three dollars a week. The cost per square foot was less in New York than in Vienna; and the New York flat was considerably better from a sanitary and housekeeping standpoint, however dismal it may have been.

In New York food for Zekka's family cost round six dollars a week, excluding beer; but the plane of the table was higher. As I have something to tell about food later I will pass that point now.

During the first two years in America Zekka's average earnings, including periods of unemployment, were eighteen dollars a week, and his average living expenses thirteen; but he had loosened up all round. Sometimes they all went to Coney Island and spent a whole dollar. In Vienna thirty or forty cents would have been extravagant.

From Carpenter to Builder

BUT in 1912 work was not plentiful, and, being a man of ambition and crude creative ability, he resolved to do what he had found impossible in Vienna—find a way of utilizing his waste time and getting an outlet for his full ability.

"By building a little house over in New Jersey," he told his noncomprehending but sympathetic spouse, "I can use all my idleness. And then I will sell the house and thus get my wages."

He bought a lot for three hundred dollars in a workingmen's community and paid for it with money he had saved, plus a building loan. After that there was no more idleness for Peter. On the contrary he worked very often at dawn and in the dusk. Then he sold the little house and built another, and another; and in 1914 he ceased altogether to look for work and became a builder in reality. Zekka, you see, had been quick to grasp the fundamental that wages are not the only essential difference between Europe and the United States. Over and above the wages is the opportunity for men to climb out. Nor do men have to give years to the army in time of peace.

To-day Zekka is worth five thousand dollars and lives in a six-room house of his own. His prosperity has reached beyond the sea to Budapest, where his grandmother no longer carries a hod but lives on the grandson's bounty—in comfort that seems like grotesque luxury to her atrophied soul. And Zekka's father came to New York, where bricklayers were getting five dollars and sixty cents a day.

Who can say what future may not be in store for Peter Zekka, builder? In twenty years may he not have a mansion and be a director of banks? May not his children go to college and take their places in the front ranks of business, and even in society? In America there is no barrier and no caste for the man who really seeks an outlet.

The facts put down in this narrative come partly from personal observation abroad; but, more than all, they come from researches among workingmen who have lived abroad and in the United States; and they come, too, from yards of wage schedules, prices and miscellaneous figures taken

from authentic sources. The evidence exists in overwhelming abundance.

Some people tell us that capitalism is swallowing us in America; that the heel of an invisible tyrant is on our necks; that revolution is coming. People tell us all the time that labor is getting the worst of it; that the masses are oppressed; that the common people are under a pall and have no hope. But even granting that the life of a workingman is not easy in America, or anywhere, and granting that some kinds of labor in this country have hard conditions, it is not clear what we are going to revolutionize ourselves into.

What we need is not revolution, since there is nothing in the world that offers us a pattern so good as we already have.

We need more patriotism, based on the blessings this land enjoys as compared with all other nations; and we need less destructive sentiment toward our institutions and industries. We need fewer unreasoning strikes and lockouts, and more constructive legislation that will steer us clear of the terribly one-sided conditions that exist in most of Europe.

And we do not want to forget that there is a revolution of a different sort going on even now. Peter Zekka is one of the subjects. This is the typical American revolution—the kind that comes from opportunity and individual effort.

The Case of an Italian Machinist

NOW step across the border into Italy—I am antedating the present war. In a machine shop of the city of Bergamo worked a young mechanic who may be identified here as Ernesto Callandra. Bergamo has a population of fifty thousand and lies between Milan and Venice.

Ernesto had learned the machinist's trade in the automobile factories of Northern Italy. He was very skillful, fast, and ambitious according to his lights. He craved work and money; but he was rather given to boisterous companions, and one evening he was present at a little argument in the course of which one Italian slipped a poniard under the clavicle of another. The wound was not serious and Ernesto was not the assailant anyway; but he was dragged off to jail.

When he gained his liberty a few weeks later he found that Carlotta, his wife, was in hard financial straits, along with young Giovanni, Nicolo, Giacomo, Giuseppe, Adelina and Maria.

It was necessary to get work very quickly.

Now in Italy, as in most European countries, getting a job is not merely an individual matter.

A prospective employer wants to see the applicant's release certificate from his previous job; his workbook, showing the number of days and hours he has been in the habit of working; and sundry other documents, including a penal certificate or voucher of good character issued by the police.

One Italian Slipped a Poniard Under the Clavicle of Another

Ernesto applied for a job in a Bergamo machine shop; and when it came to the inevitable question of the penal certificate he lied glibly.

"I've lost it!" he said.

"Aha!" quoth the superintendent. "Then no job here!"

From plant to plant he went, and always they asked for a certificate from the police. Finally, for Carlotta's sake and the six young Callandras, Ernesto put his pride in his pocket, went to the manager of a factory and confessed that any certificate of character he could get from the police would tell about his sojourn in jail. The executive took pity on him and gave him a laborer's job at sixty cents a day.

In time Ernesto outlived his disgrace and attained once more a mechanic's wage. Now remember that, so far as skill was concerned, he ranked at the top. He got very high wages; in fact, he was an aristocrat of labor in Italy. Even skilled men in that country commonly earned as little as eighty cents a day, though on piecework it was possible in rare instances to attain two dollars a day; but Ernesto was very much envied.

Indeed, among Ernesto's associates there was an electrical worker who was content with a dollar a day; a bookbinder who, on ninety cents a day, was saving money to emigrate to South America; a fireman in a power plant to whom a dollar and ten cents for fourteen hours looked good; a first violinist who, for forty dollars a month, could make whole audiences weep or sing; a lithographer who accepted with meekness a little over a dollar a day; and then the common herd—always comprising the great mass of the people who are earning a living—at from fifty cents a day up to seventy.

Remember that Ernesto lived in the section of Italy where wages are highest. Farther south wages come desperately near the vanishing point.

But it is of Ernesto I speak—and of Carlotta.

Carlotta was more friendly toward water than most of the good housewives who lived in the tenement flats about her. When Ernesto rented his three rooms at seventy cents a week he had stipulated that these terms should include laundry facilities. In an American city this would imply stationary tubs plumbed for hot and cold water. With Carlotta it meant the use of a trough in the courtyard, with cold water. In this she scrubbed, with a brush, the garments of Giovanni, Nicolo, Giacomo, Giuseppe, Adelina and Maria, along with those of herself and husband.

Lacking the trough it is the custom in Italy to go down to the river or creek and scrub the family wash there. Out in the country some of the housewives wash every three months. I mention these things merely to corroborate the contention that rents in America are no higher on the average than rents in Italy—measured by the same yardstick. The wife of a machinist in America would be horrified at the prospect of living among the wretchedness that the Callandras took for granted. Our American wives, you know, act very foolishly about laundry facilities, bathrooms, and a place for the ice box.

Bathrooms do not exist in Italy for the workpeople. We could have cheap rents over here if our American people would stand for squalor or for insufficiency in things we are used to. Of course I grant exceptions in Italy. Municipal governments have built workmen's houses that rent at the rate of ten dollars a room a year. There are exceptions in the United States, too, and instances of extraordinarily low rents.

Ernesto profited by his experience in bad company and kept out of trouble. In the course of a few years he became a foreman and got fourteen dollars a week. He paid his income tax like a good citizen and lived frugally. Coal cost him fifteen dollars a ton and ice from sixty to seventy cents a hundred pounds; so he and Carlotta economized on those items more than American mechanics like to do. Often the whole family came down to the factory at noon with the dinner, consisting chiefly of corn cakes and a thick soup in a pail. They passed the pail round and the eight of them drank from it. At work and at home Ernesto was below the plane of the laborer in America; and yet he was far above the average of skilled labor in Italy.

In Bergamo Ernesto heard interesting things about machine shops in the United States. He heard that foremen in America sometimes got a hundred and fifty dollars a month—or even more! They told him that, even as a first-class machinist, he could earn in America something like three dollars and seventy-five cents a day. He heard that in New York the union scale was five dollars a day for machinists in the building trades.

They told him, too, that to get a job in an American shop he would not need any penal certificate—that serfdom to the police was not tolerated; nor, if he wanted to quit, would he have to get a release certificate from his boss. They told him he would not have to serve in the army except perhaps in war; and this appealed to him because he had been forced to serve in Italy. They told him about some American mechanics who lived in homes of their own, with a bathroom upstairs and a steam plant in the basement. Also a piano in the parlor—a self-player.

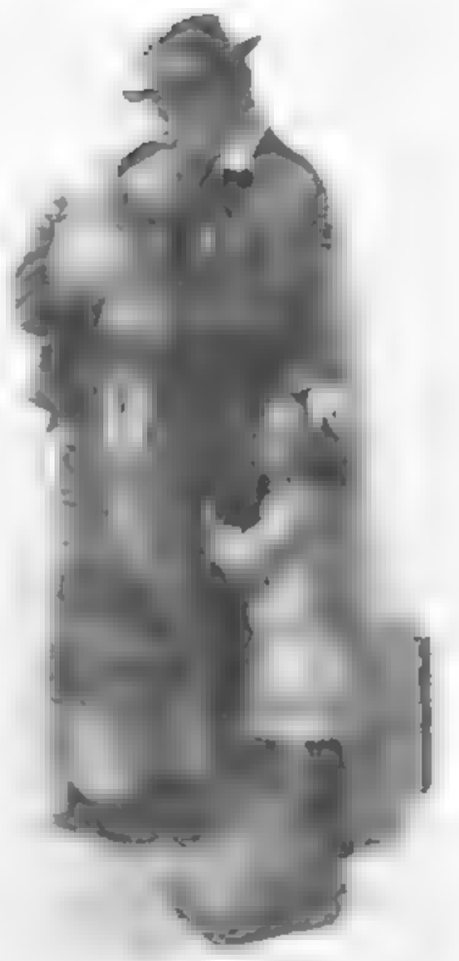
"We will go to the United States!" he said to Carlotta.

"To Buenos Aires?" she asked.

Carlotta was a product of the Italian public schools. There is so-called compulsory education in Italy, but the educating process is quite feeble beside our own in America. Carlotta had girl friends who had married and emigrated to South America; but South America and North America were the same to her.

"No," said Ernesto; "first we will go to New York."

"Then perhaps we can take a little trip some day to see my friends and cousins in Buenos Aires," she answered.



One Day Many Tears Were Shed, for Papa Zekka Went Away

They were primitive people, judged by our standards; and in Italy they had gone just about as high as any mechanic might be expected to climb.

That was five years ago; to-day Ernesto is a foreman in one of those mighty automobile plants in Detroit and gets thirty-five dollars a week. If you happen to be acquainted with Detroit you know how the automobile plants and other factories spread themselves over the outskirts, and how the homes of the mechanics flank many streets. If you know Detroit you know that Ernesto and his family are living on a far higher plane, dollar for dollar, than was ever possible in Bergamo, or in all Italy.

And then Ernesto may rise still higher. Already there is a superintendent in that plant who came from Europe and worked at the bench. In America we think not quite so profoundly of mechanical engineers as they do over the water. There, to rise above a foreman's job, a man must be technically trained—except possibly in exceptional circumstances. Here we like trained engineers too; but to just as great an extent we are looking for the man who trains himself, and we put the ladders in front of him and let him climb as far as he will.

Olivier of the Nord Express

THERE are many fast trains in France—or, rather, there were before the war, and there will be when the war is over. I am speaking here in terms of peace. Relatively there are just as many daring engine drivers in France as in America.

One of these engine drivers is Jacques Olivier—if you will permit me to take a little liberty with his name. He hauled the Nord Express, a train de luxe on the French Northern Railroad, out of Paris on its journey toward Berlin and what was then St. Petersburg. The Nord Express was as fast a train as most of the famous flyers in the United States.

The first stage of its eastward journey ended at Saint-Quentin, ninety-six miles from Paris, and the running time given Olivier was a hundred and two minutes. This meant more than a mile a minute over most of the distance. It meant, in spots, seventy-five miles an hour, which is the limit allowed by the French law. Beyond Saint-Quentin Olivier's run reached to Charleroi, Belgium—in all about a hundred and sixty miles. It was comparable to the run from New York to Albany.

The Nord Express, too, might be comparable to the luxurious trains that rush headlong between New York and Chicago. It had corridor, sleeping and restaurant cars; and on it traveled the aristocracy of Europe and America.

Therefore, in France, Olivier lived in the same sort of halo of romance that hovers over the heads of the men who sit at the throttles of our own limited trains and haul us out into the night. He had the same duties; the same responsibilities of life in his keeping; the same grim nerve.

For this service Olivier received about eighty dollars a month, including the various extras for making time and for allowances on expenses away from home. If he were taking a fast train on a leg of its journey from New York to Chicago he would be getting to-day somewhere round two hundred and twenty-five dollars a month.

Of course you understand that Olivier was an old engineer, gray-haired, with long years of desperate speed behind him. Since he had survived and carried millions of passengers with him in safety, you may imagine the strain

under which he had lived. It had taken many terrific years to attain his exceptional wage. All round him were other engine drivers whose wages ran down, some of them, to under sixty dollars a month. One driver, who hauled a train between Paris and Calais, earned in a year about eight hundred dollars; another, who ran to Lyons, got seven hundred and fifty. Their firemen, according to circumstances, received from three hundred and fifty to six hundred dollars. I do not set either extreme as absolute; but this was about the range.

In the United States railroad firemen running between New York and Boston receive six dollars and twelve cents for the trip, one way—a run that takes from five to seven hours. The engineers' scale is nine dollars and eighty-six cents. Conductors on the same run get six dollars and sixty-one cents, and brakemen three dollars and sixty-five cents. The French wages for similar service are not much more than one-third of this. Of course I am not going into the complications of mileage rates, but am talking in general terms. It must be remembered that railroad men usually work from twenty to twenty-six days a month.

On many of his runs Olivier carried train crews behind him whose total wages did not aggregate as much as a conductor gets who runs between New York and Buffalo. Chief guards in France get from three hundred and forty to five hundred dollars a year; ordinary guards from two hundred and fifty to four hundred. And Olivier risked his own life and undertook to safeguard his passengers on the stability of telegraph operators whose pay ran down almost to twenty dollars a month and rarely ran above four hundred dollars a year.

These trains of Olivier's, running out of Paris, stand for something pretty fine, remember, in wages as well as equipment; but follow the Nord Express to its destination in Russia and you must clip a big chunk from the wages of the driver and train crew. Follow the Orient Express out of Paris, through Strassburg, Munich, Vienna, Budapest, Serbia and Bulgaria, to Constantinople; and through most of the journey you will strike a descending scale of wages. Go with the Rome Limited; and when you reach Italy you find, for instance, that the driver who pulls you is earning about fifty dollars a month. Brave, nervy, skillful men—all of them! And in England the average wage of an engine driver is round ten or eleven dollars a week.

Here in America we do not begrudge his wage to the genial New York-Buffalo conductor who pulls down about two hundred dollars a month or more; or to the New York-Boston conductor who earns his six and seven dollars a trip; or to the more lowly conductor who gets three and a half or four dollars a day. But we look over there in Europe—trying to think of life and work as they were before the war and surely will be again—and thank our stars that we live and work where we do. In America we believe in good wages and good living, and in some of the things that take the gray out of life.

Olivier did not come to America. He is over there yet, pulling trainloads of soldiers—if a shell or bullet has not destroyed his chance of running again some day on the train that will go through Berlin to what is now Petrograd, not St. Petersburg.

Of course all France does not work on the railroads. On one of these railroad journeys suppose we stop off at the city of Dijon, not far from Lyons. Dijon is a town of seventy-five thousand people, and therefore is more indicative of France as a whole than is Paris.

France was very prosperous just before the war and it was hard to get men. Even laborers did not respond readily to the call of the factories. Yet laborers worked for eighty-five cents a day and skilled mechanics received from a dollar to a dollar and a half. Men in the building trades got seven or eight dollars a week. The hours were commonly ten a day—with exceptions, of course.

Wages do not tell the whole story—true enough! If a Frenchman in times of peace can live as well on eight dollars a week as an American on sixteen or twenty-four, then we have less cause to be thankful over here than we supposed; but he cannot. There are certain things the tourist in Europe finds cheap, the most conspicuous being labor and some luxuries the people could not buy at all otherwise. As you descend to the necessities of life—always measuring things by our American gauges—things are not cheap in the aggregate.

For this I have the authority, first, of tables of prices dug out of authentic sources; but these I shall not quote. Second, I have the experience of a number of American

(Continued on Page 28)

The Honorable Pinky-Pank

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

I SUPPOSE everybody has heard of the clown who wanted to play serious parts. Well, that was my case to a T. All my life—at least all my life that I can remember—I had wanted to amount to something—to be somebody, you know; but all my life—at least until a year ago—I had been dished in the most devilish manner; I look like a Silly Ass.

Sometimes, indeed—especially when I had been taking somebody off—I really believed that I was one, simply because everybody else took it so utterly for granted. So absolutely utterly, you know. And when I looked at myself in the glass—particularly in the morning, just before shaving—I hadn't the least doubt in the world about it. I knew I was a Silly Ass!

First place, I'm short—short on the leg, I mean. And second place, I have a higgish nose, which comes straight out from my forehead. I understand sculptors call this arrangement a Grecian profile, but ordinary chaps call it a sheep's nose, and I'll be the last to deny that it makes a fellow look deucedly sheepish and woolly, and all that sort of thing; while as for my chin—well, I've heard it said I was hiding behind the door when chins were given out.

But it's my eyes that bother me most. They're large, pale blue, and very, very weak. The sun makes me squint, and sometimes I have to screw one eye up like a bally masher; and if anybody as much as gives me a hard look I simply have to turn my head away and look rotten guilty, because I can't stare back at anyone. Young chaps—especially the low sort—are quick to notice this; and they stare at me all the more, just to make me squirm and see me suffer. Yes, and you'd be surprised at the girls who aren't above that sort of thing either.

And while I'm about it I may as well tell you that my hair is the color of dirty straw; and my mustache is like a bit of tow, with one of those horrible bald spots in the middle of it. Yes, and my two middle teeth at the top are larger than any teeth ought to be; and unless I keep a tremendously tight hold on myself my mouth opens into a sort of three-cornered arrangement, and those two middle teeth stick out and start quivering till I look like a silly rabbit smelling a bit of lettuce and wondering whether he will or whether he won't, you know.

And All the Time She Would be Making Fun of Me Behind Her Fan or Parasol

Can you imagine how you'd feel about it if you were suddenly changed over and made to look like that? Well, that's exactly—exactly!—how I feel about it too.

And yet, with all this, in the last twelve months I've saved five hundred men—and got a cork leg for it, too, by Jove! And on state occasions I sport a medal such as few men living can wear; and, what is better than everything else, I've won the most beautiful, the most noble girl in all the world, and all because—yes, all because I am a Silly Ass!

II

TO BEGIN at the beginning, I was the youngest of five sons; and, as you will presently see, that's a deucedly inconvenient thing in a family like ours.

Harry was the eldest; and he did nothing, because he was due to be Marquis of Meyne when the Governor pegged out. When I say he did nothing I mean, of course, he did nothing outside. There are sixty-odd thousand acres of land in the Meyne estates, to say nothing of one of the largest towns in the Midlands, and a big part of the colliery district, and nine villages, and not a single inch of freehold in the lot. So the Marquis of Meyne has plenty to do without going outside to find it.

Next came Edwin, who was something or other in the Foreign Office, assistant of some sort to somebody's secretary—a deucedly important post—and everybody said he would make a tremendous name for himself in the Foreign Office some day if he went on looking so devilish lean and wise. Not a bad sort, though, Edwin, even if he was inclined to kick up a row to the Governor every time I started taking off Grey or Curzon, or anybody like that. But, my word, how it suited him when I turned round and took off Lloyd George or any of the Great Unwashed!

Next came Jimmy and Joey, who went into the navy. Started as midshipmen and later became lieutenants on H. M. S. Bulwark. A splendid pair of boys! Yes, splendid! I often looked at them and then thought of myself; and—oh, well! As Dan Leno used to say when he looked at the side of bacon: "What's the bally use, you know?"

And that leaves me—the Silly Ass of the family. They say the Governor cracked only two jokes in his life. The first was when he had me, and the second was when he called me Marmaduke. Marmaduke—yes, by Jove! So now perhaps you can begin to see whether or not I was right when I said I'd been dished all the way round.

I often used to see the Governor looking at me in a puzzled sort of way, and pulling those big bushy eyebrows of his together; and I always fancied he was wondering what the deuce he was going to do with me. Not that I blame him in the least—it must have been a rotten problem, when you come to think about it. But all the same it's a curious thought, because while the Governor was looking at me, wondering this and wondering that, and

pulling his eyebrows together the way I've seen him do so often, Fate—or Destiny, or whatever the thing is called—had settled the whole business, and the Governor didn't have anything more to say about it than he had to say about the weather next week.

No, by Jove! The Marquis of Meyne may fancy himself if he chooses, but when it comes to telling the future he doesn't know a precious lot more than the boy who brushes his boots.

III

I WAS nearly three-and-twenty when these things began to happen, and I was horribly gone on the Honorable Nellie Ashleigh—oh, frightfully in earnest! I used to write her the rottenest poetry—rotten, I mean, in the rhyme of it, and all that. And I used to stare up at the moon and wonder if she was watching it too—and all that sort of idiotic drivel. And I'd think of the wittiest things to say to her—awfully smart, clever things I used to compose in my mind; but, hang it all, whenever I got near her my tongue slipped and my foot slipped and my nose stood out, and all I could do would be to boggle at her and bump into things, and feel my eyes grow weaker and weaker. And all the time she would be making fun of me behind her fan or parasol, and getting everybody to look at me and laugh.

Not long after the war started the Ashleighs gave a war fête for the benefit of Queen Mary's Fund, and, of course, I had to come in for some of my imitations down on the lower terrace while the audience—at sixpence each—sat on the steps. I gave them the Stout Lady on the Bus, General Bounce on Dress Parade, the Maiden and the Mouse—feeling it run up my trouser leg, you know—and all that sort of silly thing; and then, for an encore, I gave them my song and imitation of a guitar—which is why I am called the Honorable Pinky-Pank, you know:

Pinky-pank . The moon is shining.
Pinky-pank . My heart is pining.
Window, oh, do unbar!
Cruel maiden that you are,
Cast your bright eyes upon me;
Don't pour cold water on me.
List to my light guitar—
Pinky-pank-pank.

Well, the Honorable Nellie was sitting at the end of the bottom step, and I saw her whispering and handing a piece of paper to her neighbor. Everybody read it, and whispered, and passed it on; and everybody laughed at me a little louder then. The fifth in the line was deaf old Major Maddington, who was evidently lost without his eyeglasses; and, because his neighbor nudged him and pointed to me, the Major got up and handed me the note, and it needed only one glance to see that the Honorable Nellie had been handing some of my rotten poetry round. I won't tell you what it was, it was so particularly atrocious; but I will say that at the bottom I had written:

"Burn this after reading it. It is sacred for your own dear eyes. Your devoted Marmaduke."

Was I cut up? That doesn't begin to express it. You see, I've always known I was a Silly Ass; but I had thought, in a wistful sort of way, you know, that my attachment to the Honorable Nellie was a fine sort of thing and might even end by making a man of me—and a lot of sentimental rot like that. And then—all at once—crash! and down came the whole bally business.

I didn't say anything to Nellie—she had the decency to blush and jump up and go away when she saw me looking at that confounded verse; but that night I went to London, and the next afternoon I was in the north of France.

To tell you the truth, I was sick of the whole thing—sick of my silly nose and my watery eyes and those devilish front teeth, and all the rest of it. Of course I knew I couldn't get into the army—couldn't begin to pass the examination; so I just decided to see if I couldn't wish myself into the service somewhere.

From Calais I started for Arras, because a company of Tommies on the boat was going there too. We got as far as a little town called St.-Pol, where we had to change; and while I was waiting at the station I heard a commissary sergeant—who couldn't speak French—trying to find out from the station master—who couldn't speak English—what had become of a lost carload of stores.

"This is my chance," I thought to myself, and I stayed behind to help him out. We found the car at last, and after we had got it down to St.-Pol and started unloading it the sergeant and I were as thick as thieves, and I decided to stay right there at St.-Pol.

Not very dignified work, you know, interpreting Cockney English for a red-faced sergeant, and running round and all that; but, hang it all, after I had found the car at the next station and had it brought on, and had helped unload it, and had had my tea at the sergeant's mess, I began to get my first idea of what the orator chaps call the dignity of labor, and I didn't feel like such a rotten failure after all.

IV

NOW I'm no bally Cæsar, you know, writing his Commentaries on the Gallic War—All Gaul is divided—and all that sort of thing; but if I were I should like to tell you some of the work the Service Corps Tommies did at St.-Pol. They weren't there to do any fighting, but to feed those who were fighting, and send them ammunition and stores, and everything else like that.

The Next Thing I Knew I Was in a Hospital at Havre

I suppose they had picked on St.-Pol because it's a sort of junction, with five lines going out of it—four north and one south. One went up to Fruges, I remember, and another to Béthune, and one to Lille, and one to Arras; and all the time we were getting trainloads of things from Calais and Dieppe, and then dividing them up and sending them where they were needed. Everything went like clockwork till one day a German *Taube* dropped a bomb on one of our storehouses and exploded a lot of shells, killing one of our chaps and wounding six others. At first it was thought they would send us to Arras, where there was a hospital; but as soon as they heard of it over there they sent us a nurse from the American Ambulance Hospital, and that's how I met Mary Logan.

You see, I was one of the chaps who were hurt—had a rib broken—nothing serious. All the same, I thought it was rotten luck at the time, but not after Mary Logan had looked after me for a day or two!

Probably you know the way it is when you're trying to choose something. You see a lot that are no good at all and you wonder why on earth they were ever made; and then you see a few that you rather like, but they don't intrigue you much. And then you spot one that you quite take a fancy to, and you think you'd like it; but then, all at once, you catch sight of one that absolutely puts all the others to shame, and after you've seen that one it's all up! You've seen the one you want—a clinker!—a corker!—and after that you've not a bit of time for anything else.

Well, that's the way it was with me and Mary Logan. The moment I saw her I forgot all about the Honorable Nellie and every other girl I ever knew.

It makes me look like a changeable sort of chump, I know. But, hang it all, if you looked like me you'd be sensitive too; and if any girl did you a pot as the Honorable Nellie did me you'd be through with her, too, just the same as I was. And I don't want you to think I was spoons on this American girl. First place, I didn't have the cheek—by Jove, she was like a goddess in a blue-and-white dress! And, second place, I was through with spoons—all fed up on that sort of thing. I simply knew she was the finest girl I had ever seen anywhere in all my life, and I think she was decent to me because she thought I was a funny little Johnny, with a sad look, who was having a pretty lonely time of it.

I didn't tell her who I was; just said I was Marmaduke Walcott—Walcott being our family name—who had unofficially attached himself to the British Army because there wasn't any other way of getting in. I think she liked me a bit for that; and then I helped her with her French, which counted a lot, especially after I could get round a bit. She had just come to Paris to study art when the war broke out, and her father lived in the States, at a place called Cleveland, which is somewhere near Canada, not far from Niagara Falls. And the best of it was, you know, she wasn't rich. Her father was a selling agent for metal sheets—though what anybody wants metal sheets for I never could imagine.

No; she wasn't rich—she was just herself, you know; and it isn't a bit of use for me to try to tell you how she looked, because nobody ever looked quite like her. Her portrait by Bellstairs—Lady in Black—was the picture at the Academy this winter, and was reproduced in nearly all the American art supplements; so you've probably seen it. When it's a question of looks, or anything like that, she's there—that's all. And when she comes into a room all the other girls go out—extinguished—simply aren't there at all; you know what I mean. She puts them out as the sun puts candles out; and, by Jove, don't some of the candles sputter!

At that time everybody thought our troops were simply going to clean the Germans out of Belgium, so nobody was worrying much; and nights we used to get up entertainments and had clinking good times. Of course I had to come in for some of my imitations and I had to look out that I didn't give myself away. I rather think the sergeant major smelled a rat, because one morning he called me "sir"—but he was the only one; and as for the Tommies, they simply went wild over my monocle and songs and the way I could take people off. I've read a lot of Barrack-room Ballads, and all that sort of thing; but I'm free to tell you that the songs they sang the most at St.-Pol were two I taught them—Henry the Eighth, and Mary Ann. Of course you've heard Henry:

Henry the Eighth I am, I am;
Henry the Eighth I am!
I got married to the widow next door.
She had been married seven times before.
Every one was a Henry;
She wouldn't have a Willy or a Sam.
I'm the eighth old man called Henry—
Henry the Eighth I am!

And then Mary Ann:

Mary Ann, she's after me.
Full of love she seems to be.
My mother says it's plain to see
She wants me for her young man.
Father says: "If this be true,
John, my boy, be thankful, do!
If there's one bigger fool in the world than you—
It's Mary Ann!"

We used to sing these, and then I'd take off the Mayor of St.-Pol Examining a German Suspect; and I'd take off the witnesses, too, with their different voices and everything. Then I'd give them Corporal McInnes Flirting With a French Girl Who Couldn't Speak English; and when Mary laughed, by Jove, I could have died happy! And those Tommies seemed to think I was the greatest thing that ever happened, and that helped me a lot. And the week after I was wounded they made me a regular Tommy, and that helped too. They called me The Nut; and I tell you we were all as thick as thieves and as happy as larks till the bottom began to drop out of the whole bally boat. The British retreat began.

V

I FIRST noticed something was funny when we stopped shipping stores to the front; but I thought perhaps they were getting their supplies from somewhere else and I didn't pay much attention. But next morning a string of goods vans was shunted on our siding and all hands were ordered out to fill these with the things we had in the storehouse. We worked all that day, and you can imagine our surprise when night came and that train started south instead of north.

Then we noticed that trains were beginning to come from the north in a devilish hurry; and when they stopped at St.-Pol junction we saw they were loaded with army stores, and some of the open goods wagons had cannon on them, covered with tarpaulins. Next, most of the men who had been stationed at St.-Pol were ordered south; but

even then we simply couldn't believe, you know, that the British Army was in full retreat. But, by Jove, we didn't stay much longer in doubt.

The ambulance trains began to appear—rolling nightmares, every one of them. But you've heard so much of things like that, it's no use for me to say anything. When we had time we did what we could for the wounded, and every chance I got I carried water and lint and clean sponges for Mary Logan; but generally the trains only stopped long enough to see that the junction was clear and then they went on south toward Havre. And, last of all, down came our fighting Tommies.

Once, at home, I saw a fox that had been hunted all day. He had been through the water and through the mud, and his sunken sides were going in and out like a pair of blow bellows; but he was just as cool and grim and wary as ever, and snarled like a good one when he saw me—yes, and would have jumped at me, too, if I had cornered him.

Well, that's the way our Tommies looked when the Germans were rolling them back. Of course the odds were tremendously against them, and all that sort of thing; and if they had stopped and put up a standing fight they would have been wiped completely off the slate. So they had been putting up a running fight instead, blowing the bridges up as they came down, and digging trenches here and there and leaving a company of men in them to hold the Germans back—like that story in the schoolbooks, you know, of how some of the Russians have to jump out of the sleigh to keep the wolves back a few minutes and save the rest. Of course, the way they were coming down the St.-Pol road they were coming down other roads too; but we saw enough to know what was going on. By that time the booming of the big guns was getting pretty close; and Colonel Bottomley, of General French's staff, came to St.-Pol to take charge of things round there.

It seems that a new Staffordshire regiment hadn't turned up—had misunderstood its orders or failed to get them, or taken the wrong turning in the night—or something like that; but we knew from stragglers that they were south of the Aire, and the Germans hadn't crossed that river yet. So Colonel Bottomley got four motor cars and three motor bikes—all he could find—and sent them scurrying round the country to find that missing regiment, with orders for them to drop everything and come to St.-Pol on the dead run, and there they'd find a train for the south. He got the train ready too—a dozen covered vans and an old shunting engine. Oh, I tell you, he was a doer, or he wouldn't have been on French's staff.

At two o'clock one of the motor cars came racing back. It had found the lost regiment south of Béthune, nearly ten miles away, and they would be in St.-Pol by five. And hardly had this news come in when one of the motor bikes came tearing back. The Germans had smashed the British rear guard, had crossed the Aire, and were only seven miles from St.-Pol. So, you see, unless something unexpected happened, the Germans would get there first; and if they did, by Jove, before night a whole Staffordshire regiment would be written down among the Dead, Wounded or Missing.

VI

AS YOU come down the road to St.-Pol from the north you strike a bog about two miles from the village. It isn't very wide, but it's a long, snaky sort of thing, reaching almost from Fruges to Lens. Well, the road to St.-Pol crosses this bog on a slightly raised embankment, and just as you get to the end of the bog nearer St.-Pol you cross a bridge over the drainage canal, and then you reach the upland. Of course we had that bridge loaded with dynamite, all ready to blow it up and hinder the Germans a bit; but now we had another task to do. We had to keep the Germans from repairing the bridge until the Staffordshire Tommies, who were coming along the Béthune road, had reached St.-Pol and safety.

Anyone would almost think it would be enough to blow the bridge up; but you know a wrecked bridge is nuts to the Germans. With their advance troops you almost always see a motor lorry loaded with planks and timbers and bolts, and things like that; and they no sooner come to a broken bridge than they give it one squint, run to the lorry, take out a lot of numbered pieces, and almost before you can say Jack Robinson they have mended the bally thing and are marching along on the other side as proud as little Punches—as if they were saying to themselves, you know: "That's the way we do in the German Army!"

Well, as soon as Colonel Bottomley heard the Germans were coming down that road he rushed every man in St.-Pol—including the natives—down to the bridge and set us digging a trench. There was an old stone tollhouse on our side of the bridge. We started the trench behind that and then crossed the road with it; so we had the upper hand of everything coming along the embankment on the other side of the canal.

As soon as he had blown up the bridge, and marked out the trench and started us working, back rushed the colonel in his motor car; and just as we had finished the trench he returned with a two-wheeled cart fastened behind his car. In this cart he had two machine guns, thirty rifles and a pile of ammunition.

"Good work!" he shouted when he saw we had finished the trench. "Now every man in the British uniform stand forward!"

I had a coat and a hat by that time, so I stood forward with the others. There were twenty-one of us altogether. "A fine lot!" cried the colonel. "You'll do it!"

He told the natives, then, to start back to the village, and turned to us again: "Now then! Sergeant! You at the end! What's your name?"

"Saunders, sir."

"Regiment?"

"Lancashire Fusileers, sir."

"Good work! Sergeant Saunders, I place you in charge. You will hold this position until half past five at any cost. Remember—at any cost! At half past five you will retire with your men to St.-Pol! Good-by, boys, and good luck to you!"

And after we had all saluted him he jumped into his car and shouted to the chauffeur:

"The road to Béthune! Like the very Old Lad!"

Oh, a gentleman and an officer, you know! And he knew, too, how many of us would be likely to retire to St.-Pol at half past five! In the bottom of the two-wheeled cart—though we didn't know it then—was a box of cigars that hadn't got there of itself; and, though it was the thought of a gentleman which put it there, that box of cigars nearly brought about the ruin of us all.

By Jove, I Got Them All In—Bass, Tenor and Baritone—Till You'd Have Sworn We Were All There

VII

WE FIRST placed our machine guns in a position where they would sweep the road at different angles, like a couple of oscillating fans—hiding their muzzles, you know, so they couldn't be seen from across the broken bridge. Then the sergeant gave us our stations. I can't shoot at all because of my eyes; so it was my duty to help the sergeant at his machine gun—stand by him, you know, help keep it steady, and hand him cartridge belts, and all that. We had hardly got settled when somebody said: "Here they come!"

Through the peepholes we had made in front of the trench we saw a company of Uhlans come trotting down the road; but as soon as they saw there was something wrong with the bridge they stopped. Then one of them galloped forward, as cool as you please, to see what would happen to him.

We stayed perfectly quiet; and, for all he knew, there might have been a hundred men in our trench or there might have been none. So back he trotted and then returned with five others—trying to draw our fire, you know, so the rest of them could gallop back to the advancing troops and report how strong we were. They whispered together a bit, and, by Jove, three of them suddenly wheeled their horses and jumped into the canal. Then, of course, we simply had to show our hand a bit. We potted them with our rifles and two of them lurched right off and under. The third man gained our side of the canal, but there we stopped him, horse and all.

The others turned and galloped back. They knew the bridge was down and they knew we were there too; but they didn't know we had machine guns, and that was in our favor.

"We'll have a bit of fun yet," said Sergeant Saunders, looking at his watch. "It's only half past three."

It was nearly four o'clock when the next act opened. Round a bend in the road came a company of infantry in open marching order.

"God help them!" said Saunders; and then he called over to the opposite end of the trench, where a straggler from the R. F. A. was handling the other machine gun. "Wait till the first man gets even with that larch tree over there," he said, "and then let them have it."

You know most of the farms at Meyne have mowing machines. One day I was watching a farmer cut his hay in an orchard, and all at once he came to a hen and a lot of chicks. He tried to stop his horses, but he couldn't stop in time, and the first thing he knew he had cut all the chickens' legs off; and there they were, fluttering round, you know, and squawking, and absolutely done for. He was a decent old chap, that farmer, and when he saw what he had done he got off his machine and leaned against a tree, and was thoroughly sick. Well, that's just how I felt when those front Germans reached the larch tree. No sooner had our two machine guns started than all those fellows were cut down like grass, and done for.

"Four o'clock," said the sergeant. "It'll be their turn now. Big guns next, lads; but never mind. They've got to bring them up first, and then they've got to find the range."

(Continued on Page 33)

These Tommies Seemed to Think I Was the Greatest Thing That Ever Happened

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

DECORATIONS BY WALTER H. EVERETT

THERE was a moment's silence after the attorney for the Government sat down. Everybody thought the judge would at once refuse the motion for a retrial and sentence the prisoner. There was plainly no error. The law was clear, the evidence was sufficient, and the judge had so strongly indicated the guilt of the accused in his charge to the jury that acquittal was out of the question; in fact, he had practically directed the jury to find the prisoner guilty.

Of course a motion to set aside the verdict is always made; but anyone could see that it was a mere form here. Surely there was no shadow left for judicial hesitation after the attorney for the Government had finished. It would have taken only a moment, and to-morrow was the last day of the term; but, instead, the judge rose. He looked ill and tired. The heat was oppressive.

"I will pass on the motion in the morning," he said.

The attorney for the prisoner caught at the straw.

"Your Honor will consider the argument?"

"Oh, yes," replied the judge in his tired voice. Then he added: "I have a telegram from the Department of Justice. Two judges of the Supreme Court will be here in the morning. I am asked to leave this case open." Then he swept away the hope: "You may have the benefit of their opinion on the length of sentence."

He looked worn out. It was July. The summer term of the District Court of the United States was always trying, but this sitting had been particularly oppressive. The usual catalogue of crimes—revenue infractions and the like—was commonly disposed of swiftly in this court; but he had not been able to expedite this case. It had expanded, lengthened, and worn out his patience. Perhaps dilatory, inefficient counsel was the real cause.

He went into his chamber, took off his black silk gown and gave it to his attendant. He gathered up some papers from his table and inclosed them with a rubber band; then he put on his hat and went out.

These Federal buildings have the city post office underneath. The judge did not go to the elevator. Several members of the local bar were in the cage. He knew how they would receive him. One would have a story to make him laugh; another some expression from his utterances to flatter—and so on. He felt that he was too tired and irritable to be annoyed; but he did not escape.

On the steps he met the attorney for the prisoner. He was a man who had come up into a practice through the petty intrigues of local politics. He had learned in that school to approach his object obliquely, and he carried this plan into the trial of his cases. He cultivated an open, hearty manner to cover this subtility.

"Judge," he said, "I wish you could manage to go easy on Johnson." And he began to urge the estimable life of the cashier, his long residence in the community, and the fact that no length of penal sentence could help anybody; then he added:

"I think the man is telling the truth, judge. I think he was trying to save the bank."

It was false. His experience moved him to accept the worst motive among all possible ones. The judge, ill and overborne, stopped him.

"I won't hear you, Dickerman," he said. "I'm tired of these curbstone arguments."

The man was unabashed.

"Sure, judge," he replied; "but I got worked up over Johnson. It's an awful pity. He has a nice home and the best little woman in the world."

He said it in the big, emotional manner he was accustomed to use in his campaigns among the people, and it was true as far as he went; but he neglected to add that the nice home went to him provided he kept the cashier out of the penitentiary—everything else he had got hold of on a straight-out fee. But he was shrewd. He saw that this was no moment to go farther, and he stepped out of the way.

"I'm glad you're going to join the family at the shore to-morrow night. It'll do you good, judge. . . . Rotten hot here!" And he went on.

Three doors opened from the post office into the street—the great double one in the middle for the public and, on each side of it, one to the elevator and another to the stairway. A big, new motor car stood by the curb and a man in the shade of the building, by the door on the elevator side, was fanning his heated face with a panama hat. He had about him every indicatory evidence of a leading citizen. He was past middle life—in the neighborhood of sixty. He stood erect, with the expansive front that the dominion of money and success give to those lucky men who get up in the world out of a humble origin.

When the judge came out of the Federal Building on the stairway side, the man stepped down to the motor, opened the door of the tonneau and threw up his hand in a friendly signal. The judge entered the motor and sat down as though it were a custom.

"Thank you, Tollman," he said. "It's mighty kind of you to stop for me this way."

"No trouble, judge," replied the man. "I never leave the bank until four o'clock and it's only a turn round the block for you."

He got in, closed the door and the motor moved away from the curb. Then he added:

"What do you suppose the Department's after?"

He had heard the telegram discussed by the spectators coming out of the courtroom.

"It's a national bank," said the judge. "The Government may have some special interest." Then he added: "Members of the Supreme Court sometimes sit on the circuit, or the Chief Justice may be going out to the Circuit Court of Appeals. We are on the way; it's nothing unusual."

"You didn't sentence Johnson," said the man.

"I left the whole matter open," replied the judge. "If the members of the Supreme Court sit to-morrow they can fix the sentence."

"Dead open-and-shut case?" said Tollman.

"Oh, yes," replied the judge.

He felt very tired and indisposed to talk, but he regarded the obligations of friendly courtesy. Again Tollman slapped his big knee with his fat hand.

"It's a pity! . . . Nice fellow, Johnson—not very smart."

"I thought the trick by which he covered the cash shortage from the bank examiner was exceedingly clever," said the judge. "Has such a thing been done before?"

Tollman pulled out his under lip between his thumb and finger; his foot tapped on the floor of the car.

"Never heard of it," he said. "If anybody ever used it before he was smart enough not to get caught." Then he turned about toward his companion. "You're wrong, judge; Johnson ain't smart. I saw that when he first came into the bank, under me—when I was cashier of the Eighth National."

He had the appearance, whether false or true, of one giving an inside opinion in confidence to a friend.

"He's just a trailer—got no initiative. The bank was bound to go to the wall in competition with modern investment methods. Johnson never struck out on a new line in his life; he followed what other men did. Why, judge!"

He put his fat hand on his companion's arm as though indicative of a deeper confidence.

"He's been running that bank just the same way I used to run it before I made my strike in Universal Steel Common and started the Citizens' National."

He paused and puffed out his chest.

"The banking business must keep up with the times, like any other business."

"Universal Steel Common?" replied the judge. "Isn't that the stock Johnson was gambling in with the bank funds?"

Tollman rocked his big torso in confirmation.

"Exactly!" he said. "The very same! Only it's no good now—went to pot two years ago. The broker knew it was taking pennies out of a blind man's hat. Imagine anybody buying that stock now!"

Then he added in a firmer tone:

"No, judge; Johnson ain't smart. You know how the banking business goes. Sometimes you have to take a nibble at bad stuff to help out a good depositor. Take, for instance, the big block of Gas bonds that first got his bank in bad. He asked me whether the Citizens' National was a subscriber. Well, it wasn't up to me to knock Old Blackwell's bonds. He's a good depositor. I said yes. It was the truth. We had a little of it—covered on the side, of course. . . . Johnson has no sense."

"He has sense enough to know that he was violating the banking laws of the United States," replied the judge.

The big man laughed.

"He knew that all right, I reckon."

"I suppose," continued the judge, "he thought his plan would not be discovered; and perhaps it would not have been but for the chance of your bank opening one of the packages."

Tollman did not reply. The car had entered the street on which the judge lived. It was a street ending in the public highway. A huge, old brick house sat in a grove of ancient maples, on a big plot of ground, at some distance from the street. There was an old-fashioned, low iron fence, with a little gate opening into a red-brick path, before the place. The car stopped. Tollman leaned across his guest and flung the car door open. He spoke, with his head down, in the performance of the act:

"I was offered the leases on the Haverford oil tract mighty low to-day."

The judge did not at once reply. He got out. Then he answered:

"Lawsuits are uncertain! Thank you, Tollman."

It was all the hint the man wanted. The lands were in litigation in the Federal Court and this was a look through the keyhole.

The judge opened the gate and went slowly up the brick path to his door. He was alone in his house for this day and night. His family and servants had gone to the coast to avoid the midsummer heat. He would join them to-morrow night, when his court term closed. He would be glad of the vacation. This evening he felt utterly fagged out and worthless.

As the path turned round some shrubs he saw a figure huddled against his door. The attitude was peculiar. The figure did not seem to be sitting against the door, nor yet was "huddled" the word to describe that posture. The figure seemed to be bent over—the head down, the legs doubled under it; the shoulders and the back stooped. At the sound of his advancing feet the figure rose. He saw that it was the prisoner Johnson's wife; and he remembered vaguely that just now he had not seen her in her accustomed place by the prisoner's chair.

The whole aspect of this woman was one of inconsolable misery. Her eyes were swollen; the muscles of her face

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Post is a member of the Bar of the Supreme Court of the United States and a member of the Advisory Committee of the National Economic League on the question of Efficiency in the Administration of Justice

were drawn; her mouth seemed slack and loose, and from time to time it trembled, though the woman no longer wept. She was young; but her worn, faded, neglected dress, the strain of the long trial, the despair at the result of it, and the constant misery had aged her. Her brown hair looked dead about the livid face, twitching from lack of sleep.

"Oh, judge," she said, "won't you save him?" The extremity of bitter misery was in the broken voice. "He did no more than other men had done before—only he did it for the bank—not for himself. He thought everything Mr. Tollman had anything to do with was all right. I know all about it. The jury didn't understand. You don't understand!"

This was the one thing the judge loathed and hated—this emotional appeal of the wife, the mother, the sweetheart of the accused. Women never understood that courts considered only proximate causes; that men were tried for the commission of those overt acts that by the letter of the law constituted a crime. They never understood that ultimate motives, influences and all the vast ramifications of an event could not be inquired into. They never regarded legal rules governing the introduction of evidence; that the law did not consider what one thought or believed; that cases were not tried on feeling. The judge endeavored to explain that all the things she urged could not be considered in the case—and how irregular her conduct was.

"I cannot hear you," he said.

The woman swayed a moment, looking him in the face; then she sank down in that peculiar posture—on her knees, her back bent, her face in her hands. And she began to speak, trembling, shaken, with jerky words:

"What'll I do? . . . You won't hear me. . . . Oh, God! What'll I do? He's a good man. I know him; I'm his wife. . . . He didn't mean any harm. The things other men did drove him into it. Oh, God! If the judge would only think about everything! If there was only somebody to understand everything they wouldn't make him suffer for all of it!"

It seemed to the judge that the best thing for him to do was to pass quickly. He opened the door with a latchkey, entered and closed it behind him. Then he put down his hat and, with his bundle of legal papers under his arm, went slowly up the stairway. At the first landing he stopped, held on to the baluster and looked back. Through the little squares of glass along the side of the door he could see the woman on the porch in that abject position, the tears trickling through her fingers.

The court opened with the two Supreme Judges sitting with the District Judge. A gust of rain had cleared out the heat. The air was fresh. Everybody seemed vitalized and restored to the energies of life—except the District Judge. He looked the mere physical wreck of a man. His face was pallid and his jaw sagged as he sat in his black silk robe between his two associates. Perhaps the fine, clean-cut, vital faces of those two associate judges brought his ill appearance more conspicuously to the eye.

The courtroom was crowded. Everybody came in to see the visiting members of the Supreme Court.

We have a belief that the conduct of great affairs and elevation above the passions and interests of men give, in time, to the human face a power and serenity beyond anything to be observed in our usual life. And the aspect of these two members of the highest tribunal in the world amply justified this theory. Everybody was impressed. The courtroom was silent. The clerk and attendants went about on tiptoe and spoke in whispers. There was an atmosphere of dignity that swept out and ejected every trivial thing.

There was here, now, the awe and the solemnity, the grip of power, that we feel must inevitably attend the majestic presence of that vast, dominating, imperial thing we call the state. Everybody felt that, at last—finally—he was before that regal ultimate authority that ruled the order of his life and the conduct of his affairs, pressing on him on all sides invisibly, like the air—an authority that he could neither resist nor question.

The whole local bar was in the courtroom. The chairs before the attorneys' tables were filled. The entire jury panel was present. The prisoner Johnson sat inside the rail, near his attorney. He sat with his head down, his hands open and resting awkwardly on his knees, like one who, having passed through every misery, dumbly awaits the end of all things.

His wife was now in the chair beside him. Her face was washed out and gray, like plaster; but it was lifted; and the wide-distended eyes followed every act and gesture of the two majestic judicial figures. She did not move; she saw nothing about her in the courtroom; she heard no sound or whisper. Those visiting members of the Supreme Bench, sitting on each side of the almost ghastly District Judge, alone engrossed and dominated her attention.

The younger justice, on the left of the bench, conducted the business of the court.

"The case," he said, "of the United States versus Carter Johnson is before us on a motion to set aside the verdict of the jury and grant a new trial."

His voice, clear and even like a sheet of light, filled the remote corners of the courtroom.

"On yesterday we directed the District Judge to hold this case open until we could arrive and sit with him. It is not the custom of the Department of Justice, to which we belong, to interfere in the temporary conduct of matters in these inferior tribunals below us; but this case has been brought forcibly to our attention and we have determined to appear here and dispose of it.

"Carter Johnson was the cashier of the Eighth National Bank of this city. He was convicted in this court on two several counts—the misappropriation of bank funds and the falsification of the bank statement under oath. The facts are that the directors of this bank left the conduct of its affairs to the cashier, Johnson, as they were accustomed to do with the former cashier. Johnson invested heavily in an issue of Gas bonds. These securities rapidly depreciated in value. To recoup the loss Johnson speculated with bank funds. This speculation was unsuccessful, and to cover the cash shortage in his accounts Johnson resorted to a deceptive trick."

The justice went on:

"It is a custom of the Treasury Department of the United States to send out packages of money. These packages, when received, are inclosed by a strip of paper pasted round them. This strip of paper or label is stamped with the amount and denomination of the bills making up the package. No bank questions the correctness of these labels. Carter Johnson made use of this Treasury custom in order to cover the cash shortage in his bank.

"He carefully preserved the printed bands from the packages of bills of high denomination that his bank would get from the Treasury in the course of business. When the examiner appeared he would remove the bands from packages of low denomination, paste on the false bands, and send out these apparently original Treasury packages to other banks in the city. He would ask the banks to hold these packages and let him have loose currency. By this plan he was able to show his cash on hand correct. Later, when the examiner was gone, he would return the currency and received back his packages. This trick, invented by an intelligence, cunning and regardless of fair dealing, enabled him to cover his defalcations for a considerable period."*

Then he concluded:

"These are the facts. They were established beyond doubt and the verdict of the jury was inevitable."

He looked down at the prisoner.

"It is our opinion that the motion to set aside the verdict and grant a new trial ought to be overruled."

There was on the prisoner no evidence of this crushing blow, except that he seemed to sink down a little in his chair. The woman beside him gave no sign whatsoever. Perhaps she did not realize what these formal words meant—that they swept away her last vestige of hope; but the aspect of the prisoner, thus crumpled up as by some disintegrating pressure, drew the attention of the elder justice on the right of the bench. He spoke, looking out over the courtroom:

"That every man shall realize in his own person the result of his premeditated act is a condition of human affairs that we are not here to disturb."

There was no emotion in his face or in the words he uttered; there was only the supreme serenity of a phenomenon in Nature.

There was a moment of silence and the younger justice continued with the case.

"We are also of the opinion," he said, "that this whole matter ought to be disposed of. Rutger Beekman is in the courtroom. Let him stand up."

A little man, prim and very carefully dressed, who had been entirely hidden by the crowd, came out and stood before the rail. He looked discolored, and the lids below his eyes puffed as from the ravages of an organic disease. Everybody moved with interest. This was the Eastern broker to whom Johnson had sent the money for his speculations.

"You obeyed our summons?" said the justice.

The little man was very greatly disturbed.

"Yes, Your Honor," he answered in a nervous voice.

The justice went on:

"The books in your office, exhibited to the Federal authorities, show that from time to time you purchased for Carter Johnson forty-eight thousand shares of Universal Steel Common at one dollar a share."

He stopped and looked down at the man before the rail.

"Your books do not show that a secret partner, one Livingston Prichard, created this market for your purchase with stock bought at its actual value of twenty-five cents a share. Where is the remaining thirty-six thousand dollars?"

The little man's face seemed to turn to ashes; he hung a moment on his toes, his mouth open. The justice went on, with no change in his calm, deliberate voice:

"The money, in United States gold certificates, is in safety-deposit box number 472 of the North Dominion Trust Company, in the city of Montreal."

He paused.

"It is the order of this court that you, Rutger Beekman, turn over to the register the key to this box, now on your person, together with your order to the vault officer, signed with two marks under the signature according to your secret understanding with that official. You will also pay into court the amount of your commission—that is to say, one-fourth of one per cent on the whole sum of forty-eight thousand dollars."

Everybody was astonished. Hiram Tollman, president of the Citizens' National Bank, sitting behind the attorneys, knew that the Federal Secret Service had run this case down in every direction. He regretted now that he had taken so prominent a seat in the courtroom. With the result of so vast a system of secret espionage, no one could say what features of this affair might come up. He looked at the trembling broker turning over his key to the register of the court, and sweat dampened the palms of his hands. The calm voice of the justice was going on:

"The certificates delivered to Carter Johnson have been sold for their actual value of twenty-five cents a share; our order restores to the insolvent bank the entire sum drawn out by the cashier and adjusts this feature."

He paused and looked at his associate.

"Shall we consider, here, the aspect of Rutger Beekman's criminal responsibility?"

"Let it go over," replied the elder justice. "Beekman will be presently before us."

These words, simple and uttered with no threat or menace, gave everybody in the courtroom a sense of vague, unreasoning terror.

"We come now," continued the younger justice, "to a consideration of the original loss of the Eighth National Bank, which the cashier undertook to recoup by his speculations."

This was the thing of which the president of the Citizens' National Bank was apprehensive. He had hoped to slip out of the courtroom unnoticed. He was feeling under his chair for his hat, when the voice of the justice reached him as with the impact of a blow:

"Hiram Tollman is in the courtroom. Let him stand up."

He got on his feet, it seemed to the man, by no will and by no muscular effort of his own; his whole body damp with sweat. He looked up at the District Judge as for some cover or protection. The visiting justice crushed out the man's mute appeal.

"The District Judge," he said, "sits with us to-day for the purpose only of entering such orders as we shall direct."

And the fact was abundantly evident. The judge was not consulted and he took no part in the conduct of the

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*See Flower v. U. S., 116 Fed. 241.

RICH MAN, POOR MAN

XV

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

AND so it stood. Her answer she was to let David have that night. She had promised it. As Bab, the promise given, slipped from the library and made her way swiftly toward the drawing-room at the front, one needed only a glance to guess the ferment already working in her mind. Her eyes glowed. On each cheek again the color burned, now with a newer, more feverish brightness. Marry him? Her breath at the thought came fast!

The drawing-room, by the time she got there, was filling rapidly, and instilled with an animation that momentarily increased she gayly greeted these arrivals, the first of the evening's guests. Her heart she could feel throb. A sense of exhilaration roused her. It was as if wine ran coursing through her veins; and her eyes dancing, her little head cocked sidewise like a bird's, she laughed and chatted, filled with a quick coquetry as new to her as it was charming

She was in the midst of this, her face radiant, when she felt a hand touch her suddenly on the arm. The hand was Miss Elvira's; and as Bab looked up she found Miss Elvira gazing at her with an eye as dull and accusing as a haddock's. Her voice, when she spoke, was correspondingly morose.

"What's happened?" asked Miss Elvira guardedly.

Bab stared.

"Happened?" she echoed.

"Look at David!" rejoined Miss Elvira significantly.

Bab looked. In a corner across the drawing-room he sat, a figure of silence, nibbling his finger tips. A frown ruffled his brow; and though he was surrounded by half a dozen of the guests, young men and young women together, it was manifest that he was deaf to their laughter and talk. Miss Elvira gave Bab a swift, searching look.

"Have you two been up to anything?"

"I? David?"

"You two haven't had a tiff, have you?"

A tiff! Of course not! But Bab needed no second look at him to guess the cause of David's disquiet. She, too, felt that selfsame disturbance, that same tumult of the mind; but she, with a woman's art to aid her, had managed better to hide it. But now as Miss Elvira's eye, fishlike in its gloom, probed hers, Bab felt the color pour suddenly over her face and neck. A half stifled "Humph!" escaped Miss Elvira, a mumble the significance of which was evident. Then, turning about abruptly, Miss Elvira resumed the task of greeting the last of the arrivals. That David should thus disclose his feelings, Bab saw, would never do. At the first opportunity, therefore, she hurried across the room. Bending swiftly over him she touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Spunk up!" whispered Bab. A flashing smile went with the words.

David, as it was evident, spunked up instantly. Bab returned to the other guests she had left. When again she looked across the room at him, he, too, was laughing and chatting, his mood now as exhilarant as hers. As her glance wandered away from him a pair of eyes encountered hers. Mrs. Lloyd stood gazing at her intently. Bab in spite of herself colored faintly.

Early that afternoon, long indeed before they'd been expected, the two Lloyds had motored in from their country place on Long Island. Evidently they had come in no little haste; and Lloyd, after a brief interview with David, had as hastily dashed off in the motor again. As for Mrs. Lloyd, almost at once she had retreated to her room, vouchsafing to Bab only a brief, not too exuberant greeting—a word or so purred indolently, as if with great effort. Bab by now owned to herself that she did not like the Lloyds. True, for David's sake she had tried to, but not even this had availed. Against the stone wall of their indifference she had only bruised herself.

"Look at David! You Two Haven't Had a Tiff, Have You?"

The look that she had just surprised in her aunt's eyes, however, was not just indifferent. Mrs. Lloyd, after a quick stare at her son, had shot an equally swift glance at Bab, and there was in it something so searching that Bab felt herself start. Why should she be looked at like that? It was as if Mrs. Lloyd knew something. It was as if in that look she revealed the disdain that this knowledge gave her. What was it she knew? Had David told? At the thought a little chill touched her. If she should say "Yes" to David, what then? What of their antagonism? But Bab, the thought once digested, at once rid herself of it. The Lloyds, to be sure, were David's parents, but why need she feel fear of them? Even if they were opposed to her, David wasn't! And that he wasn't was after all the main thing. Buoyant again, her animation reviving swiftly, Bab freed her mind of that passing shadow. A moment later Crabbe appeared at the drawing-room door and bent deferently toward Miss Elvira.

"Madam is served!" announced Crabbe.

Her face aglow, Bab shot a glance at David. How splendid it all was! From then on it seemed to Bab that the events of that evening arranged and rearranged themselves with kaleidoscopic swiftness and confusion. The dinner slipped by as if hurried feverishly. Too much was happening, she felt. It seemed as though her mind could not encompass it all. Her glance, roving about the huge, dark dining room, now transformed, dwelt on the flowers, the gleaming silver, the cut glass and snowy linen. All this for her! Already she had been asked for a dozen dances! Already, in evidence of what yet was to come, the music hidden behind the palms struck into a swaying, seductive measure. Her dance indeed! And then of a sudden came remembrance

The huge room, splendid with its profusion of costly flowers, glittering and brilliant with all its appurtenances of silver, glass and linen—all this with its lights, with the gay luster and coloring of the gowns, for an instant faded dimly. On an afternoon, a day now long past and almost forgotten, she saw herself in Mrs. Tilney's kitchen; and all by herself, and in pigtails and pinafore, she danced, pirouetting to the music of an unseen, far-off orchestra heard only in her fancy. With what stateliness she had trod that measure! With what delicious solemnity she had bowed and balanced to and fro! And now to think, here was the reality!

The thought was followed swiftly by another. Would David, had he seen her then, have been allured? Probably not! Stilty, scrubby little girls with spindling legs were scarcely what anyone would find alluring. Her thought went further. At any stage of her life at Mrs. Tilney's would David have been allured? She wondered indeed! Would he? Would his family have let him be? At the thought a queer smile dawned in Bab's blue eyes. It was not the Lloyds she thought about; it was the rest of David's family too. What, marry a boarding-house waif? Peter Beeston's grandson marry anyone like that! A nameless nobody? The idea!

But why think now of such things? Why let any cloud obscure her happiness? Her face once more radiant, she was glancing about her, her eyes dancing like elfin fires, when at the adjoining table a ripple of laughter arose. David sat there. Her lips parted as she looked at him.

To-night the big table that usually filled the room had been carried out and its place filled with smaller tables. There were ten of these, six of the guests seated at each, but at none of the ten had the merriment been more evident, more spontaneous than at David's. He had bent forward, his face alight with animation; and the others, their eyes dancing, their lips parted as they listened, hung intently on what he was saying. Bab swiftly took in the scene. Opposite David sat Linda Blair, that bronze-haired, bizarre, attractive creature, among the first David had introduced to Bab. Her chin on her hands now, and her eyes veiled behind their long lashes, she was gazing as if idly at David. Behind that idleness, though, Bab at the first glance had seen something else. Linda Blair was a perfect example of the highly cultivated New York type. The life, the game that surrounded her she had been taught to play from the cradle up. From the days of bib and tucker to the time of her coming out she had been trained with a Spartan rigor to throttle every impulse. Her feelings she must hide. She must at no moment disclose herself. Bab, though she liked Linda Blair, often had thought her too impenetrable, too cold and self-contained.

But not so now! Her frail, high-bred features had for a moment fallen into repose; and off her guard now, the world might have read in Linda's face exactly what she felt. Her eyes alone were eloquent. They hung upon David, inexpressibly friendly and admiring; they were, indeed, even kindlier than that.

Bab looked at her in misty wonder! She had heard much about Linda Blair. David and Linda since childhood had been playmates—intimates, in fact. However, that either had felt for the other anything deeper than friendliness Bab had not even dreamed. She wondered now that David had never responded, for Linda was beautiful! More than that, Linda had all that birth and cultivation can give The fact that David should seem to Linda desirable made him all the more so in Bab's eyes. And he had asked Bab to marry him! Would she? Indeed, why not? Cousins had married before this.

She was still looking on, still gazing with a discreet but rising interest at what unwittingly she had seen, when across the dining room, framed in the background of the doorway, Bab beheld a figure, now well known to her, emerge abruptly into view. David's father had returned.

The dinner, after all but a preliminary to the night's real entertainment, was nearly over. Already, with the informality of such affairs, many of the guests had risen and were drifting about, visiting from table to table; and Lloyd, after a swift glance at Bab, then at his son, beckoned to Mrs. Lloyd. Evidently the signal was expected. She rose instantly, and disregarding a look of inquiry Miss Elvira gave her she made her way toward the hall.

A moment later, conversing hurriedly, the two Lloyds disappeared. But Bab, though she saw them go, felt small concern.

Outside the orchestra had again struck up, and this time the music instantly had effect. It was a dance that was being played, a lively measure, and round the room heads began to nod, feet to tap, beating time to it. Bab no longer could wait.

"Come along, everyone!" she cried, and pushing back her chair she rose.

David, too, had risen. After teetering uncertainly for an instant, he got his crutches tucked beneath his arms and started slowly toward the hall. Linda Blair was beside him. Her pace matched to his slow progress, she sauntered through the doorway and toward the drawing-room, her lithe, long-limbed grace in strange contrast with his slow, cumbrous effort. Indeed she herself must have been conscious of it—she could not have helped being so; but if she was her look gave no hint of it. Her attitude toward him and his crutches was as if the crutches did not exist. Bab's eyes grew misty. Filled with pity, she was still gazing at him when her escort, the young man who had borne her in to dinner, faced her smilingly.

"Shall we try this?" he asked.

A nod was her answer. She dared not trust herself to speak. Then a moment later she found herself carried away on the orchestra's enlivening strains. By now nearly all in the room were dancing. Already, too, the guests asked in for the dance were beginning to arrive in little parties. Bab's dinner was not the only festivity that had preceded the dance; and as the newcomers, all in high spirits, rolled up to the door in their motors, the once grim, dark Beeston house awoke anew. Bab had circled the drawing-room not more than once when she was obliged to pause to greet the new arrivals. Then when they, partner and partner, had whirled off to the music, there were still others that must be greeted. But the time came when at last she was free; and the music again thrumming in her ears, she had turned to smile up at her escort, that patient, smiling young man, when she saw across the room, sitting alone and, as she thought, forgotten, her cousin, David.

Miss Elvira for the moment had withdrawn. The Lloyds, too, since the dinner had not reappeared. Nor was Linda Blair to be seen. David indeed had been deserted; and escaping from her partner with a brief apology, Bab sped across the drawing-room. "Why, David," she murmured, "they've all left you! I didn't know!"

"Do as I Tell You. If You'll Go There'll Be No Trouble"

He looked up, smiling quietly. "Why, I'm all right," he returned. "Linda's been with me, but just now I made her go dance. You go, too, won't you?"

But Bab said no; she meant to sit with him a while, and in spite of his protests she drew up a chair to the corner where he sat. It would be like David, she knew, to see that all the others enjoyed themselves while he was left to look on. Presently when he began to protest: "But this is your dance, dear, yours!" Bab gently laid a hand on his.

"Yes, but I wish to be with you, don't you see?"

She heard him catch softly at his breath.

"With me?"

His fingers closed on the hand that still touched his, but Bab made no effort to withdraw it.

"Babs," he said, and again, as if he feared to frighten her, his voice grew gentle—"Babs, I can make you happy; I can do everything in the world for you. Give me your answer now, won't you? You've got to give it to-night, you know, so why wait? The sooner the better, Babs."

She did not answer. Beneath the filmy chiffon of her dress she could feel her heart flutter like the wings of a captive moth. She dared not look at him. She knew if she did that she would betray herself to that throng of gay, careless dancers, these guests of hers, intent though they were on their gayety. But troubled, agitated at what he asked, she could not but wonder at his insistence on haste. Why was it so imperative that she should answer now? It all seemed so swift, so breathlessly unexpected too. His hands tightened on hers.

"Babs."

She still did not answer.

"Babs, dearest," he whispered.

Though his voice broke, deep with its entreaty, she still steeled herself. Then his fingers released hers slowly and he drew in a breath, a sigh.

"Well, if you won't even look at me," he said, and at that the walls of the city gave.

"Oh, David, David!" said Bab, and she looked at him, her eyes suffused. "If only I can make you happy!"

"Happy?" he echoed hoarsely. His face was transfigured.

"Yes, if only I can," she said.

The music went on. Alone then, forgotten as it seemed in the midst of that rising gayety, the man and the girl sat silent, their faces tortured into an air of bland, conventional impassivity. Of the storm that racked them inwardly who saw or who in that room could have known? It was for them, for one of them at least, the greatest, the most potential moment that life can bring; but life—the life they led, that is—ordered that they must hide every hint of their emotion.

Finally David, summoning his courage, looked at her. His voice when he spoke broke again. His face, too, in that moment had grown heavy and lined.

"You must go dance now, Babs," he said fixedly. "This mustn't spoil your party. Come!"

She tried weakly to protest.

"I'd rather not, David."

But David shook his head determinedly.

"To-night's your night," he said; and, giving in, she rose.

"Very well, Davy," she was saying, when, her eyes widening and her lips parting in slow wonder, she paused. Then the color crept slowly up into Bab's face, a suffusing crimson tide. She stood like one in a trance. Across the room was Varick. And as he saw Bab he came swiftly toward her.

XVI

AS IN a dream, the tides of confusion coming and going in her face, Bab watched him as he crossed the room, threading his way among the dancers. Varick, she saw, had many friends in that throng. On every side the men called him a greeting as he passed; the girls, their partners, waving him a gay, friendly welcome. In spite of this, however, Varick's air was hardly what one would call festive.

A smile, half grim, half disdainful, lurked in his eyes. It was as if his presence there somehow grotesquely seemed amusing, and about him, too, was a look of stubborn purpose she had never seen before. If Bab, after their last encounter, had thought to find him ill at ease she was doomed to disappointment. However, the thoughts in her mind were of quite a different nature. What was he doing there? she was asking herself. How came he to be in that house? Her mind working swiftly even in its bewilderment, she recalled that moment, only a few days past, when she herself had heard Beeston say Varick should not set foot inside his door. And yet here he was! That David had not asked him was

"'You Tell Her a Word and Your Wife'll Get No More Money. You'll Go to Work!'"

evident. She was standing there, her mind still a maze, when she heard David speak. Obviously his astonishment was as great as hers.

"Varick!" he exclaimed.

Varick's air had not altered. But for all its grimness he returned the greeting cheerfully.

"Hello, Davy!"

Then he turned to Bab. As Bab looked at him she saw the hardness fade from his face. A look of sadness, of regret took its place, as if in that glimpse of her, his first for days, his resolution, whatever it may have been, had died.

"Why, Bab," he said, his eyes eloquent now, "you are lovely!"

Bab offered a limp hand to him.

"How do you do, Mr. Varick?" she returned.

A hobbledehoy could not have done worse. Self-conscious, nettled that she had been so awkward, she snatched away her hand. Varick, however, seemed too absorbed to notice. Then to her relief she again heard David speak.

"It's good of you to have come, Bayard," he said hesitatingly. "I didn't know you would."

Varick looked at him queerly.

"I suppose you know I wasn't asked," he returned slowly, his tone deliberate.

"Not asked?"

A low murmur of embarrassment escaped David, and Bab, watching, saw his eyes flutter uncomfortably.

"Then my aunt didn't send you a card?"

Varick shook his head.

"No, Davy; it's as I say—I just came."

She looked on in wonder. So he had come uninvited then. After that she saw Varick and David exchange a long, steady look. In it comprehension seemed to pass from one to the other, for, his eyes uneasy, his brow clouded with its growing shadow of disquiet, David slowly nodded.

"I understand," he said. "You've seen my father then?"

"Yes, I've seen him," assented Varick; and Bab moved restlessly, her lips parting in dull wonder.

However, if the riddle, the mystery, was still a mystery to her, it was all clear now to Varick. Downtown that night, there in Mrs. Tilney's parlor, Lloyd's visit had in a flash laid it all bare to him. It was, of course, Lloyd who first had suspected the fraud. It was Lloyd, too, of course, who had set those detectives on the trail. In his gnawing self-interest, incensed that another now would share in the Beeston money, he had been quick to seize on, to nourish, the smallest seed of suspicion. The lawyers Mr. Mapleson might delude; Mr. Mapleson might even cozen Mrs. Tilney. Envy and greed, though, boast a sharper eye than good will. In not more than a few days after Lloyd set out sniffing suspiciously along the trail he struck the scent of Mr. Mapleson's early downfall, that first forgery that had sent him off to jail. After that the rest was simple.

Lloyd's presence at Mrs. Tilney's was easily explained. For one thing, he wished no scandal; he sought merely to rid himself of Bab. The reason, however, for his tempestuous haste was not so evident.

"You go get that girl to-night!" directed Lloyd; though why, he did not say.

But Varick had asked no explanations. Neither had he let Mr. Mapleson ask them. His face tortured, his frightened eyes turned to Lloyd in doglike entreaty, the little man had sought to appeal to Lloyd's tender mercies. It was for Bab, however, not himself, that he supplicated.

"Don't be cruel!" cried Mr. Mapleson. "Don't turn her out like that! Can't you see she had no hand in it!"

Varick with a contemptuous gesture silenced him. The contempt, though, was not for the little man.

"Hush!" he ordered. "You waste your breath!" Then he turned sternly to Lloyd. "Now what is it we're to do?" he demanded.

"Just what I say," Lloyd retorted. "Unless that girl's taken away to-night I'll see that you all regret it."

And now Varick was there to get her.

Bab, still plunged in hazy bewilderment, gazed at them with troubled eyes. Why had David's father gone to Varick? What was the significance of that fact? Then in its perplexity her mind of a sudden stumbled on a memory. It was the remembrance, a vivid one, of the first morning she had spent there in that house, the Christmas morning when Lloyd had put to her a dozen questions, each searching into Varick's life at Mrs. Tilney's. Yes, but why? What was Lloyd's interest in Varick? Bab did not dream the truth. She had no hint she was the one concerned. Varick was gazing at David fixedly.

"Then you know?" he asked.

"Yes," answered David, "I know."

"And the others," persisted Varick; "do they know?"

"Upstairs? You mean them?"

"Yes, all of them."

"No," answered David, his voice weary; "but to-night they'll know. He means to tell them everything."

Bab could stand no more. She had as yet no inkling of what the meaning was of this veiled, guarded colloquy of theirs, but by now she had dully lost interest. Just as Varick was about to speak she interrupted.

"If you don't mind," she said abruptly, "I think I'll find Aunt Vira."

Anything to escape! By now the emotion Varick's presence had roused in her had become unbearable, and she feared her agitation would betray itself. Too much had happened that night. There was, first, that interview with Beeston, itself distracting. Then had followed her talk with David, the words that turned him, a cousin, into a lover. And this was but a part. There was the dinner, the dance with it—her first party! Finally, as if all this by itself had not been enough, unasked and unexpected, like a wraith risen from the past, here had come Varick!

How she had once dreamed of an occasion like this one! To dance with him, to have him there—that was why she had so longed to have her party. It had been for him then—for him just alone. That, too, was why, until she had them, she had longed so for possessions, the things that would make her attractive in his eyes—the wealth and the position it would bring that would lift her to his level. But now he had come to her party, that dance she so long had dreamed about, and his coming had only troubled her. Strange! Strange, indeed, the reality! It was not at all the dream as Bab had dreamed it.

"Wait!" said Varick as she turned to go. There was in his voice a note of authority, abrupt and peremptory, that Bab never before had heard; and as she paused she saw him glance hurriedly toward the drawing-room door. "I'm going with you! I've something to tell you!" he said; then he turned to David. "Your father—has he come back?" he asked; and when David said that his father had returned, Varick added: "I'll have to hurry then!"

A moment later Bab found herself walking with him toward the ballroom door. David, his mouth set fixedly, had made no protest. Silently he watched them go.

The orchestra still was playing. The air, a waltz, rose and fell, throbbing seductively, its swinging measure alluring to Bab in every beat; and as she heard it the shadow in her eyes grew deeper. Her pique had left her, and somehow she had lost as well her one-time scorn of Varick. Incensed once that he had sought to marry her, not for herself but, as she had thought, for what she had, she no longer felt that anger. All that her mind now could dwell upon was the music and the fact that he was with her. That they were together again! Bab's eyes grew misty and she bit her trembling lip. A moment later Varick felt her touch him impulsively on the arm.

"Bayard," said Bab, and her voice broke tremulously, "won't you ask me to dance just once?"

"I?"

She was conscious that he turned swiftly, staring down at her. Then all the hardness in his face died out, the scowl, the trouble in his eyes; and the Varick that she knew best stood there, the real Varick, smiling, friendly, kind. Indeed in his pity for her Varick's heart could have melted, for no one more than he knew what hung over Bab's innocent head. She saw his eyes flash then. Dance with her? There was nothing at the instant he would rather have done, and yet Varick hesitated. Again he glanced swiftly toward the drawing-room door.

"Please," pleaded Bab.

She looked up at him then, her eyes wistful and entreating, her lips parted in that old, familiar, twisted little smile of hers—the one that to him was so amusing in the way it wrinkled the tip of her little nose. "You're not angry at me?" she pleaded. "Don't you want to dance?"

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THE THUMB-TWIDDLERS

VIII

By RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

MRS. EX-MAYOR CINNAMON had been persuaded to believe that the steamship on which she and her husband had embarked was as steady as a church, because it was so big. She soon learned that the bigger a thing is, the more alarmingly it rocks, once it begins to rock. The ship bestrode three waves and each gave it a shuddering wrench of its own.

The ocean she had read so much about and seen so many pictures of was nothing like the ocean she found lying in wait for her just outside Sandy Hook. It showed neither the majestic billows of the storm nor the placid blue of the calm. It was an extremely large pan of dishwater gently churned with a monotony of motion that was absolutely intolerable—and yet must be stomached. She stomached it.

She lost her faith in art and advertisement. Among other things, she lost her faith in literature. She had been brought up on stories of American business men's wives whose homes were ruined by their husbands' industry. She had triumphantly forced her husband to retire, and now she was learning that her true trouble was just beginning; for when we retire—unless it be to bed or to jail—we merely retreat from one form of activity to another. Her husband had given up his business, but Satan was evidently still running his long-established employment bureau.

That Very Afternoon Mrs. Butler-Bascom Came Drifting Down the Deck Alone, Looking for Her Prey

Wilber Cinnamon refused to stay in his wife's stateroom. He said he was afraid to stay there; and seasickness is, indeed, one of the most catching of afflictions. It is the only disease perhaps that is caught by ear, except popular tunes. When Fannibelle wailed that he would do nothing to please her, he turned on her with a ferocious growl.

"Good Lord! Didn't I sell out my bank and my sawmill to please you? Didn't I become a wanderer on the face of the earth because of you?"

She whimpered: "Yes, but——"

And he growled:

"Well then!"

She believed, as everybody else does, that service creates obligation instead of paying it off. If you do anything for anybody you have to go on forever doing more and more, or you are a traitor and a brute. That is why we love the people we have never met—we have never made them the gift of a mortgage on our souls. We treat strangers with scorn and indifference, lest by being polite to them we become their servants.

Mr. Cinnamon realized that in giving up his ambition and his career he had apprenticed himself as trained nurse and companion to his wife. He acknowledged the bond; and he would have carried it out if she had not been compelled to keep to her stateroom. He had boasted that he was a natural-born sailor, but now and then he felt a vague dubiety and he was afraid to risk his immunity.

His wife was very large; and now, as she lay in her berth, the rocking, pitching, tossing, writhing movement of the sea was repeated in her person with a kind of oceanic disquiet that began to trouble him. He felt that it was his duty to her to flee from her before he, too, fell a victim to her malady.

In all devotion, therefore, he deserted her. Once out of her cell he was in the sunlight, the breeze, the cheery avenue of the deck with its happy people. There was where his wife began to lose him.

Wilber was gone a great while—so long, indeed, that Fannibelle had time to range from impatience to disgust, to anger, to anxiety. She began to fear that he had fallen overboard. At last he returned; and, seeing him safe, she grew very wroth.

"Where have you been all this while?" she demanded.

"Walkin' the deck mostly," he answered.

"Alone?"

"Well—er—part of the time."

"That Butler-Bascom creature was with you, I suppose."

"Well, she—er—she happened to be walkin' in the same direction; so naturally I—er——" Mrs. Cinnamon groaned so loudly that the stewardess came running to her door. Mrs. Cinnamon dismissed her. She thought that Mr. Cinnamon regarded the stewardess with approval. Mrs. Cinnamon regarded him with amazement. Like Ibsen's Nora, she found that she had been living all these years with a total stranger and bearing all those children to him—only her stranger had been Brigham Young or Don Juan.

On the third day Mrs. Cinnamon determined to make a fight for her husband, whoever he was, partly to thwart him and partly to thwart that odious other woman. She bade the stewardess help her up to the deck and find her steamer chair. As a deck steward bundled her rug about her feet he hid her from her husband, who cantered jauntily past with Mrs. Butler-Bascom.

The woman was cackling like a quarrelsome sea gull, and Wilber was so intent on what she was saying that he paid no heed to the blanketed and mummified figure in the steamer chair. Once he even jostled into his wife's feet, mumbled "Beg pardon, madam!" and lifted his cap. This last touch proved that he did not know whom he had jostled.

Fannibelle had at length to send a deck steward to intercept him. The brazen Mrs. Butler-Bascom came along and expressed great sympathy. This was the worst thing yet. Fannibelle thought that when a woman tries to steal a husband away she ought at least to have the decency to be impolite to the wife.

She thought, also, that a wife ought to refuse to speak to a siren at work; but, to save her soul, Fannibelle could not be rude to this siren. She was politer to her than to anybody she had met for months. And she was nice to her husband at the same time—at least until Mrs. Butler-Bascom finally moved on and left Wilber alone. Then Mrs. Cinnamon expressed herself with old-time frankness—in a subdued tone on account of the close neighbors. She demanded that Wilber cease his disgraceful promenade with that disgraceful creature.

"I will when you get up and walk with me," said Wilber. His unexpected defiance weakened her.

"You know I daren't budge!"

"Well, just because you're no sailor, have I got to be none too? Now that you've taken my business away, you want me not even to get any fresh air or human society? D'you think you got a right to deny me my exercise?"

"D'you think you got a right to deny me my every wish?" she retorted, and immediately regretted, for it brought on his refrain:

"Good Lord! Didn't I give up my bank and my mill and my whole life because you ——"

"Go on! Walk with her till you drop! I don't care!" sobbed Mrs Cinnamon.

"All right!" he said briskly. "I'll do whatever you say"

And he did. Mrs. Cinnamon was so angry that she forgot to feel ill—until she lifted her head in a vigorous determination to find some man to walk with; but she put her head back again and vowed revenge if she ever reached solid ground.

Meantime she could only lie supine and marvel at the unsuspectable behavior of her husband. He and the Butler-Bascom woman went along Mrs. Cinnamon's side of the deck with great verve and high speed; but it seemed to take them three times as long to traverse the other side of the ship. Yet Mrs. Cinnamon felt almost certain that the two sides of the boat must be of about the same length.

She remembered that, in their young days, Wilber had been wont to sing a beautiful sea duet called Larboard Watch, Ahoy! with echo effects and a storm in the accompaniment. She assumed that the other side of the ship was the Larboard Watch. She was worried about the Ahoy.

She was so tormented by the situation that she began to keep tab on the wayfarers. Her wrist watch was a whimsical timepiece, but she had always loved it until now—for now it reported that it took her husband and the adventuress just the same time to make both sides of the ship.

At once she turned against her wrist watch. She would sooner have believed it bewitched than herself deceived. Couldn't she tell? Didn't she know? Was she crazy? She could! She did! She was not!

When she accused her husband of loitering on the Larboard Watch he protested that he had walked twice as fast on that side for fear his dear wife would worry. He did not even agree with her timepiece!

The worst of it was that she could not even quarrel comfortably in that outrageous ship. On deck the steamer chairs were aligned in double rows, with ears hanging out from every chair like morning-glories on a porch column. The stateroom was worse, for there were lattices in the doors and ventilators like ear trumpets; and the partitions were so thin she could hear the woman next door turn over in bed. She could hear the woman's husband brush his teeth. She could hear everything! She had not the faintest idea what they looked like, but she knew exactly what they sounded like. How could anybody quarrel where almost total strangers might overhear?

Oh, for an hour at home, where they could exercise their tempers and slam doors, and she could cry and he could swear, with nobody to hear except the servants and the immediate neighbors!

Poor Mrs. Cinnamon! She could not retain her bouillon, but she had to retain her tantrums! She hated the Atlantic Ocean so bitterly that her inability to make it understand her disapproval was infuriating.

She was baffled, indeed, by the whole change in her universe. She had been used to a positive home on a stone foundation, with a husband who had regular hours and definite tasks. Even when they traveled they rode in cars that ran on steel rails nailed to the ground.

Now she was in somebody's else boat and it wallowed pathlessly, like a melon blown along a pond. Her husband had no regular hours or tasks, and no morals—not even mercy for his poor sick wife! Fannibelle was suddenly reminded of the song she had sung as a little girl:

Peter, Peter, punkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her!
Put her in a punkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

Wilber had improved on Peter. He put his wife in the punkin shell and put the punkin shell on the ocean; and there he kept her very sick.

While this childish tune was annoying Fannibelle, Wilber was developing a fondness for such infantile amusements as shuffleboard and bean-bag. He capered with delight when he scored a point, and he praised old Butler-Bascom abjectly when by a miraculous collaboration of accidents she failed to misplace the bean-bag.

Fannibelle gave him a severe talking to when he wearied of these sports or the Butler-Bascom had to leave him to dress for the next meal.

Fannibelle Hunted Up an American Physician and He Was Successful Enough to be Able to Say That Nothing at All Was the Matter With Wilber

"Why don't you go down in the smoking room?" she demanded. "Why don't you be a man and not a molly-coddle?"

But he pleaded weakly:

"I'm afraid to go in the smokin' room, Fannibelle. I'm afraid to smoke on shipboard. I'm a good sailor, but I don't want to risk my record. When I go in the smokin' room I begin to feel as though my head was fuller than my stummick is goin' to be."

She tried another tack.

"They say there's a couple of professional gamblers aboard. Why don't you go and lose some money to them? I'd rather you would than see you lose your head and your soul to that professional homewrecker."

"The trouble with gamblin', Fannibelle," he protested, "is that you got to gamble in the smokin' cabin. I wouldn't dast sit into a game of cards in that smokin' cabin—not if you was to give me the Bank of England for a watch charm."

Mrs. Cinnamon's heart warmed at the very word—England! It had always meant everything aristocratic and haughty and "*distonggay*." It had peerage in it and presentations at court—and such beautiful pronunciations! She would love to hear a dook say "Fawncy!" and drop his aitches. She hated the letter *h* anyway—so 'arsh and blowy, especially after eating salad with garlic in it. No wonder the Italians had given the letter up almost altogether!

Fannibelle knew that she would love England—and, most of all, its notoriously solid and stolid qualities. After six days on that wabbly ocean she could imagine nothing more welcome than "the white cliffs of Old Albino." When she realized that, to get back to America, she would have to return across that disgusting ocean, she decided to make her home in England. If the children wanted to see her they could come across, themselves. They could bring the little grandchildren over as they arrived and take them to the Piccadilly Circus, and the Zoo, which was doubtless part of the Circus.

Fannibelle had talked glibly and dreamed brilliantly that she and her retired husband would travel round the world once or twice. That was before she had intrusted herself to the perfidious ocean. Now she consigned her plans for circumnavigation to the Seven Seas. She wanted to get her feet on the solidest thing there was—and stay there. She had heard that the English Channel was very difficult, and she decided that even Paruss and the Loover would have to wait.

That very afternoon Mrs. Butler-Bascom came drifting down the deck alone, looking for her prey, no doubt. She had the insolence to smile at Mrs. Cinnamon and the presumption to hope that she was better; in fact, she sat down on Mrs. Cinnamon's feet and dared to moan:

"We'll soon be sighting The Needles. What a pity that such voyages must end! I've never had so smooth a crossing—hardly a ripple, my dear, all the way over! Still, it will be nice to be in London again. London is practically my home now, you know."

"Are you going to London?" Mrs. Cinnamon faintly soughed.

Mrs. Butler-Bascom answered in a tone that glittered:

"Of course, my dear! Where else is there to go? You're going there, of course, my dear?"

"No, my dear"—the hateful phrase slipped in like an echo—"we're going to Paruss—right on to Paruss."

"But Mr. Cinnamon told me you were going to be in London for some time. We had planned the jolliest little—"

"No," said Mrs. Cinnamon; "you must have misunderstood him—or else he misunderstood me." She was rather proud of all she implied in this quiet, forceful statement. She wanted to ask what jolly little what they had planned, but she denied her curiosity that relief.

For an instant Mrs. Butler-Bascom seemed nonplused.

"You'll come to London soon, though, of course?"

"No; I don't think we'll get round to London till toward the last."

Everything seemed to depress Fannibelle and nothing Mrs. Butler-Bascom. Here she was beaming again:

"Still, Paris is nice—awfully nice. It's really a second home to me, you know. I shall probably run across, myself, in a week or ten days. We could have the jolliest little—where shall you be stopping in Paris?"

"We shan't be stopping anywhere long," Mrs. Cinnamon dodged. She was a miserable fugitive again. "We'll just stay a few days at the—the—at—with some personal friends; and then we'll be pushing on."

"Where do you go from there? The Riviera? Monte Carlo? Vichy? I may be dropping in on you. I won't be denied the jolly little—oh, here's the mayor now! I'll take him off your hands awhile. He needs his constitutional and you need a little sleep, you poor dear! Beware of Paris though! It's very naughty—and you know what men are."

Mrs. Cinnamon was not at all sure what men were. She knew what certain women were. When Wilber came along and tried to speak to her she pretended to be asleep.

IX

AS SOON as Fannibelle got her Wilber back again she informed him that the London plans were changed and that Paris was their next stop.

"So Mrs. Butler-Bascom was telling me," he said brightly. "Well, I guess Paruss is a lively enough burg—the home of the Moolon Rooj."

"Why, Wilber Cinnamon! What's come over you?" she gasped, sitting up quickly; then lying back slowly. "You talk like the wickedest person I ever heard of."

"Oh, I'm not wicked, Fannibelle," he snickered—"not yet! I don't know how to be. I guess I can learn though. Never had time before. But I got to do something now to kill the time, haven't I?"

"I suppose you have," she groaned. "You men are awful!"

"Well, you know what an old plow horse acts like when you turn him out to grass. Lord knows it ain't my fault that I'm foolin' away my life, is it?"

There he was again, with his inevitable excuse! She was filled with dread. Her dreams of a lord-and-lady existence

had combined bucolic innocence with palatial grandeur. Now her forebodings were as exaggerated as her bright vision had been. She pictured her husband as a rake of such virulence as only a lifelong habit of vice could have evolved.

Still, she accomplished one thing—she wrenched her husband away from Mrs. Butler-Bascom. There was something safe about the ferocious speed of the French express train scuttering south, since she knew that simultaneously an English express was carrying Mrs. Butler-Bascom north.

The French countryside looked surprisingly innocent and pure. Paris proved to be noisy and businesslike. This rather amazed her. She had thought that all they did there was to dance the cancan, and sell perfumery, jewelry and flummery. She had no difficulty in making herself understood, though she had not got round to taking the French lessons she had planned. Her English sufficed. The chief trouble was to understand English as she was spoke by the French.

The streets and shops were filled with Americans, but they were an unprepossessing rabble in their tourist negligee. The Cinnamons knew none of them and wanted to know none of them.

Fannibelle dragged Wilber to the Louvre on the second morning. She had belonged to an art class in Carthage, and Raphael, Rubens, Velasquez—all the Old Masters—were household words to her. Prints of their paintings were on her walls; but they meant nothing to her husband.

While they were in New York she had lugged him into the Metropolitan Museum, and he had tired with astonishing rapidity, had foundered on a bench and called for a rolling chair to take him back to the exit. Failing that, he had insisted on resting where he was until he was restored.

In front of Wilber there had chanced to be a large canvas with a rather academic group of women in what he might have called their natural-born costumes. With a mixture of ribaldry and modesty he had warned his wife:

"Look the other way, Fannibelle! We got into a Turkish bath on ladies' night by mistake."

Fannibelle, with a loftier and better-trained mind, had rebuked him:

"Shame on you, Wilber Cinnamon! Don't you know the difference between the nekked and the nood? The nood is the highest form of art there is. Only an impure mind ——" And so on.

She Told Them Her Husband Was on His Way With a Cargo of Gold, and They Should Have What They Needed

She used the familiar arguments and he summed up what he got from her lecture:

"I see! It's nood when it's canvas and it's nekked when it's skin."

She had been willing to let it go at that. On the way back to the exit he had still shied a little as he passed the human landscapes. But now, in the Louvre, he selected the more expository canvases for his special attention. The endless panorama of the Rubens pictures engaged him especially. He was one of the few living beings that ever rejoiced in those canvases.

The horrible idea assailed his wife that the Rubens women resembled one another no more than they resembled Mrs. Butler-Bascom.

She tried to hale Wilber along, but he hung back; and when she rebuked him he rebuked her:

"Only an impure mind, Fannibelle!"

In the other galleries, where the Madonnas abounded, or the cattle pictures, he was always ahead of her. They seemed unable to keep step at anything. He either forged beyond in spite of her or hung back in spite of her. His intractableness was her incessant surprise.

In Carthage, where his work had absorbed him, he had let her boss him at home, lead him about by the nose, and have her own way in everything that did not interfere with his business. She had heard rumors from men that he was a demon of insistence and a mule of resistance; but she had hardly believed it.

Now she was learning what energy he had, because she was getting the full brunt of it. His business now was seeing the world and amusing himself, and he brooked no opposition. She had hitched the amiable old draft stallion to her little gocart and she was horrified at what happened.

X

THE phases of Paris that Americans saw at that time amused Wilber at first, and it pleased him to cut up a bit; but he had come to the fair too late in life to adapt himself to it. A little naughtiness, a childish pretense of deviltry, and he was exhausted. Professional entertainers, earning their pitiful wages by public misbehavior, made him rather sorry for them than otherwise. It was the spectators and the auditors that shocked him most. One midnight, when he returned yawning from a particularly desperate *revue*, he sighed:

"Momma, I guess I'm too old for this kind of stuff. If this is gay Paree gimme Peoria. These skin shows are about as much fun as that gang of female baseball players that came to Carthage once. What's the use of lookin' at a lot of hide and a lot of hired legs kickin' round? I've seen just about as many square yards of nekked and nood as I'm interested in. The cheerfullest things I've seen in Paruss are Napoleon's Tomb and those crypts under the Pantheon."

She was immensely relieved and very greatly heartened until she realized that the Ides of March were near. They had been in Paris nearly ten days and Mrs. Butler-Bascom was imminent.

That creature made him laugh and Fannibelle had lost the power. Mrs. B.-B. walked him briskly about and Fannibelle was too fat. Even the art galleries were like penances to her.

At his work Wilber had kept himself hard by his restless prowling here and there. Now his muscles whined for exercise. He was a wolf in a cage—sometimes he broke out of the cage. Fannibelle hated to have him wandering about Paris alone. She feared that she might lose him one way or another—particularly another.

Now that he had confessed that he was fatigued with the exhibited follies, she wondered how on earth she was to entertain him! He had lived all his life in Carthage and never tired of it. He had finished Paris in a week.

And Fannibelle was beginning to be desperately bored herself. She needed the household worries and battles, the neighborhood secrets and conspiracies, the church services and the multifarious chores of the church wives. She needed home cooking and gossip and her own bedroom and bathroom. She would rather have gone down into the coal cellar and looked over her preserves than have seen all the splendors of the palace at Fontainebleau.

This thought gave her an idea. She proposed a motor trip to that home of Maintenon. It was pleasant to be out on the great plains and hills and the poplar-walled roads. The vast woods of Fontainebleau seemed to bring them peace. When Wilber said, "Lord, I wisht we could stay here awhile instead of being in town!" she seized the mood. They glanced at the Palace and ordered the chauffeur not to stop.

"Go on! Alley! Alley! We don't voulez to restey eecee!" shouted Fannibelle, who was beginning to be quite fluent in French.

They rode on and finally decided to pitch their hotel in Marlotte. Here they enjoyed a day or two of Eden among the incurious artists and their devoted models; but there was not much Angleesh spikken here and the Cinnamons were always getting lost in the forest. They nearly spent a night there and enjoyed all the comforts of the Babes in the Wood before they were found by a wayfarer and led out to the wrong village.

They went drearily back to Paris for their baggage. Fannibelle was so afraid of meeting Mrs. Butler-Bascom that she took Wilber out to Père Lachaise for the day. She felt sure that Mrs. Butler-Bascom did not cultivate cemeteries—but neither did Wilber. The twenty thousand funereal monuments failed to give him pleasure; in fact, he was thrown into a panic of fear lest he should have one of them set over himself before long.

While Fannibelle was rhapsodizing before some of the statuary he began to realize that, though he had hitherto never had time to die, he now had the leisure. Retirement was, in fact, a kind of preliminary to the ultimate closing of the shop. He seized his wife and broke in on her Baedekerian raptures with a sickly wail:

"Momma, I know now what's the matter of me. I'm goin' to be awful sick!"

"Nonsense!" she clucked, and returned to her sculpture.

He had never been sick, and she did not intend to encourage any such selfishness; but now sickness became his business and he went into it with Cinnamonian zest and thoroughness. He dragged his wife back to the hotel and began to wish for the family doctor. Fannibelle tried to cure him by contradiction, but it did not work.

During her application of the heroic remedy Mrs. Butler-Bascom telephoned in. She had run them to ground.

XI

WHEN Fannibelle learned who it was she wanted to faint. She waited to see what Wilber would do. He groaned:

"Tell her I'm sick. I'm too sick to see anybody."

Fannibelle was convinced that he was indeed ill. She embraced her husband with gratitude before she went down to the telephone to speak to Mrs. Butler-Bascom. She spoke in the most lugubrious voice she could muster and with all her elegance:

"The physicians I summoned at once are not agreed as to the nature of Mr. Cinnamon's illness, but they are sure it is contagious, very contagious—not over the telephone, of course, but—you know—contagious—yes, very! Good-by! Yes; I will. Oh, do! Good-by!"

She did not tell Wilber all she had said. She merely told him she guessed Mrs. Butler-Bascom was not so much of a friend as she pretended.

And Fannibelle had time to become frightened. Her wicked husband had not cared even to see his siren! She hunted up an American physician and he was successful enough to be able to say that nothing at all was the matter with Wilber. He charged liberally for the statement—but he made it. Mrs. Cinnamon was reassured; but Wilber was not. He demanded another doctor, and then another. One of them had the fantastic impudence to say that he had broken down from overwork.

The processional physicians tested him for every ill that flesh is heir to or earns for itself. They accused him of each and every of the plagues that prosper in a man of his years. They filled him with medicines and fears; but each doctor refuted the diagnosis of his predecessor.

When Wilber began to refuse to take medicines they began to recommend various places where sick waters are poured into people to disgust them back to health. Wilber tried nearly all the resorts and most of the treatments. He said to Fannibelle:

"I been bathed in every country in Eur'pe and massadged in seven languages, and I don't get any better. I been boiled, fried, stewed, fricasseed, kiln-dried. I tell you I got some new mysterious disease they don't know about yet. Prob'ly I been bit by a Bulgarian microbe or somethin'. All I know is I'm not long for this world—and I'm glad of it."

He had secured a thermometer and grown addicted to it. A hypodermic needle would hardly have been so dangerous. Whichever way his temperature went, it alarmed him; and "normal" was most suspicious of all, because that implied an impending change. As he reasoned it out, if he were ill he might get better; but when he was well—what could he get but worse?

The Cinnamons joined the huge society of the hypochondriacal—the imaginary invalids, overgrown water babies, who dwell in sun parlors, with brief constitutional excursions or plunges into violent baths of water, vapor or mud.

To each active member was attached a dismal associate—a wife or a husband, a daughter, a son, a companion or a nurse. Fannibelle had to be all these to her Wilber.

Health itself, which should have been a mere implement of his ambition, had become the ambition. Plumbers have been known to delay the beginning of their tasks because they have had to go back for their kits. Wilber was hunting for his.

A determined soul will do more with a rusty monkey wrench than a loafer will accomplish in a machine shop. Wilber had once been so interested in his tasks that he had not paused for flaws in his equipment.

He was a loafer now—not sick, but sickly. Fannibelle was in greater distress for his soul than she had been in the presence of Mrs. Butler-Bascom. The strong man turned fretful, and filling the air with Ouch! and O-oh! and womanish exploitation of his woes, is the least respectable of wretches. Fannibelle was appalled at the vision of her future as the untrained, vocationless nurse of a cry-baby in second childhood. She found no relief in the company about them. Conversation was a duel in personal statistics. New acquaintances were welcome because they provided fresh audiences. People wore their livers and spleens and kidneys on their sleeves, and wanted all the world to see how remarkably unusual they were.

This was the realm of the thumb-twiddlers. Strong men, wise men and shrewd men had given up their lives to an unwholesome leisure. Some of them were the blameless victims of misfortune. Some of them were brave and ambitious to recover their stride. But hosts of them were ill—as Wilber was—only because they had nothing else to be.

Throughout Europe there went another population—not of health hunters but of pleasure chasers. They had been bred to leisure, and had learned to keep it busy in luxury and art and charity and gayety. They made a banquet of life. That was the company that Fannibelle had read about and counted on joining. But the Wilber Cinnamons of America do not know how to live without toil and money-getting. Robbed of that support they degenerate into whimperers and grunters. Lifting one knee over another is a matter for pondering and exertion. Their doctors are their saints or their evil geniuses, their medicines are panacea or ratsbane.

Along with all this slavery to one's nerves and limbs and organs went a peculiar quality of vice and intrigue. Real or imaginary invalids clutched desperately at perhaps their last of the world's raptures. Their companions stole away for an opportunity to squander their wasted health in an atmosphere of vigor.

Everywhere Fannibelle went she found at least one Mrs. Butler-Bascom—some widow or wife or spinster whose reasons for selecting Wilber Cinnamon for special attention were undiscoverable except on the theory that she could get nobody else to look at her.

Highly as Fannibelle valued her Wilber she could not seem to see why anyone else should want him; but she felt an increasing anxiety as to her ability to hold him. If he had made her a widow she would have wept him well and settled down into a comfortable old-ladydom; but he did not die. He had merely suffered a sea change, and her schemes for a future of leisure and prosperity were crumbling.

When he was with her he annoyed her to distraction with his insistence on recounting his ailments. When he was away from her she was jealously frantic.

XII

WILBER and Fannibelle wandered from *spa* to *Sprudel*, from *bains* to *Baden*. Wilber shrieked with agony at the prices he was paying for the health he was not getting. How could anybody restore to him what he had not lost? And he had no way to recoup his financial losses, because he was out of business, living not on his income but on his outgo.

At Carlsbad Fannibelle was brightened up a little by the throng of notables. So many people of wealth and station swarmed there that she was all agog. She felt a holy, cathedral-like thrill in watching a fat, paunchy duke make faces over the bitter cup he must quaff; and it was almost like getting into society to suffer the same nausea as Mrs. van Vanvan. But her etiquetteless husband, who knew Bradstreet's Peerage and not Burke's, was a constant distress to her until she found out that he knew the world-known John Guben, who was, as Wilber put it, the New York representative of the Carthage Bank.

Naturally Mr. Guben did not remember Wilber and had probably never heard of the Carthage Bank; but as soon as Wilber told him about it he said:

"Oh, of course! How stupid of me!" And he was cordial enough to add: "Isn't this water putrid?"

Wilber had the presence of mind to introduce Fannibelle after she had twitched his sleeve half a dozen times and he had turned to her and gaped, "Huh?"—and then, "Oh!" But instead of doing it real nice, like what the books say, and first asking the lady would she meet the gent'man, and then saying, "Mr. Guben, may I have the honor of presenting you to Mrs. Cinnamon?"—instead of that Wilber had stammered: "Oh, by the way, Mr. Guben, shake hands with the wife."

Mr. Guben acted right swell; he lifted his hat half an inch in front and laid in the cushion of Fannibelle's warm palm a hand like four stalks of cold asparagus. Fannibelle was so flustered that, in trying to decide instantly whether she should say "Onshontay!" like the French, or, seeing that they were in Germany, "Ik bin glüklik!"—she mumbled something so inarticulate that she herself could never tell what it was.

Nor could she remember what else was said in those thrilling moments before Mr. Guben lifted his hat another inch and got away. But ever after she would slide into any important conversation: "But after all, as Mr. Guben—John Guben, you know—said to me when we were at Carlsbad—'After all, Mrs. Cinnamon,' he said ——" And then followed whatever she wished to emphasize.

Fannibelle wanted to give a party for Mrs. Guben, but she learned that Mrs. Guben was not going with Mr. Guben that year. In compensation for this disappointment she met two distinguished ladies whose husbands were not with them. Fannibelle did not quite dare to ask them why, but she found out.

Fannibelle was trying to put on a little side. She was so weary of explaining where Carthage was that she had fallen into the habit of saying that her home was "outside Chicago." It was not necessary to add that it was about eight hours outside, on the best train.

She spoke with some contempt of the American business man's fanatical devotion to his business. That was the last thing she had been thinking about before she fell out of Carthage, and it occurred to her as an aristocratic line of talk with a pleasant literary connotation.

Even abroad she found that wives denounced their husbands just as they had done in Carthage. She told how she had dragged her husband out of the harness and made him join the leisure classes—the "lezzha clah-ses" Fannibelle pronounced it when her tongue did not slip.

Mrs. Kellin—who had let slip the fact that she had been in her day the social leader of the older families of Oklahoma—cast a gloom over Fannibelle, not only by forgetting her name but also by questioning her wisdom:

"I hope you have better luck than I have, Mrs. Sassafras. My poor husband was just such a man as yours must have been; but I nagged at him till he gave up his work and started on the terrible round of sight-seeing. I've never forgiven myself. Be careful, Mrs. Ginger!"

"Cinnamon," Fannibelle had to say.

"Cinnamon—of course! I'm so befuddled since my poor husband died that I can't remember anything"

"Your husband died?" Fannibelle moaned politely.

"Oh, yes. He was like a fine old violin that holds together only so long as it is kept in tune and falls apart the moment it is unstrung." Mrs. Kellin had had a volume of poems published at her late husband's expense. She gave away so many copies that it was nearly ready for a second edition. She had a right to use poetical language. "Beware, Mrs. Sassamon—I mean Cinnafras. Well, anyway, be careful. Remember how I lost my husband!"

The other woman, Mrs. Juventy, an illiterate from Boston, laughed harshly:

"You lost your husband? Lucky old dear! I can neither lose mine nor find him. I made him shake his job; but it wasn't his health that cracked under the strain. It was his character. He had to be amused, and my repertoire lasted about a month. Then he took to gambling and drinking; then to being a fop and a lady's man. And now he's a great traveler; and—well, I've just got to divorce him as soon as I get back home."

Fannibelle left the conference in a whirl. She was convinced that her triumph was about to prove her ruin. She could see now that idleness was the true diagnosis of Wilber's disease. The remedy indicated was a restoration to his desk in his salubrious sawmill and a regular course of business between meals; but he could not take back his business. He had sold himself out. He had expatriated himself and become an international bathmonger.

She wondered whether she could not find him something to do in Europe. Perhaps she could get him a job as ambassador or plenipenitentiary, or something. She thought she would speak to Mr. Guben about it. They could live in Europe, where the art galleries and ruins were handy, and yet Wilber could satisfy his craving for work.

Then, with the abruptness of an earthquake rolling in from the sea and bringing with it a tidal wave, the European war broke out. The Carlsbad visitors were stupefied for a few days by the preliminary rumblings. Then they made a dash for the exits; but the exits were barred. The governments had taken over all the trains for the transportation of soldiers. Europe had an epileptic attack called mobilization.

The Cinnamons, like the rest, wanted to get home. The poor old stupid, inartistic, mercenary United States of Philistia suddenly became the dearest, sanest, sweetest spot on earth. Fannibelle called on her husband to do something—to be a

(Continued on Page 46)

"Momma, I Guess I'm Too Old for This Kind of Stuff. If This Is Gay Paree Gimme Peoria"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 20, 1915

IF YOU intend subscribing to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will you help us and at the same time serve yourself by subscribing at once? During December the deluge of subscriptions received by us is so great as almost to overwhelm the most elastic system which can be devised for handling it.

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What a Farmer Sells

TEN thousand correspondents of the Bureau of Crop Estimates in the Department of Agriculture have reported what they sold off the farm in a typical year. Taking all the reports together, out of every hundred dollars' worth sold, forty dollars represented crops; thirty-six dollars, live animals; twenty dollars, the products of animals—such as milk, butter, eggs—and four dollars, miscellaneous items.

This is the national average, from which different sections show a wide variation. In the Cotton Belt, for example, out of each hundred dollars' worth of products sold, seventy-five dollars was crops; fourteen dollars, live animals; seven dollars, animal products; and four dollars, miscellany; while in New York, fifty-three dollars of each hundred was animal products; fourteen dollars, live animals; twenty-seven dollars, crops; and six dollars, miscellany. In Vermont only ten dollars out of the hundred was crops. In Iowa sixty-three dollars out of the hundred was live animals, twelve was animal products and twenty-two was crops.

If these correspondents are really representative, then less than half the average farmer's sales are of raw material—namely, crops. That is a very good showing. Selling crops often means depleting the soil; selling animals and animal products means enriching or at least maintaining it. Yet what is profitable in one district may not be so in another. Georgia's seventy-five per cent for crops may be more profitable for her than New York's sixty-seven per cent for animals and animal products would be.

Duty a Handicap

WE HAVE some four hundred million bushels of surplus wheat to sell abroad. Canada has over two hundred million bushels. At this writing Canada is selling wheat to American mills. If the Dominion had accepted reciprocity its wheat would have come in free, but as it imposes a duty on our wheat, its wheat bears a duty of ten cents a bushel when it comes here. This is a protection to American farmers, but as our crop and Canada's—with big surpluses for export—must finally sell about on a parity with Liverpool, we wonder how much the protection is really worth. For effectual protection the American grower would need a European duty on Canadian wheat that did not apply to grain from this country.

Meanwhile, France has reimposed upon all foreign wheat the heavy import duty that was suspended last year, which will shut our wheat from that market or put a handicap on it. In buying from Canada and selling to France we should get a ten-cent advantage at one end and a handicap three times that at the other.

Where Germany Fails

BLENT with German efficiency is stupidity. Not to know that sinking the Lusitania would be bad business for Germany was to lack intelligence. Not to know that Germany could not afford to shoot a woman who acted from motives which all generous-minded persons applaud, was as bad, finally, as not to know how to run the commissariat properly. It raises up regiments in opposition; puts barbed-wire entanglements in the path. Inability to cultivate "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind" is a positive, tangible handicap, for it involves inability to deal with an important factor in the problem which has to be worked out.

Of course Junkerdom knows that good will is an asset and ill will a liability, but it does not understand the terms upon which either is to be had. No one could have read Bernhardi's book, with its worship of war, without being struck by a certain boneheadedness—a sheer inability to understand modern thought and conditions.

What makes Germany fearsome to the neutral world is not her efficiency, but this dull ruthlessness. It is not because the military caste knows how to fight, but because it does not know how to be humane, that its successes cause misgiving. There is a great breach here in the Imperial Government's efficiency.

A Little Millennium

POLITICAL conditions that are more nearly ideal than any others we know of obtain in the Minnesota iron country. In several towns up there, it seems, virtually all the tangible property is owned by alien and opulent mining companies, so the citizens' task is simply to levy taxes which somebody else pays. One mining town, the Survey reports, has more street lamps than Cincinnati. The paving bill last year was three hundred and seventy thousand dollars; and though the number of votes cast at the last election was but little over thirteen hundred, there are nine hundred patriots on the town pay roll. Taxes last year were a million and a quarter.

Another town has seven hundred and thirty-three voters and five hundred and thirty-eight names on the pay roll. By an unaccountable aberration its council proposed to lay off several members of the high-priced town baseball team when the season was over. But local indignation caused it to rescind the action. Why should anybody go without a salary through the cruel winter right in sight of a large iron mine that has nothing in particular to do except pay taxes?

This beatific situation raises a grave doubt. Have we not, after all, been on the wrong track? We have sought, theoretically at least, to prevent concentration of ownership. We have said the ideal situation was one in which nearly everybody owned property. Would not it be better, on the contrary, to assist John D., J. P., Andrew, and a few others, to get all the property—then sit down and tax them and put ourselves on the public pay roll?

Conscription Here

THERE is about as much chance of the United States adopting universal military service for a continuing policy as of its adopting the German tongue, and not so much reason. Conscription is a product of European conditions, the effect of a situation where a hostile army may cross the border on three days' notice. Dikes are useful in Holland, but you could hardly persuade Nebraska to build them. You'll notice that your martial friends seldom mention enforced military service. They talk of "military training" merely; but if the training is enforced it is as much conscription here as in Prussia.

We wonder what our amateur Bernhardis would accept as a satisfactory preparedness for war. Russia had a standing army of a million and a quarter men, but is held up as a shocking case of unpreparedness. France, with universal three-year service, had taken only a few toddling steps in the right direction. England, with a navy capable not only of defending her own territory but of sweeping and holding the Seven Seas, is pointed to again and again as a quite ghastly example of utter unpreparedness. And it is tolerably clear now that if Germany had been really prepared for war France would not have stopped her at the Marne.

Looking back upon the state of Europe in the midsummer of 1914, your militarist sees—as plainly as is possible through his tears—that it was tragically unprepared for war. Evidently anything this country can accomplish in the way of martial preparation will fall so infinitely far short of meeting his views that it is just as well to leave him out of the account.

Suffrage Tactics

DOUBTLESS the easiest way for woman suffrage to win is by amendment to the Federal Constitution rather than by action in the separate states, because a state whose voters do not favor suffrage may be brought into line for a Federal amendment establishing it, which is one of the oddities of American politics.

To amend the state constitution you must have a majority of all the votes cast. To get the state's vote for an amendment to the Federal Constitution all you need is to capture a majority of the legislature, which may be far easier than to capture a majority of the voters, because nearly all members of the legislature live in more fear of a well-organized, aggressive minority than of a lukewarm majority. Probably suffrage would have been defeated at a popular election in Illinois at the very time it won in the legislature. Very likely it would have won in the New Jersey legislature when it was beaten at the New Jersey polls. Besides, by the Federal plan, opposition of twelve states that are most decidedly against suffrage counts for nothing. With a good, aggressive organization Federal amendment is the line of least resistance.

Changed Alignments

THE last conflict in which England, France and Russia were engaged was described by Thiers as "a war to give a few wretched monks the key of a grotto." If the Crimean War had really been, as it pretended to be, over the question whether Greek monks or Latin monks should keep the Christian shrines of Syria, England and France might now recall it with greater satisfaction; for it was really a war by them to keep Turkey in Europe and to keep Russia out of Constantinople. Having, sixty years ago, expended much blood and treasure to accomplish those objects, they are now expending even more blood and treasure to accomplish the opposite objects.

Foolish and inconclusive as the Crimean War was, one man—Cavour—saw in it a possibility of human good. His genius made it a prelude to the deliverance of Italy from Austrian misrule and to the creation of the Italian nation. So far as we remember now, that is practically the only tangible human good that has come out of any war in Europe since the last years of the eighteenth century.

A New Rôle—Perhaps

WE HAVE made a loan to the Allies of half a billion dollars. We have given other foreign credits to the amount of a quarter of a billion or more. Within a year we have bought American securities from foreign holders to the amount, probably, of half a billion, possibly nearer double that. At the beginning of August a year ago we were deeply in debt to Europe, both on current account and on long time; but we are rapidly squaring the books. In nine months of this year our exports exceeded our imports by a billion and a quarter dollars.

We may not only square the account but become permanently a creditor nation instead of a debtor nation. That will depend on a number of things, and some of those things are political. A creditor nation must usually be one that imports more than it exports. The tariff is only a relatively small item. We cannot go to the head of the line and stay there with politics mostly of the Hey, Rube! sort. The trade of politics must find something more profitable than trying half-baked experiments on other trades.

If we became a creditor nation we should have bigger banks; bigger transactions; combinations—or coöperations—for export; an enlightened willingness to let other countries run their business affairs to suit themselves. Could politics rise to the occasion?

The Silent Partner

WE HAVE naturally seen a good deal of anti-prohibition literature. Everybody sees more or less of it. The question came up the other day among several persons, and nobody present could remember ever having seen in this literature a word by or for whisky. If there is a local-option fight or a state-prohibition election, or if the national aspect of the case is discussed, the brewers are always heard from, arguing the virtues of their beverages and the social and economic advantages flowing from the establishments in which it is dispensed. But we do not recall having heard a word from the distillers. Do you?

One might fancy that whisky were a merely negligible incident in the liquor trade. Yet the United States collects a hundred and sixty million dollars a year in internal revenue taxes on distilled spirits. Some ultimate consumer, we suppose, pays that—plus.

If whisky cut as little figure elsewhere as it does in anti-prohibition literature, the prohibition movement itself would not be so strong.

A HOHENZOLLERN QUEEN

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

INASMUCH as I was to see the Queen of Greece the next morning it was natural that I should ask questions about her. The man with whom I was talking knows her rather well, and, in a general way, knows much about her views and her ceaseless, most uncommon activities. He is violently pro-Ally, too violently perhaps. He has always been for an understanding with Bulgaria at whatever cost to Greece, and a swift move in the war by a united Balkans on the side of the Entente. He was not an ideal person to talk with about the Queen. She is the favorite and adoring sister of the Kaiser.

"What kind of woman is she?" I asked.

He ruminated a moment.

"I can answer that question better," he said, "if I permit myself to think of Her Majesty as a woman as well as a queen. She is a woman I could follow round the world on my knees. She is beautiful to look at and is the personification of grace and graciousness. She is noble and good, and has most of the delightful qualities that, for want of a better word, we call human. As Queen she is entirely Hohenzollern!" The last sentence was an explosion.

The Kaiser's Sister on the Great War

THIS interesting man is volatile and given to flights of staccato volubility, so I laughed. But I find that nobody speaks of Queen Sophia in terms of measured analysis or merely cold esteem. She is a woman who commands particular attention, and her position is so extraordinary that whatever her views may be, or however she may express them, she has the tolerant sympathy in a personal way of everybody in Greece. One prominent Greek said to me:

"But the Queen would be less than human if she failed to agree with the principles of a brother like Emperor William. Nobody expects her to." And he added significantly: "Greece has a constitution that safeguards her interests quite satisfactorily."

Before I went to Tatoi to see the Queen I was told that in doing so I was placing myself, as a correspondent, in a very unhappy position; that after I had talked with her it would not be possible for me to write anything except "the usual twaddle" about a royal lady and her royal works; that I could get a much better view of things in general from the bleachers than from the royal box—an American talking, of course—and that once having been in the royal box I could never return to the bleachers. An exaggerated view, as far as I can see; an exaggerated and outworn attitude toward royalty.

Her Majesty talked with me unrestrainedly for an hour or more. But on the whole I think she said only those things which she would say to anybody, and expressed opinions which she would be willing to have the whole world know she entertains. Whatever she says she believes to the uttermost, and so certain is she of ultimate German victory, so wholly convinced that the best interests of Greece are bound up with the fortunes of her Fatherland, that any other attitude than the one she has taken would be a conscious betrayal of the trust reposed in her under the crown of Greece.

I asked for an audience with her frankly as a correspondent, making no pretense to any other kind of claim upon her graciousness, and as a correspondent she received me.

I was fully aware that she must at the last and could at any moment terminate the conversation, and I knew I could ask her no questions, exclusive use of interrogation being a recognized royal prerogative. So I didn't expect that she would talk to me about any of the things in which the world is specially interested. She herself is a most interesting figure, strangely placed as she is; her works and ambitions for Greece are of far-reaching and large importance, and it was of these that I expected her to talk. She did, too, most enthusiastically; but she could no more avoid the one great subject than she could avoid her own emotions. First and foremost, in her attitude toward the war the Queen of Greece is wholly woman.

"My poor mother!" she said. "Three wars she lived through, and what she must have suffered! I was born in the midst of the last one, more than forty years ago. And now my brother has been compelled to meet this terrible thing! Can anybody tell me why the English should have started it? What reason was there? And what can they ever hope to gain by it? More than a year now they have been at it, and what have they done? All you need do is to look at the map.

"Three wars in Greece I have seen too," she continued. "Everybody one loves is in this war, you know, in constant danger. Isn't there room enough in the world for all?"

It was not possible for me to answer anything. She spoke of German *Kultur* and the way the very word has been ridiculed in the foreign and anti-German press.

"But it is the most perfect thing conceivable," she exclaimed, "and the world will have to accept it sooner or later whether it wants to or not. It is the product of master minds working for the good of the whole; it is a thing established, not to be destroyed.

"Look at Germany. Look at Germany's army. Nothing was ever so extraordinary as the system that makes it possible now for Germany to meet this frightful crisis without the slightest disturbance of individual well-being within her own borders.

"You know that is true, do you not?"

"I have heard so, but I have not been in Germany during the war."

"Everything has been thought of and provided for. Think of the hospital system alone and the treatment given to the wounded and sick. Germany is the world's example. Great numbers of the wounded are able to return to the front, of course, but those who are totally disabled are taken care of at once. They don't have to wait; they are sent back immediately to their regular lives. As an instance of the tremendous detail of it all, it is intended that no man will have to learn a new way to earn a livelihood. They have made inventions which enable men, however maimed they may be, to return to their usual occupations with very little loss of efficiency."

A Royal Definition of German Kultur

"THIS applies to all manner of industries and is a most wonderful thing. Germany's methods in the prosecution of this war are such as were never before heard of. Everybody's welfare is thought of, and the organization is so complete that not anything has been left to chance. It is all for the good of the people. They are happy, prosperous and strong. Each man for himself, if you like, but every man working consciously for the good of the state. That is what *Kultur* means—organization and a perfect adjustment of the details of life. It is a *Kultur* which all peoples will have to accept."

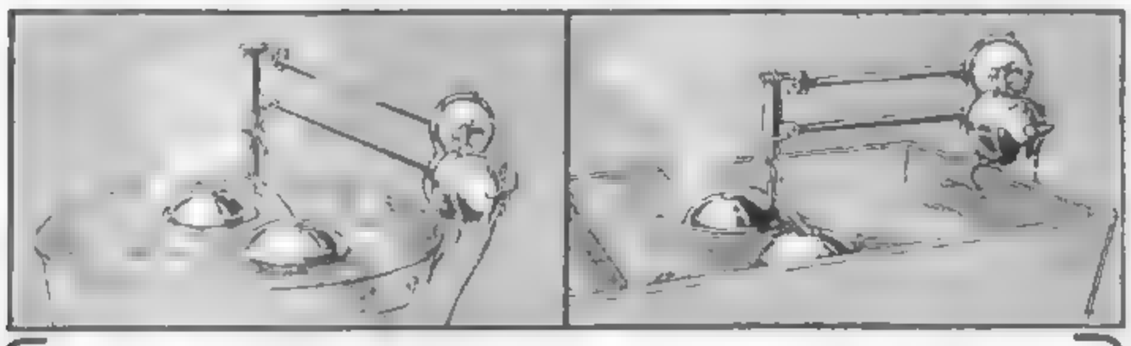
I wanted to say:

"But, Your Majesty, the blessed old world likes 'every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost' so much better. That is the system on which all the really great work has been done. It doesn't want to be organized. It doesn't want to adjust itself. It wants to muddle along untrammeled, whatever the result. It doesn't want to join hands. It wants to fling its arms aloft in delightful irresponsibility once in awhile and let the smiling god of human imperfection take his toll of it. 'Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness' are men's inalienable rights, according to our conception, and no self-assumed privileges of kings or governments can with impunity be placed in opposition to them.

"German *Kultur* conflicts with human nature's pet weakness, individualism. We who are not German don't want it, at least not in its German form. If official efficiency, whether we are up to it or not, if a generally applied military discipline and minute adjustment of life's details are to be thrust upon us as conditions upon which we base our right to live, many of us will want to die—as so many of your Germans did, by the way, in your great suicide era during your period of adjustment—die and take with us all who are dear to us through the only avenue that will be left open to free souls."

But I didn't say any of these things. One may not so answer a queen. It isn't difficult, however, to recognize and acknowledge the marvel of Germany as she is, and that I did. We all do, and our admiration sometimes almost overcomes our fear of a German future for us all, but not quite. To see Germany victorious is to see a world too cramped to live in,

"That German Certainly Handed Me a Tough Bird This Time!"



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and we really are afraid. We are kindly souled and unaggressive, most of us, without arrogance or undue faith in ourselves, but we object quite positively to being managed even by our superiors.

When Queen Sophia speaks of "the thousands who are dying, dear boys," she doesn't mean just Germans either. She really hates the "terrible cost" to us all, though her heart triumphs in "the splendid results." She means not only Germans, but English as well, and French and Belgians and Italians and Serbs, the serried millions of them.

"When will it end, Your Majesty?" I asked.

"Oh," she replied, "if I only knew!"

It was the woman speaking, not the Queen or the Hohenzollern.

"And the worst of it is," she continued, "one can't even get letters from home."

Think of a queen having to suffer the same inconvenience of war that the rest of us have to put up with!

"One can't get letters from home. Five days only it used to take, but now it is seventeen days to Berlin and seventeen days back—thirty-four days for an answer to a letter. It is a long time."

We sat in a little office-like room at Tatoi, the summer palace, about half an hour's drive by automobile out in the olive-planted hills toward the mountain whose name means all that is pure and perfect in marbles—Pentelicus.

The palace, considered apart from its outer buildings for officers' quarters, administration, extensive service and other details of a royal ménage, is not in any way pretentious; but the gardens are quite beautiful, though they are somber and somewhat depressing.

The Queen is a great admirer of American country homes and knows many of our finer places well. She takes regularly all our publications devoted to country life, and studies in detail our methods of landscape gardening, tree culture and floral display. She thinks we have the most cheerfully and brilliantly beautiful homes in the world—"brilliantly cheerful" was her phrase, in fact—and is trying to adapt American ideas to the ornamentation of the royal residences not only in the country but in Athens as well. The gardens at Tatoi show a definite appreciation of the possibilities of barrenness and rugged outline.

What the Queen Wore

I was introduced to Her Majesty by a lady-in-waiting, and so limited was the space in the little room that the prescribed ceremonies of curtsying at the door and curtsying again over the Queen's extended hand were performed with considerable difficulty. But I hardly think she noticed. She sank into a chair at once and invited me to sit down; after which it was most difficult to realize that I really was talking to a queen, so much was she the usual sweet-mannered and charming woman. I know there is no reason why she shouldn't be—probably most queens are; but I had frequently to remind myself of the rules to keep from launching into argument. She said so many things I really wanted to answer.

A mere detail, her costume, but a detail any woman would notice. She was dressed in a plain gray skirt with a black silk sweater over a lacy sort of blouse, and round her neck she wore a string of pearls and diamonds, alternating. Her hair, which is slightly tinged with gray, was arranged in a fashion that suggested a habitual view to the becoming adjustment of a diadem.

"Didn't I see you on the Acropolis at the full of the moon the other evening?" she asked.

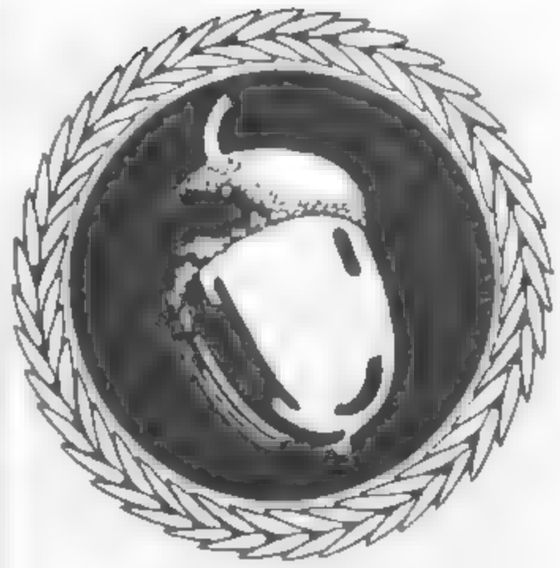
"I think not," I answered. "I have only just come to Athens."

"There were several American women there and I thought I recognized you as one of them."

I expected something then in the way of time-honored compliment, but was pleasantly disappointed. Not a word about the vaunted American woman merely as such.

"I should like to see your wonderful America," Her Majesty continued. "I know a great deal about it and it positively thrills me. I should go to see it really, if it were not so very far away."

I explained to her that our facilities for entertaining national visitors were rather limited, and told her the story of how President Roosevelt couldn't even give her brother, Prince Henry, a room at the White House in which to change for a morning ride. She laughed delightedly.



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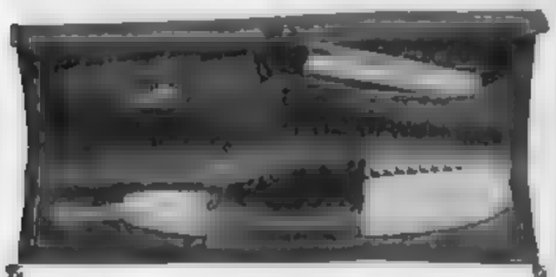

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"But," said I, "the humiliating incident helped to get the money out of Congress for an enlargement of the White House, so we are somewhat better off now."

"The White House is very beautiful, is it not? I have numberless photographs of it. As a matter of fact, I think there is no architecture in the world quite so charming as your colonial style. I have always wanted a colonial house."

Her Majesty does us the honor to employ American architects on all the buildings in which she is personally interested, and an American has made the plan for the model Greek hospital which she hopes to build as soon as the funds accumulate. I'm sure I don't quite understand why, for we have borrowed so many of our hospital ideas from Germany. But perhaps we have improved on the ideas in important details. I don't know.

Also, Hohenzollern though she be and imbued with German ideas to her fingertips, she places high value on our nursing methods. But, then, everybody does that. Our nurses have a most enviable reputation, and as far as I can learn none of them has done anything in Europe during this war to detract from it in the very least. There are practically no Greek nurses and no training school for nurses in Greece, and as it is a part of Her Majesty's plan to have such a school in connection with the new hospital when it is built, she has a dozen or more Greek girls in the United States now being trained, at her personal expense, in one or two of our hospitals and at a school in Boston, for teachers' and supervisors' positions.

"There are so many things one could do if one only had money," said the Queen; "but money is so very hard to get. I have to resort to bazaars, and tag days, and all manner of small devices even to keep my children's hospital going, and the results are always so small in comparison with the effort and trouble such affairs cost."

"You have some fine military hospitals?" I suggested.

"Oh, yes, but they are for the army, and the greatest need in Greece is a decent hospital for the civil population, a hospital with all kinds of modern equipment and facilities for original experiment. Even our medical college needs it."

Of course. I quite forget. Military hospitals are for the army, and the army has to be taken care of even in times of peace. We, with our little hospitals attached to army posts all through our tremendous country, never get a comprehensive view of such things. All our big institutions are for the civil population and we are permitted almost to forget that we have an army. It is a good thing for us, under the circumstances, that we are "so very far away." In any one of these countries the army is the central fact, in evidence all the time, overbalancing every other consideration.

"Greek New York is at least half as large as Athens," the Queen continued. "We don't like to have our people go, but those who come back from America invariably come back better men. That I will say. And the leaven of American ideas and ideals is probably working to better effect in Greece than in any other country in Europe."

A Poor Guesser

THE writer of this sat not long ago in one of the Broadway theaters immediately behind a New Yorker of the know-it-all-and-then-some-more type and an out-of-town visitor who was evidently being piloted about by the native. The visitor was turning the pages of his program as he waited for the curtain to go up on the first act.

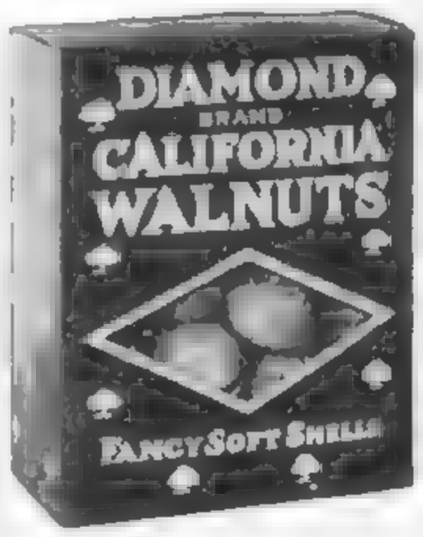
"Say," he asked, "a lot of the big theatrical managers here in New York are Jewish, aren't they?"

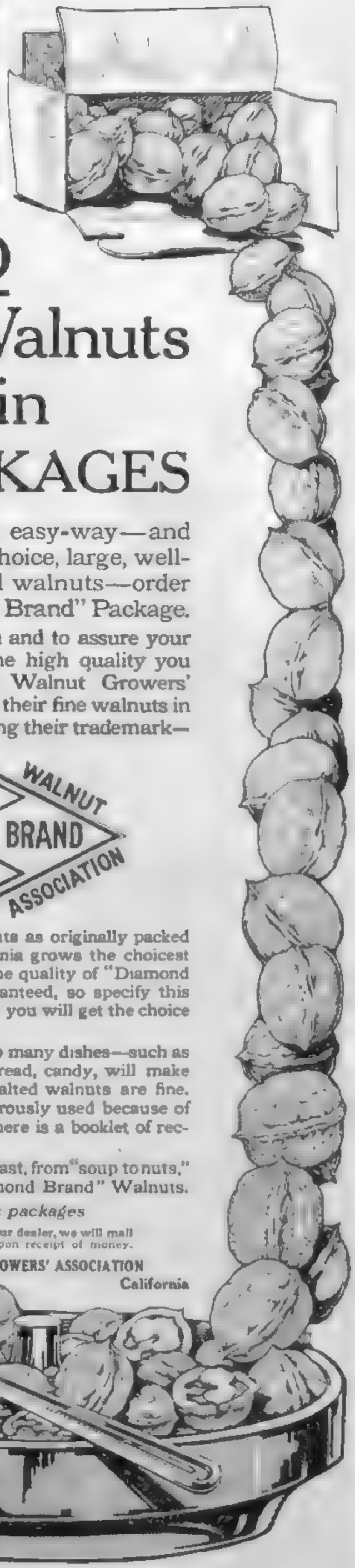
"Yep; most of them," answered the metropolitan.

"Well, now take this firm of Cohan & Harris," continued the stranger. "Are they both Jews?"

"Nope; only Cohan."

And George's grandpa came from Galway!





GOOD Walnuts Come in PACKAGES

Now there is an easy-way—and a sure way to get choice, large, well-filled, rich-flavored walnuts—order this new "Diamond Brand" Package.

For your protection and to assure your getting walnuts of the high quality you wish, the California Walnut Growers' Association now pack their fine walnuts in sealed packages bearing their trademark—

CALIFORNIA WALNUT
DIAMOND BRAND
GROWERS ASSOCIATION

You receive the walnuts as originally packed in California—and California grows the choicest walnuts in the world. The quality of "Diamond Brand" Walnuts is guaranteed, so specify this brand when ordering, and you will get the choice walnuts you expect.

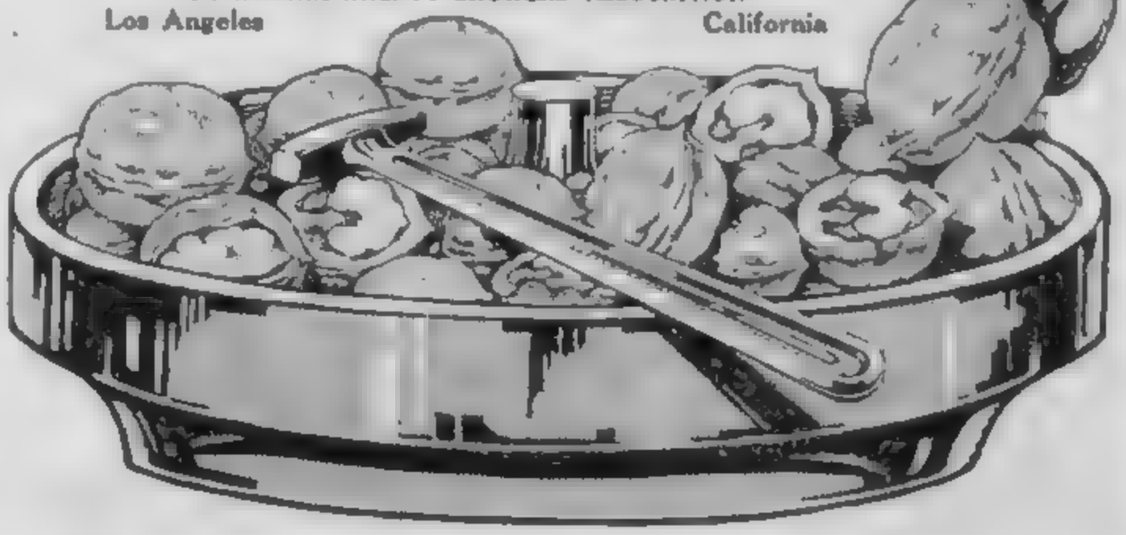
A few walnuts added to many dishes—such as desserts, cakes, salads, bread, candy, will make them more tasty—and salted walnuts are fine. Walnuts should be generously used because of their value as a food—There is a booklet of recipes in each package.

For the Thanksgiving Feast, from "soup to nuts," there is a place for "Diamond Brand" Walnuts.

25c and 50c packages

If you cannot buy from your dealer, we will mail prepaid, for 30c or 60c, upon receipt of money.

CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS' ASSOCIATION
Los Angeles California



Dad's Present

When father is doing the giving everyone looks for something handsome.

And when the other members of the family join together to buy a present for father, they want a gift of beauty and dignity—something worthy of himself.

Hamilton Watch

"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"

Take advantage of your first Christmas shopping visit to your jeweler's to ask him about the Hamilton Watch. He will gladly show you an stock. The fact that he is an agent for the Hamilton Watch you may take as good evidence of his standing as a jeweler.

While accuracy and durability are of course the prime considerations in making a Hamilton —there is an impressive thinness and beauty to our models for gentlemen and ladies. There is a Hamilton for every member of the family. All models illustrated and described in our booklet "The Timekeeper" which we will mail on request.

Gentlemen's Thin Models, $28.00 to $150.00. Hamilton Ladies' Bracelet Watches, $30.00 and $45.00. Movements alone $12.25 ($13.00 in Canada) to $60.00

Hamilton Watch Company, Dept. J, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

EARNING A LIVING IN EUROPE

Continued from Page 13

managers who for many years have conducted large factories in England, France, Italy, Austria and Germany.

In Dijon there lives a certain millwright foreman—at least he lived there last fall, though he may be in his last trench to-day. He was somewhere round thirty, married, and was raising four young soldiers for Krupp to annihilate some day—perhaps. From all reports he was skillful at his trade and in many ways was constituted like any American millwright foreman; yet in other ways he belonged to a different world.

For instance, he thought his wage of a dollar and eighty cents a day pretty fair. And one day, when his father-in-law came from another town in France to live with him, about the first thing he did was to take the old man out for a stroll—to the police station. There an egotist in military finery took a book and wrote down the old fellow's answers to a lot of questions that would have caused any American father-in-law to explode.

Why had he come to Dijon? How old was he? What was his father's name? His grandmother's? His wife's age? What had he been doing all his life and where had he been living? Yet France is a republic!

Then, when the old chap was duly registered with the police and they had a proper tab on him, after the fashion they have in Europe, the son-in-law went home and got his wife, and the two of them started out to hunt a new flat. The old man's coming made it necessary to have more room. Presently they found a four-room tenement with a garden patch. The rooms were three stories up, had stone floors and a large accumulation of dirt, and lacked pantry, sewer, bathroom, electric lights, gas—and even water. The absence of these little conveniences did not cause any particular revulsion in the mind of the good wife of the millwright foreman because she had always lived on a low plane.

The rent of this noxious domicile was four dollars and a half a month. Cheap rent this would be in an American city; but an American millwright foreman would not have such a home if he got it for nothing. And, of course, some French foremen get somewhat better wages and live better within severe limitations.

The American foreman wants a six-room flat or cottage with a porcelain tub—and maybe a garage. Twenty-five dollars a month is within his means. In Dijon the French foreman could rent a better-class apartment with sanitary improvements for twenty or twenty-five dollars; but if he did this he would have to give up nearly half of his income for rent. Conversely, the American foreman, if he were on the same rental basis as the foreman in Dijon, would pay something like sixty dollars a month rent.

On just about the same plane you can reckon the cost of French food and American. The American skilled mechanic would not accept a dinner of bread, soup and a bottle of wine, any more than his wife would go to the hydrant on the corner for water.

The Fortunes of a Chemnitz Printer

In the city of Chemnitz, Germany, there lived during the years just preceding the outbreak of carnage a young printer whom I may designate as one Ulrich Hundt. Ulrich, like most of his compatriots, had a habit of doing things well; so he was a skillful compositor and drew the maximum wage in what is one of the best-paid trades of Europe as well as of America. He earned round twelve dollars a week.

To go back a little, Ulrich fell in love about 1905 with a girl whose father was about to emigrate to America. This father held a very good position in Chemnitz, so far as social prestige in his own sphere was concerned, for he was connected with the municipality and had an overseer's job—or something of that sort—in the water works; but social caste did not quite compensate for his low salary of five dollars and a half a week. That was why he looked to America.

And because his daughter fell in love with Ulrich—though some people tell us marriages in Europe are loveless—she stayed in Chemnitz and married him. Besides, Ulrich was earning big money, you know! Many of her girl friends no doubt whispered that she really married for money.

Whether she did or not, one can easily understand that she was pleased to marry a man who was doing so well. I have taken the trouble to look up some corroborative evidence, and I find a record of a canvass made of five thousand and forty-six workingmen's families in 1905 showing that only seven hundred and thirty-seven of them had incomes as high as ten dollars a week. That was ten years ago and wages have gone up quite a bit. I have recent figures; and, on the average, you may add about a dollar a week.

At any rate Ulrich Hundt and his wife lived in a prosperous era; and along about 1910 they were living in a four-room tenement in Chemnitz, for which they paid eighty-two dollars a year. Two-thirds of the people in Chemnitz lived in apartments of three rooms or less—and Chemnitz in 1910 had two hundred and eighty-seven thousand inhabitants. By this time there were three little Hundts, and another one arrived in 1911. It was then that word came from America: Ulrich's father-in-law had been speeding his automobile on a Chicago boulevard and had run into the limousine of a railroad president. He—the father-in-law—was dead.

Hundt was getting at this time about thirteen dollars a week as a newspaper compositor, setting type by hand. Germany was slow in putting in modern printing equipment. Hundt, remember, was a high-priced man. Book compositors got two or three dollars less. In London book compositors were receiving nine dollars and a half a week—the union scale. The minimum in Paris for bookwork was nine dollars a week; and in Milan, seven dollars. In Austria a compositor's wages touched the top round six or seven dollars and the bottom under five dollars.

Living Costs in Germany

In New York the union scale at that time for compositors on morning newspapers was thirty-one dollars a week. Bookwork paid twenty-one dollars. To-day newspaper compositors in New York get from five to six dollars a day, according to the shift on which they work, while book compositors draw from four to five dollars a day.

No doubt somebody will say that Hundt was as well off in Chemnitz on thirteen dollars a week as a compositor in New York at thirty-one. I have it from Hundt himself that this is not so; and I have verified his statements from unquestionable records.

Food for his family of six persons, counting the last infant, cost him between seven and eight dollars a week, including beer to the extent of forty or fifty cents. Of this total, meat, fish and sausage represented about two dollars and a quarter. Hundt, as a high-salaried workman, lived better than the average, for the plane of the table must descend with the wage. He had eggs at twenty-five cents for fourteen; coffee at twenty-two cents; butter, cheese, milk, bacon; potatoes and vegetables from his garden in the rear; and sometimes a bite of horseflesh. Germany has separate markets for horseflesh.

Thus food and rent cost him more than nine dollars a week. He paid a little over six dollars a ton for coal—translated into our American weight—and then he had a nice little income tax of twenty dollars or more to pay to the state and the municipality together. His other taxes came to ten or fifteen dollars more.

As for amusements, they were cheap in price and usually low in quality—perhaps barring music. Railroad travel was something under a cent a mile if he wished to ride on bare benches, or half a cent if he would go in one of those fourth-class cars labeled: "For fifty men or twelve horses."

In short, Hundt had the advantage of all those things that labor unions have done for workmen in Germany, and of things done by the government; and yet he was able to save only fifty dollars a year.

Yes; he could have saved somewhat more if he had not wanted to get just a little taste of the good things of life. This, and the fatal accident in Chicago, took the Hundts to America.

I have it from Hundt—and I have verified his statements—that his acquaintances among the skilled men at the time he left Chemnitz were getting wages about like the following:

Bricklayers, masons, plumbers and painters, from six to eight dollars a week; carpenters, six to seven; plasterers, seven to nine; machinists, six to nine; molders,

Put
DRI-FOOT
The Shoe Waterproofing
on your shoes,
then
FORGET THE WET!

Pour It On Uppers

Positive protection against wet feet, every single day of the season—that's what our 10c can of Dri-Foot holds for each member of your family. And that's mighty cheap health insurance when you think of it.

Then On Soles

You *will* forget rubbers—but you *can't forget* Dri-Foot. It bars out rain and slush whether you think of it or not.

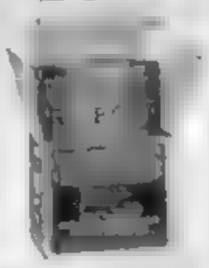
Just try one can—and you will never be without it again. Put it on old shoes—put it on new, whatever they cost. It makes them wear longer and they'll shine just as good as ever.

Then Rub It In!

Easy to apply and two or three thorough applications will last all season. Guaranteed for black or tan—light or heavy shoes.

Ask for it at your shoe store, drug, grocery or hardware store.

10c.



If your dealer does not have it send us his name and 10c and we'll mail a can postpaid.

THE FITZ CHEMICAL COMPANY
Phillipsburg New Jersey

ECONOMY: 25c can holds three times the quantity of a 10c can.

seven to eight; gasfitters, round six and a half; patternmakers, between seven and eight; saddlers, six; draymen, round six; brewery workers, six and a half; textile trades, six to seven; municipal employees, four to six; and unskilled men, from less than four dollars a week to five dollars.

To get the wages in Berlin add about twenty per cent, and also add to the cost of living. And then, after arriving at the Berlin schedule, compare it with some of the union wages in New York in 1910—some of which are now ten per cent higher:

Asbestos workers, four dollars and a half a day, and their helpers two dollars and eighty cents; boilermakers, five, and their helpers three and a half; cabinetmakers, five; cement and concrete masons, five, and their laborers three; decorators and gilders, four and a half; elevator constructors, five; electrical workers, four and a half; stationary engineers, four and a half; portable and hoisting engineers, five and a half; granite cutters, five; ironworkers, five; plasterers, five and a half; plasterers' laborers, three and a quarter; steamfitters, five, and their helpers three; slate roofers, five; painters, four. Scale these figures down heavily for smaller towns, and likewise scale wages down in Germany for the smaller places. Also remember that these New York wages imply eight hours, and four hours on Saturdays. The German day is usually nine or ten hours.

Hundt and his family came to America, I say, and inherited about a thousand dollars from the estate of the father-in-law, who had saved the money from a delicatessen store.

Being adept as a linguist and very ambitious, and willing to study English from eight to eleven o'clock five nights a week, Hundt got along rapidly; so that to-day he is earning from twenty-five to twenty-seven dollars a week at his trade.

Twenty years ago there lived near Bethnal Green, I am told, a certain family the head of which was a machinist who was out of work six or eight months of the year. In the intervals of his unemployment he sought work up and down that vast semicircle of factories which extends southeast of London—and indeed sought work all over that tremendous reach of buildings which lie in and about the chief city of the world. Looking for a job became his real occupation—and a ghastly calling it was, without pay!

The Envied Lot of the Bobby

In early middle life he gave up, since by that time he was fitted—both physically and mentally—to do nothing else except look for a job. As I get the story, in his last illness he sent for his son, a bright youth who was nearing the end of a machinist's apprenticeship. The things said at that time caused the young man to abandon his trade and to promise that he would never touch a tool if he could help it. He would find some calling where that despairing sign, No Hands Wanted! would not haunt him at every turn.

The family of this young man, after canvassing the whole field of employment in London, decided to make him a policeman. Through some channel of influence—pleading or perhaps shedding tears at the feet of some member of Parliament—the support of the Home Office was enlisted and the boy got his job on the police force.

And so for a good many years he has been a London bobby and parades in considerable state; and he has never been out of work. There are millions of artisans in England who envy him, though his wages are only ten or eleven dollars a week.

These millions include carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers, roofers, machinists, teamsters, ironworkers, upholsterers, painters, shipbuilders, railroad and tram men, explosive-makers, boilermakers, paperhangers—and of course workers in all those factories of every description that blacken London with their smoke.

Living in England costs about one-fifth less than living in Germany, standard for standard. This I elicit from the reports of an exhaustive study designed to show the effect of free trade on England. I shall not argue the tariff question; but I cite this authority because I have given an authentic glimpse of the cost of a workingman's food in Germany. You can see that the English skilled artisan has little compensation in food for his low wage.

In our own United States of America things are not so bad after all.

Third National Demonstration
Sale of Benjamin Overcoats

ONE-THIRD-LINED, SEAMS PIPED AND SLEEVES LINED WITH
GUARANTEED SKINNER SILK

Standard Price $27.50—Special at $22.50

A nation-wide *event* in which the representative clothing merchant in your city co-operates. He has the Tabard Demonstration Overcoat in stock. The full benefit of the Demonstration Sale—*an actual saving of $5.00*—he passes on to you.

This tag and the Skinner Silk label identify the coat.

This tag and the Skinner Silk label identify the coat

Standard Price $27.50
Special at $22.50

An altogether new model, designed with virility, yet with dignity to satisfy every need for dress and general service.

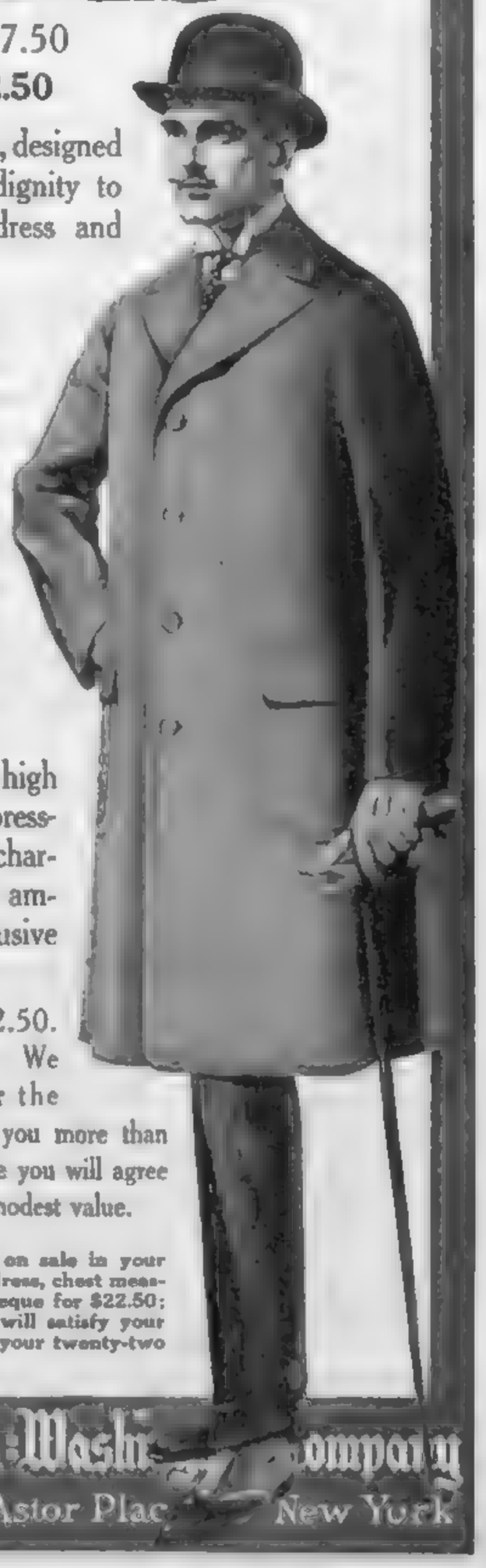
Lining

You may demand much of the Tabard—all and more than you have ever found in a coat at $27.50. The fabric is a fine American Melton in dark gray oxford, one-third-lined, inside seams piped and sleeves lined with far-famed, *guaranteed Skinner Silk*.

The tailoring honors the high Benjamin standard, expressing the distinction and character which is ever the ambition of the most exclusive "custom" tailorman.

Draped back

The price is $22.50. *You* save $5.00. We know that after the Tabard has given you more than one season's service you will agree that $27.50 is a modest value.



If you fail to find the Tabard on sale in your city, please send your name, address, chest measure, sleeve length and your cheque for $22.50; we guarantee that the Tabard will satisfy your taste and needs or back goes your twenty-two fifty—and our apology.

Alfred Benjamin Washington Company
Lafayette Street and Astor Place New York

Overland

HERE is another Overland model. A brand-new car at a brand-new price. Many people prefer a car that is smaller, lighter and more economical to run, but with the advantages of the larger and higher priced cars.

Model 75 is a comfortable family car with virtually all the advantages of the very large cars at a price which is well within your reach.

The price is only $615!

It has a powerful motor; electric starting and lighting system; high-tension magneto ignition; 104-inch wheelbase; cantilever springs; four-inch tires; demountable rims; streamline body design.

This season our factory capacity has been increased to 600 cars a day.

This, in itself, explains our ability to give so much car for so little money.

This newest Overland is a beauty.

The body is the latest full streamline design with a one-piece cowl.

It is handsomely finished in solid black with bright nickel and polished aluminum fittings.

Five adults can ride comfortably.

While the car is roomy, it is light in weight, 2160 pounds.

It has demountable rims with one extra.

The tires are four-inch all around, because we believe in the advantage of large tires.

They insure greater mileage and comfort than can be obtained from the smaller size used on other cars of similar specifications.

The motor is four-cylinder, long-stroke en-bloc type, having a 3⅛-inch bore and 5-inch stroke. Horsepower is 20–25. It is of the most modern design.

It has high-tension magneto ignition. This is the kind used on the most expensive cars.

The electric starting and lighting system is one of the most efficient on the market. It is of the two-unit type.

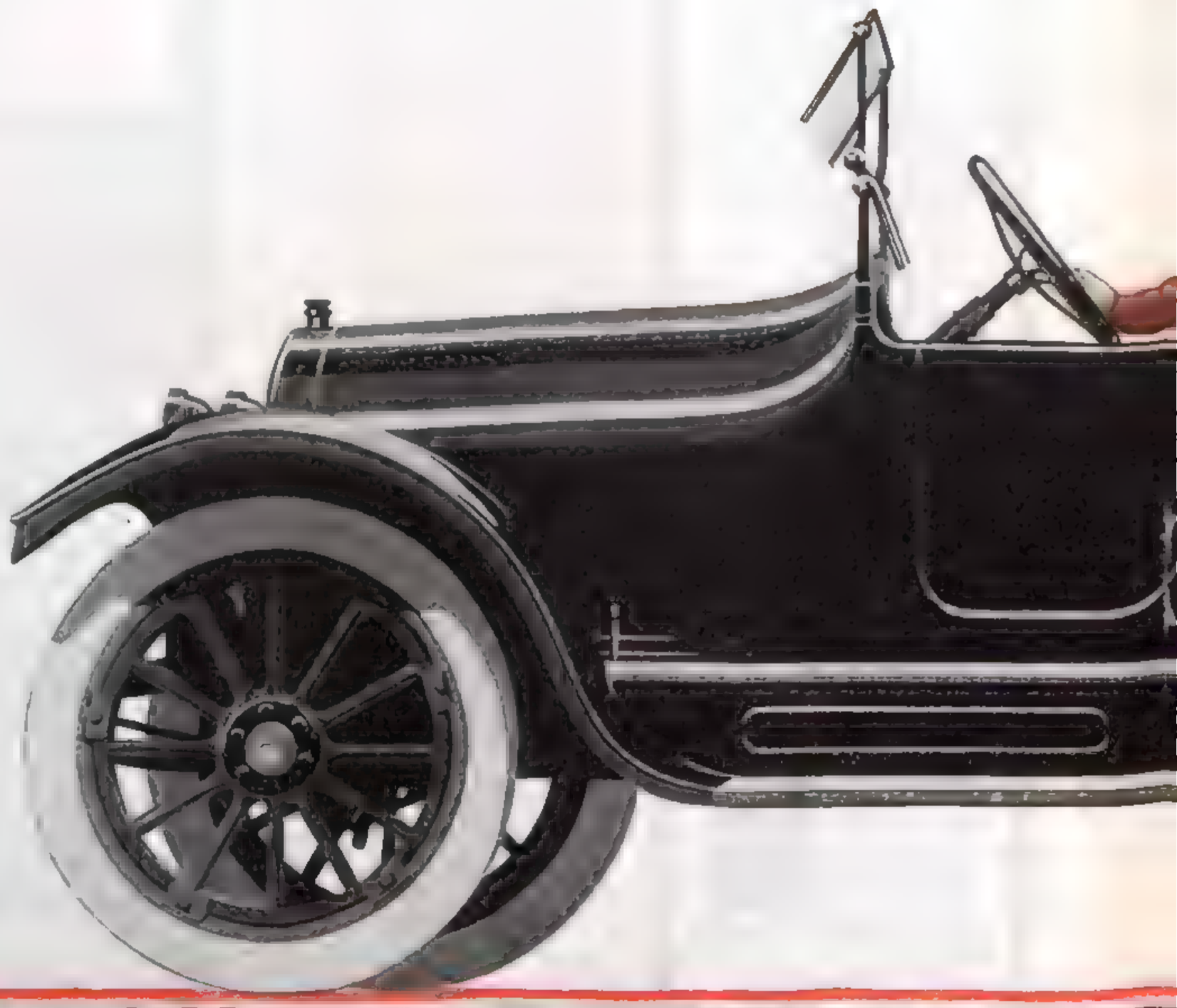
The large electric headlights have dimmers.

$6

Roadster $5

With Elect
and Elect

Four-In



Model 75 – f.o.b. Toledo

75

95

ric Starter
ric Lights

ch Tires

Overland

This car is very easy to handle. It responds quickly. Anyone in the family can drive it.

The electric switches are conveniently located on the steering column. This is the same arrangement used on the highest priced cars.

It has the easy working Overland clutch which any woman can operate. The pedals are adjustable for reach. The steering wheel is large and turns easily.

The brakes are large and powerful.

The rear springs are the famous cantilever type. These are probably the easiest riding and most shock-absorbing springs ever designed. With these springs riding comfort is insured.

The seats are roomy and comfortable, for the soft cushions are built over deep coiled springs.

It has a mohair one-man top.

In short, there is everything that makes this car up-to-date and comparable with many cars costing considerably more money.

You will be delighted when you see it. And when you ride in it you'll know instantly that this is your ideal of a modern automobile at your idea of a moderate price.

Other Overland models are—Model 83 five-passenger touring car $750; the famous Overland Six seven-passenger touring car $1145. All prices being f. o. b. Toledo.

See the Overland dealer in your town.

Specifications of Model 75

Pure streamline body five-passenger touring car
Finished in black with nickel and polished aluminum fittings
Wheelbase, 104 inches
High-tension magneto ignition
20–25 horsepower motor, cylinders cast en bloc
Electric starting and lighting
Headlight dimmers
Electric switches on steering column
31 x 4 inch tires
Non-skids on rear
Left-hand drive; center control
Floating type rear axle
Cantilever springs on rear
Built-in, rain-vision, ventilating type windshield
One-man top
Magnetic speedometer
Electric horn
Full set of tools

Catalogue on request

The Willys-Overland Company
Toledo, Ohio

Canadian Price, Model 75, $850 f. o. b. Hamilton
The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Also Manufacturers of the Famous Willys-Knight Automobile
"Made in U. S. A."

To a million women the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet is bringing daily Holidays

The Gold Medal at the San Francisco fair was won by Hoosier because of its great convenience.

Some Hoosiers have hinged doors like those in the picture—others have roll doors.

Whichever you buy you will save miles of steps and hours of time. You will find a new pleasure in preparing tempting meals with everything at your fingers' ends.

The table is pure aluminum or porcelain—the spotless white cupboards are big and uncluttered by partitions. The utensil tray and deep metal drawers save time. The shaker flour sifter avoids grit and won't wear out. The metal caster sockets won't break. There are food guides, a calendar, pencil holder and scores of little things that make for great convenience.

You can afford a genuine Hoosier now no matter what you thought before. Two new patterns splendidly built like all other Hoosiers have been added as a result of this increased output—at prices amazingly low.

We fix these prices everywhere. They vary a little on account of freight, but a dollar puts a Hoosier in your home no matter where you live—balance in a few $1 weekly dues—and every penny back unless you are delighted.

Write to us today for the price of a Hoosier set up in your own kitchen. We will give you the name of the nearby Hoosier agent without obligating you in any way.

FREE! To those who write at once we will also send free copy of Mrs. Christine Frederick's famous book of kitchen helps, "You and Your Kitchen." Write today.

HOOSIER MFG. CO., 5111 Sidney St., NEW CASTLE, IND.

Branch: Pacific Building, San Francisco — 5000 Agents in United States and Canada

IN ALSACE

(Continued from Page 10)

has to be replaced he is chosen from the same town or the same district, and even the personnel of the civil and military administration is mainly composed of officers and civilians of Alsatian stock.

The heads of both these departments, who accompanied us on our rounds, could talk to the children and old people in German as well as in their local dialect; and as far as a passing observer could discern it seemed as though everything had been done to reduce to a minimum the sense of strangeness and friction which is inevitable in the transition from one rule to another. The interesting point was that this exercise of tact and tolerance seemed to proceed, not from any pressure of expediency but from a sympathetic understanding of the point of view of this people of the border. I heard in Dannemarie not a syllable of lyrical patriotism or postcard sentimentality, but only a kindly and impartial estimate of facts as they were and as they must be dealt with.

AUGUST 18TH.

To-day again we started early for the mountains. Our road ran more to the westward, through the heart of the Vosges and up to a fold of the hills near the borders of Lorraine. We stopped at a headquarters where a young officer of dragoons was to join us, and learned from him that we were to be allowed to visit some of the first-line trenches which we had looked out on from a high-perched observation post, on our former visit to the Vosges. Violent fighting was going on in that particular region, and after a climb of an hour or two we had to leave the motor at a sheltered angle of the road and strike across the hills on foot. Our path lay through the forest, and every now and then we caught a glimpse of the highroad running below us in full view of the German batteries. Presently we reached a point where the road was screened by a thick growth of trees, behind which an observation post had been set up. We scrambled down and looked through the peephole. Just below us lay a valley with a village in its center, and to the left and right of the village were two hills, the one scored with French, the other with German trenches.

The village, at first sight, looked as normal as those through which we had been passing; but a closer inspection showed that its steeple was shattered and that some of its houses were unroofed. Part of it was held by German, part by French troops. The cemetery adjoining the church and a quarry just under it belonged to the Germans, but a line of French trenches ran from the farther side of the church up to the French batteries on the right-hand hill. Parallel with this line, but starting from the other side of the village, was a hollow lane leading up to a single tree. This lane was a German trench, protected by the guns of the left-hand hill; and between the two lay fifty yards of ground.

The Yelps and Hisses of Shells

All this was close under us; and closer still was a slope of open ground leading up to the village and traversed by a rough cart track. Along this track in the hot sunshine little French soldiers the size of tin toys were scrambling up with bags and loads of fagots, their antlike activity as orderly and untroubled as if the two armies had not lain trench to trench a few yards away. It was one of those strange and contradictory scenes of war that bring home to the bewildered looker-on the utter impossibility of picturing how the thing really happens.

While we stood watching we heard the sudden scream of a battery close above us. The crest of the hill we were climbing was alive with "seventy-fives," and the piercing noise seemed to burst out at our very backs. It was the most terrible war shriek I had heard—a kind of wolfish baying that called up an image of all the dogs of war simultaneously tugging at their leashes. There is a dreadful majesty in the sound of a distant cannonade; but these yelps and hisses roused only thoughts of horror. And there, on the opposite slope, the black and brown geysers were beginning to spout up from the German trenches; and from the batteries above them came the puff and roar of retaliation. Below us, along the cart track, the little French soldiers continued to scramble up peacefully to the dilapidated village; and presently a group of officers of dragoons, emerging from the wood, came down to welcome us to their headquarters.

We continued to climb through the forest, the cannonade still whistling overhead, till we reached the most elaborate trapper colony we had yet seen. Half underground, walled with logs and deeply roofed by sods tufted with ferns and moss, the cabins were scattered under the trees and connected with each other by paths bordered with white stones. Before the colonel's cabin the soldiers had made a banked-up flower bed sown with annuals; and farther up the slope stood a log chapel, a mere gable with a wooden altar under it, all tapestried with ivy and holly. Near by was the chaplain's subterranean dwelling. It was reached by a deep cutting with ivy-covered sides, and ivy and fir boughs masked the front. This sylvan retreat had just been completed, and the officers, the chaplain and the soldiers loitering near by were all equally eager to have it seen and hear it praised.

The commanding officer, having done the honors of the camp, led us about a quarter of a mile down the hillside to an open cutting which marked the beginning of the trenches. From the cutting we passed into a long, tortuous burrow walled and roofed with carefully fitted logs. The earth floor was covered by a sort of wooden lattice. The only light entering this tunnel was a faint ray from an occasional narrow slit screened by branches; and beside each of these peepholes hung a shield-shaped metal shutter to be used in case of emergency.

A Tour of the Burrows

The passage wound down the hill, almost doubling on itself, in order to give a view of all the surrounding lines. Presently the roof became much higher, and we saw on one side a curtained niche about five feet above the floor. One of the officers pulled the curtain back, and there, on a narrow shelf, a gun between his knees, sat a dragoon, his eyes at a peephole. The curtain was hastily drawn again behind his motionless figure, lest the faint light at his back should betray him. We passed by several of these helmeted watchers, and now and then we came to a deeper recess in which a *mitrailleuse* squatted, its black nose thrust through a net of branches. Sometimes the roof of the tunnel was so low that we had to bend nearly double; and at intervals we came to heavy doors, made of logs and sheeted with iron, which shut off one section from another. It is hard to guess the distance one covers in creeping through an unlit passage with different levels and countless turnings; but we must have descended the hillside for at least a mile before we came out into a half-ruined farmhouse.

This building, which had kept nothing but its outer walls and one or two partitions between the rooms, had been transformed into an observation post. In each of its corners a ladder led up to a little shelf on the level of what was once the second story, and on the shelf sat a dragoon at his peephole. Below, in the dilapidated rooms, the usual life of a camp was going on. Some of the soldiers were playing cards at a kitchen table, others mending their clothes or writing letters or chuckling together—not too loud—over a comic newspaper. It might have been a scene anywhere along the second-line trenches but for the lowered voices, the suddenness with which I was drawn back from a slit in the wall through which I had incautiously peered, and the presence of these helmeted watchers overhead.

We plunged underground again and began to descend through another darker and narrower tunnel. In the upper one there had been one or two roofless stretches where one could straighten one's back and breathe; but here we were in pitch blackness, and saved from breaking our necks only by the gleam of the pocket light which the young lieutenant who led the party shed on our path. As he whisked it up and down to warn us of sharp corners he remarked that at night even this faint glimmer was forbidden, and that it was a bad job going back and forth from the last outpost, till one had learned the turnings.

The last outpost was a half-ruined farmhouse like the other. A telephone connected it with headquarters, and more

dumb dragoons sat motionless on their lofty shelves. The house was shut off from the tunnel by an armored door, and the orders were that in case of attack that door should be barred from within and the access to the tunnel defended to the death by the men in the outpost. We were on the extreme verge of the defenses, on a slope just above the village over which we had heard the artillery roaring a few hours earlier. The spot where we stood was raked on all sides by the enemy's lines, and the nearest trenches were only a few yards away. But of all this nothing was really perceptible or comprehensible to me. As far as my own observation went, we might have been a hundred miles from the valley we had looked down on, where the French soldiers were walking peacefully up the cart track in the sunshine. I only knew that we had come out of a black labyrinth into a gutted house among fruit trees, where soldiers were lounging and smoking, and people whispered as they do about a deathbed. Over a break in the walls I saw another gutted farmhouse close by in another orchard. It was an enemy outpost, and silent watchers in helmets of another shape sat there watching on the same high shelves. But all this was infinitely less real and terrible than the cannonade above the disputed village. The artillery had ceased and the air was full of summer murmurs. Close by, on a sheltered ledge, I saw a patch of vineyard with dewy cobwebs hanging to the vines. I could not understand where we were, or what it was all about, or why a shell from the enemy outpost did not suddenly annihilate us. And then, little by little, there came over me the sense of that mute reciprocal watching from trench to trench: the interlocked stare of innumerable pairs of eyes, stretching on, mile after mile, along the sleepless line from Dunkirk to Belfort.

My last vision of the French front, which I had traveled from end to end, was this picture of a shelled house where a few men, who sat smoking and playing cards in the sunshine, had orders to hold out to the death rather than let their fraction of that front be broken.

THE HONORABLE PINKY-PANK

(Continued from Page 15)

On the other side of the ruined bridge the road went straight for about a thousand yards, and then it turned to the right. At the angle was a clump of trees. I saw Sergeant Saunders give those trees a nasty look.

"They'll have somebody up there watching," I heard him grumble; "and even if we brought him down they'd pop somebody else right up. Dang trees anyhow, say I!"

Never in all my life have I had such a long wait as I had in the next five-and-twenty minutes. We had burrowed in under the trench, you know, as well as we could, to keep from being hit by bits of bursting shell—shrapnel, they call it. And just as we had begun to think that the Germans had given us up and were trying to get round the bog some other way, a rotten shell came screaming toward us and fell in the fields to the right.

Then for the next quarter of an hour we had it hot and heavy. But you know the way it is at the fairs when you try to ring a walking stick. You throw your rings all over the bally board, you know, but it's precious seldom you ring a cane. It was much the same with those shells. There were only three hits in the lot.

The first one knocked a big hole in the front of the trench. The second one smashed the other machine gun and three of the chaps nearest to it. And the third one hit the old tollhouse and, as Dan Leno used to say, completely spoiled the architecture of the piece.

"We'll have another charge now," said Sergeant Saunders. "Come on, my lad! They tell me you're quite a singer. Let's have a song while we're waiting."

I was thinking of Mary Logan; so I shut my eyes and gave them Pinky-Pank, imagining that I was a handsome young fellow in the moonlight, you know, and Mary was looking at me out of her window, and all that sort of thing:

"Pinky-pank . . . The moon is shining.
Pinky-pank . . . My heart is pining.
Window, oh, do unbar!
Cruel maiden that you are,
Cast your bright eyes upon me;
Don't pour cold water on me.
List to my light guitar—
Pinky-pank-pank."

Then they all joined in on the imitation of the guitar; and when we were through with that a chap at the other end of the trench found Colonel Bottomley's box of cigars.

"Hey, look here!" he shouted, holding it up. "See what I found! Anybody want a smoke? It's full!"

I didn't I can't smoke cigars because of my eyes—and Sergeant Saunders didn't because he never smoked; but everybody else pushed over to that end of the trench.

"Hurry up, lads!" growled the sergeant, watching the road. "They'll be coming any minute now."

Instead of that, another rotten shell came tearing over the bog. The devil himself was in that shell, and it came down plump, right among those laughing chaps who were helping themselves to cigars. The explosion knocked me flat against the sergeant, and when we got up we saw we were the only two survivors in the trench and our other machine gun was wrecked by a flying bowlder.

As soon as I had the strength I looked at my watch.

It was ten to five. We had still to hold that trench for forty minutes.

VIII

THE shells kept screaming over, but after that first unlucky shot they didn't bother us any more.

"Funny they started shelling again," grumbled the sergeant once. "They ought to have charged. You'd think somebody had told 'em we hadn't been damaged much."

Then he gave a quick grunt, as if an idea had struck him; and, working his way to the end of the trench, he disappeared in the ruins of the old tollhouse, his revolver in his hand. A minute later he came back for his rifle.

"It's that squarehead who came across the canal on his horse," he whispered. "He's down there with his leg broke, but otherwise not much hurt. It must have been him that gave 'em the signal when he heard us singing. There's somebody in those trees at the turn of the road. I knowed there would be. But just you wait a minute," he said, picking up his rifle; "I'll settle that Uhlan's 'ash."

"No; wait!" I whispered, because, you know, I had an idea too. "We're all right so long as they don't charge us—aren't we? Well, then, let's leave that German chap alone and keep him signaling that we're all here yet!"

"But when he hears how quiet we are "

"It's all right!" I whispered again; and, pointing over my shoulder to that awful hole at the other end of the trench, I said: "I'll take 'em off, you know—sing and change my voice, and all that, and make him think we haven't been hurt at all!"

And before the sergeant could say a word I started taking off a company of Tommies when the soup has been peppered twice; and, by Jove, I got them all in—bass, tenor and barytone—till you'd have sworn we were all there. And when the shelling stopped I started it over again, while Saunders went back to the tollhouse to watch the wounded Uhlan. In less than a minute he was back, looking very much satisfied with life.

"It's all right!" he said. "He's signaling—he is. We'll have some more shells now."

The gunners must have been pretty razzy by that time. They kept it up for nearly twenty minutes; and, though they hit the trench half a dozen times and nearly buried me once in the dirt, the sergeant and I were still on deck when the music stopped; and I started taking off Lloyd George addressing the House of Lords—with interruptions by the noble gentlemen—while Sergeant Saunders crawled up and down the trench laughing in as many different keys as he could. Then I gave a Wet Saturday Night on a Cornhill Bus, and an Indignation Meeting in a Highland Village on the Appearance of the First Pair of Breeks. Saunders hadn't heard that one before, and I never heard a man laugh so.

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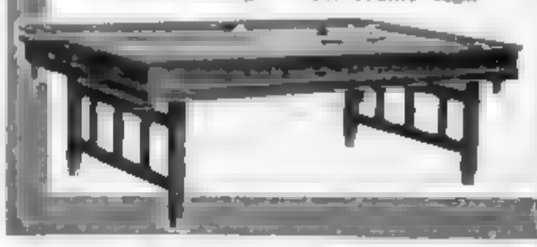

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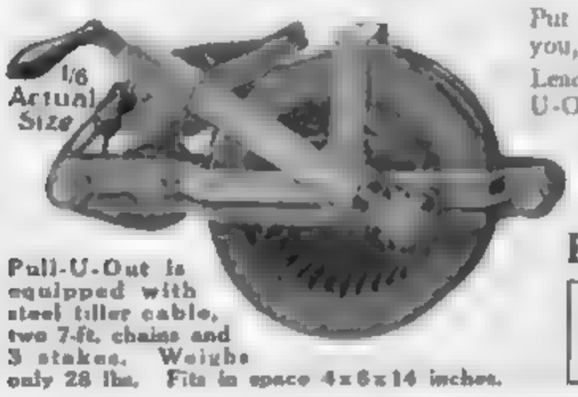

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"Cripey!" he sniggered. "That square-head'll think we've got the Gordon Regiment here." And sneaking into the tollhouse again, he came back nearly bursting. "He's signaling the same as before, and our time's up in another five minutes. Come now, my lad, let's have that one again about My Daughter's Wedding Day."

So, to please the old chap, I gave him that good old favorite:

"This being my daughter's wedding day,
Ten thousand pounds I'll give away."

And then you know the people shout "Hurrah!" and "He's a prince!" and "Three cheers for our noble benefactor!"—and all that sort of thing. But when the cheering dies down a bit father goes on to say:

"On second thoughts I think it best
To put it back in the old oak chest."

And then loud cries of "Hang him!" "Has anybody got a real old egg?" "Oh, dirty dog!"—and so on.

I'd hardly got through when the shelling started again, and Saunders took a last look at his watch.

"Half past!" he said. "Come on, my lad!"

So I started crawling after him; but just as I was running across the first field a cursed piece of shrapnel caught me in the thigh, and the next thing I knew I was in a hospital at Havre, and Mary Logan was holding me up and giving me something out of a spoon.

■

WHEN a chap's leg has been cut off above the knee, you know, it takes quite a while before he can get round again. It took me nearly six weeks.

It seems that Saunders had carried me into St.-Pol—part way on his back and part way in a wheelbarrow. He got there just as the lost Staffordshire Tommies were tumbling into the goods vans, and he told them how I had bluffed the Germans and held them back for over half an hour. The story kept gaining every time it was told; and before long, by Jove, at the Havre Hospital they were pointing me out to visitors as the chap who had saved the British Army!

"Colonel Bottomley mentioned you in his report, too," said Mary, proud as Punch; "and General French has recommended you for the D. S. O. I told them your name."

So, still being a bit of a fool, I wrote home about it that afternoon and got a doctor to post the letter, so Mary wouldn't see the address. It seems that when I was a bit delirious, after they cut my leg off, I told them I was the Honorable Pinky-Pank. By Jove, it stuck like glue too—like it always had done. And you know the way the British regiments have nicknames—the Death Watch; the Spitfires; the Death-and-Glories—and all that sort of thing? Well, that Staffordshire regiment was a new one; so they called themselves the Pinky-Panks and bought me a silver loving cup that was almost as big as a bathtub, with the regiment's coat of arms on it, and an inscription that makes me blush every time I read it.

It was nearly a week before I got an answer from home, and then one morning there were two letters for me—one from Spencer, the steward of Meyne, and the other from the Honorable Nellie. I opened her letter first, while Mary was busy somewhere else.

"Dear Marmaduke," it began, "I am unutterably shocked at the terrible bereavement in your family." That prepared me, in a way. "I have been trying to obtain your address and have only just succeeded in getting it from Spencer." She also spoke of the possibility of coming over to Havre with her mother, sent me best wishes for a speedy recovery, inclosed a few silk handkerchiefs, and signed herself: "Yours affectionately, Nellie"

By that time I was ready for almost anything; but, by Jove, it didn't take long for Spencer's letter to put my head down on the pillow again.

Jimmy and Joey, my two brothers, as I have told you, were on the Bulwark, and Spencer wrote me that the Governor had arranged a family party to go and bid them good-by. So he and Harry—the eldest—and Edwin—from the Foreign Office, you know—had gone down the Thames to where the Bulwark was taking on stores, and they hadn't been on board five minutes when the whole blessed ship blew up with everybody on board. And so, at one rotten stroke like that, I, the youngest, the woolly lamb of the family, had suddenly become the Marquis of Meyne, with sixty-odd thousand acres of land and a rent roll of nearly two hundred thousand pounds a year!

For the next few days I had a relapse—a dirty, low fever setting in.

"That's what you get from reading letters," whispered Mary one evening. "I shan't let you have any more."

I lay there watching her for a long time while she attended to the other chaps; and then she came and sat by me, mothering me—you know—like she always had done, as if she knew I needed it a little bit extra then.

"Please God," I thought, "if Mary is willing, the next Marquis of Meyne will be a better man than his father." And as I lay there looking up at Mary, and she sat there looking down at me, I felt the silly tears come into my eyes, because all at once I realized how lonely I was in the world—and what should I do without Mary?

But when I batted the tears out of my eyes I didn't feel lonely any more, and I've never felt lonely since, because when I looked up at Mary again I saw that her eyes were wet too; and just before she went away she leaned over quickly and kissed me.

■

THAT'S nearly a year ago now. Mary and I were married by the mayor of Havre as soon as I could get about—my cork leg giving me the deuce of a strut; and even then I didn't tell her that Marmaduke Walcott was the Marquis of Meyne. By Jove, I kept the secret till we rolled right up to the Towers; and then I couldn't keep it any longer, because all my bally people had turned out and were cheering me, you know!

I won't tell you what Mary said then, because that's one of those delicious, private little matters that a chap likes to keep to himself; and I won't mention, either, what the Honorable Nellie said when she and her mother called that night and met the Marchioness of Meyne—I've got something better than that to tell you.

In the day nursery upstairs there's one of the handsomest little chaps you ever saw in your life. He's only a month old, but he's as pretty as a picture, with his mother's features and his grandfather's eyebrows. No sheep's nose for him, you know, and no short legs either; and no devilish buck teeth to stick themselves out of an open mouth and make everybody snigger.

It's just as I thought that night in the hospital at Havre. The next Marquis of Meyne is going to be a better man than his father. *He* won't be a Silly Ass!

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PEEWEE PETERS

(Continued from Page 8)

enthusiasm toward the manly game. But I came back that way later, and I was just in time to see Fat Donovan letting himself out of Doc Mundell's lot by the small side door. He seemed rather taken aback at sight of me and I took quick advantage of this to throw a question at him.

"What the deuce are you doing in there?" I asked; then boldly added: "That's the third time I've seen you in there."

"Well, you see, Shorty," he answered, taking a confidential manner, "I go there every morning to limber up my leg. I'm practicing punting—in case Pete Hansen cracks. We don't want to be without no punter, do we? Eh, Shorty?"

I agreed with him about the desirability of having a punter.

"But, Fat," I went on, "who is catching the ball for you when you kick?"

"Lemme tell you, Shorty." He placed his arm round my neck and as he answered he was drawing me rapidly away from the place. "Lemme tell you, Shorty. You see, I kick—catch on?—I kick; then I walks up and picks up the ball. That's the way I do it, Shorty!"

Before he left me I asked him about Peewee. His reply came with heavy concern:

"Peewee is awful sick, Shorty. He's an awful sick boy! I shouldn't wonder if he never stepped on that ankle again!"

And then, with that rush we had learned to expect and which, nevertheless, always astonished us, the last days of the season went by and we were at the Big Game. Putting together all our odds and ends, with the aid of bandages and much soaking in hot water, we had managed to form for the day a team whose desperado exterior gave no sign of its inward frailty.

We avalanched down the wheels of the tallyho that had brought us to the packed grounds, with a great show of eagerness, and used the last of our energy in bounding about the sward to the welcome roar of our adherents in the grand stand. We even managed to do more. At the call of the whistle we attacked burly Milpitas with such waspishness and—our old hatred flaming anew at the first sight of their odious red sweaters—with so astonishing a use of knees in ribs and thumbs in eyes, that for full fifteen minutes we had them nonplused and bluffed, the playing all in their territory.

Then patient Natural Law and outraged Doctrine of Probabilities began to bring their pressure into the matter and the situation slowly and surely changed. Milpitas, recovering, began to go like a machine with cogs to which oil is being incessantly given. They herded us, enveloped us, embraced us, marched us firmly backward, backed us up against our line, let us escape two or three times as a mouse escapes a cat, and grabbed us once more; then, with the air of saying "Well, that's enough of that joke!" they flattened us out and walked over our faces. At the end of the first half they had a touchdown to their credit—score, six to nothing!

Between halves Heffelworth talked to us like a dervish, evidently attempting with words to supply the arms and legs we lacked; and I can still see Fat Donovan's perfectly serene face in apposition to that volcanic wrath. We began the second half with another mad attack, which held Milpitas for perhaps five minutes. Then again they began to drag us methodically over the sod. In fifteen minutes they had a second touchdown. And the third touchdown took them only ten minutes. We were gone and they were scoring faster and faster. Three-quarters of the game over—score, sixteen to nothing! They had missed one of the goal kicks. And they were going better and better. Our past misfortunes began to look like consolation prizes.

I sat watching the disaster dumbly from the side lines—for I had gone out long before with several of my most worthy brethren—and my eyes had wandered for the moment from the sad spectacle, when a sudden and complete hush from that part of the grand stand where our chivalrous rooters still indomitably rooted told me that something extraordinary had happened. And, looking out on the field, I saw that something extraordinary had indeed happened. Pete Hansen, our fullback and captain, was no longer on the field, and Peewee Peters stood in his place!

I suppose, while I was not looking, Pete had walked off and Peewee had walked

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Branch Offices in 45 American Cities

Representatives all over the World

on; but to my excited imagination of the moment it looked exactly as though our redoubtable captain had abruptly disappeared within the bowels of the earth, and as though Peewee had risen to his present position by a trapdoor. Anyway, there he was, a little dot in a striped jersey, standing alone far behind our line, wrapped in the big silence that, from our rooters, had spread to the entire grand stand. I heard Heffelworth, who was kneeling on the side line near me, begin to mutter as though in a fever:

"What in blank is that little reptile doing there? Who in blank has dared put him there?" Then he sprang to his feet and shouted frankly across the gridiron: "Eh? This won't do! Put him off! Put him off, I say!"

But Fat Donovan, who was now acting captain, from his place in the line answered with deaf-and-dumb gestures of indecision and incomprehension, and the next moment it was too late—Milpitas had punted. The ball soared high and true, right down the middle of the field—a beautiful punt; it lit in Peewee's little bent-in stomach. As it lit, the two big Milpitas ends sailed through the air like tigers. They landed where Peewee no longer was and thwacked their great heads together—and Peewee streaked down the field like a spark through gunpowder. A big guard missed him by six feet. A big tackle proved more accurate in his aim; but he went clear over Peewee, who gave him the glance one gives a passing meteor.

And then Peewee was through—through everything but the Milpitas fullback; but as Peewee neared him he seemed to make himself smaller and smaller. You could see the unlucky fullback rubbing his eyes, nonplused; and when he did leave his feet for the tackle it was with a sort of I-think-he-is-there-but-I-am-not-sure fashion. And then Peewee was behind the goal, bowing as he touched the ball down.

Fat Donovan kicked the goal and the score was six to sixteen. It was now Milpitas' kick-off. The rules give the kick-off to the team last scored against, as a sort of consolation, and we on the side line thrilled to delicious irony. Milpitas kicked off then. Peewee caught the kick-off. And Peewee immediately ran it back, through a field strewn with Milpitas giants as though with fallen trees, to a second touchdown. Donovan calmly kicked the goal and the score was twelve to sixteen.

Then we fell into an evil pass. The compassionate rules gave Milpitas the kick-off again; but this time a Milpitas guard caught Peewee by the simple expedient of getting in front of him, with arms out and legs spread, as a woman shoos a hen. Peewee was so disconcerted that he stopped short and was caught from behind. Then, as it was our ball, our brilliant quarter conceived the idea of bucking Peewee through the line. The same big Milpitas guard picked Peewee up gently. Carrying him in his arms he walked ten firm paces, set him down, and we lost the ball.

However, the gods had decided to be with us that day. Madness now took possession of the Milpitas captain. As a matter of fact, it was the orthodox thing to do—they were well within their own territory—and I suppose the grandfather of football had so closely drilled them that they always did the orthodox thing. Anyway, Milpitas punted—and Peewee romped home. And the score stood sixteen to sixteen!

Fat Donovan took the ball and prepared lingeringly for the goal kick. Then I made sure of something I had suspected in him a long time, and which explained his close-mouthed reticence with a coach about. When he had everybody in an agony of suspense he paused again, seemed to think, then reached into his hip pocket and drew from it a full-sized plug. Shamelessly—before coach, captain, bleachers, grand stand and the whole world—he bit off a generous chew. Then he swung his heavy foot against the ball and kicked the goal.

As we rode back in the tallyho from the grounds to the hotel I said to Peewee, who sat next to Donovan, for all the world like a small boy under guard of his voluminous mother:

"Peewee, how could you run so fast with your bad ankle?"

On which Peewee ran a startled and questioning glance up the side of his bulky neighbor. And it was Fat Donovan himself who answered.

"Hell!" he said. "He wasn't hurt! We made that up between us—me and the Doc.

New England—Where Every Man and His Brother Smokes a Pipe

All over America, in the last five years, pipe-smoking has tremendously increased

There are probably three times as many pipe-smokers in America now as there were in 1905.

But in New England they have always been pipe-smokers. The number of pipe-smokers there holds to about the same ratio as the male population.

They are particular about their tobacco, too, up there in those states that school children rattle off as "Maine, Nyams'h'a, Vul-mont, Mass*ta*'sits, Rhodilin, Unconnetcut"

The New Englander likes to smoke plug tobacco. Many of the farmers indeed still cling to the old plug that they take out of their pockets and with their pocket-knives, whittle off enough for a pipeful.

On the smoking-cars of Boston Elevated Trains and of the railroads that run into the city you will see men going to work with pipes, pipes, pipes. Only here and there will a cigar or cigarette be seen.

These men, or a vast majority of them, smoke sliced plug tobacco. Comparatively little of any other kind of pipe tobacco is sold there at all.

It may be possible that you never smoked or saw any Edgeworth Plug Slice Smoking Tobacco, but if you never did, the chances are you are not a New Englander.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is really a beautiful tobacco to look at—smooth, regular, oblong slices of tobacco, sliced in the plug by knives so keen that it looks almost like a solid cake.

Tobacco in this form holds its "order" indefinitely. It keeps its sweetness and fragrance and moisture, exactly as when first manufactured.

When you want to smoke, you simply peel off a slice and rub it up in your palms with a grinding motion that reduces the slice to small bits ready for your pipe.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is precisely the same as the Plug Slice, except that it is rubbed up in machines at the factory and is packed ready for smoking.

A sample of either the Plug Slice or the Ready-Rubbed, or samples of both, will be mailed you on request. Just write your name and address on a post card, also the name of the tobacco dealer you generally patronize, and state whether you wish to try Edgeworth Plug Slice, Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed, or both.

A generous sample quantity will be sent you. Think what a pleasure it would be to you to find in Edgeworth the pipe tobacco you have longed for. A great many smokers become acquainted with Edgeworth in just this fashion.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket-size tin, 50c for large tin, $1.00 for humidor tin. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. It is on sale practically everywhere. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

If you will accept the proffer of the free sample, write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

The cleanness of your shave, the comfort of your shave, the quickness of your shave—

all depend upon the edge of the razor blade—that edge that is so fine that you cannot see it with your naked eye.

The razor has never been made that does not need resharpening.

Therefore the best razor is the one that automatically resharpens itself.

The

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

is a complete shaving device. With minimum of effort it delivers a fresh, new, fine, clean edge before every shave, and this without changing the blade more often than a barber hones an old-fashioned razor.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.

345 FIFTH AVENUE, *New York*
83-87 DUKE STREET, *Toronto*

We put Peewee in cold storage to save him from the general massacree!"

In those days the moral wave which since then has hit campus and corral, collegian and cowboy, had not driven the boys to games on home grounds followed by dinners of gruel and beef tea. We met then the enemy on grounds in the city, and afterward we had a big banquet in the best hotel of the city; and still more afterward we celebrated victory or consoled defeat in sundry resorts of the city. Thus we did that night of our great triumph; and at a certain time of the evening some of us found ourselves grouped, or lined, in a shining little place called The Yellowstone. After a while a dark stranger, who had been observing us silently, came to us and congratulated us.

"You boys played a mighty plucky game—mighty plucky! And putting in that little bantam—that *was* a trick!"

We admitted him within our circle warmly and after a while he let it out that he was Phil Kingdon. No less than Phil Kingdon, the great Princeton end, of whom we had read in the football guide for four years! We now hung on his words, and surreptitiously eyed his gestures and the details of his attire, for future imitation.

Just then Heffelworth dropped in, in full dress, his high hat cavalierly on his brow; and we seized him and joyfully brought him to our new friend. The meeting, though, did not prove what we had expected. The two men stood stiffly a moment before they shook hands, for all the world as though those two noted rivals had not recognized each other. Then, after a moment, it became evident to me that they were maneuvering to stay each other out. Heffelworth was plainly on his way to a most pleasing engagement, yet he lingered and lingered. And finally, when he did make for the door, he tried to draw us out with him; but Kingdon held us by the simple expedient of offering a fourteenth toast to our prowess.

When Heffelworth, giving it up, had gone, our new friend said:

"And whom do you boys suppose you have for coach?"

"Heffelworth!" we cried in one breath.

"What Heffelworth?"

"Why, Heffelworth!" we answered, astonished. "Heffelworth, the great fullback!"

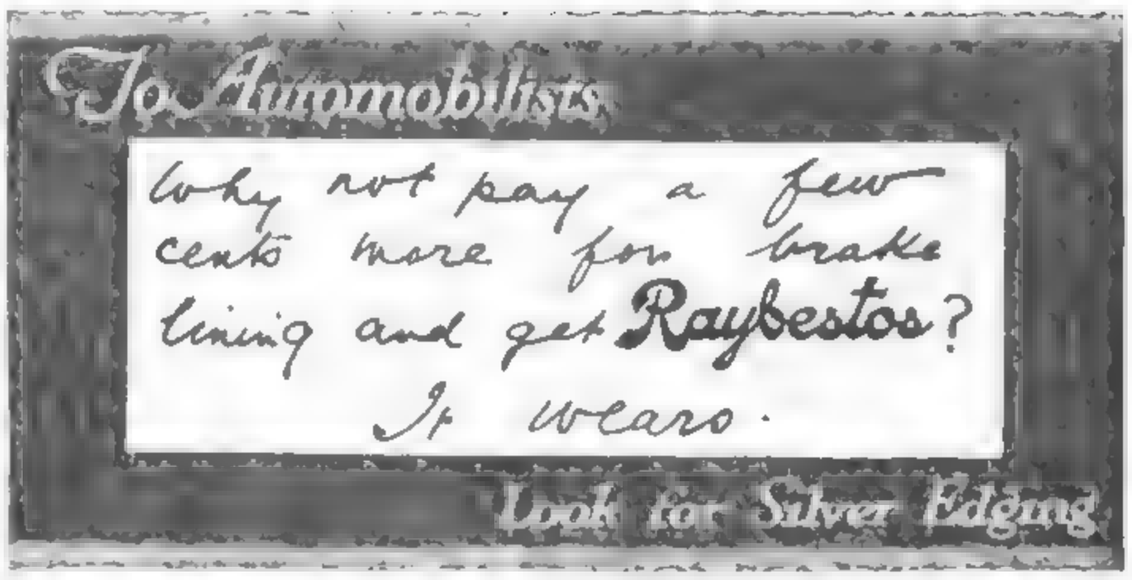
"Pooh-pooh!" said the great Princeton end. "Pooh-pooh, and again pooh-pooh! That fellow is just his brother! He tickled a banjo in the Glee and never soiled his fingers with pigskin."

An Unpopular Raise

RECENTLY the Colorndo state tax commission, desirous of swelling the public purse, ordered raises on certain property classifications in some of the counties. Motorcycles were among the articles on which local assessors were instructed to collect an increased tax. The assessor of Otero County, one Mr. Cartwright, did not do very well in forcing his valuations up, and in extenuation forwarded to the commission a letter from a Japanese constituent to prove that it was easier to write down a raise from seventy to a hundred dollars on a motorcycle, as he had tried to do, than to collect on the advanced valuation. Here is the inclosure:

"Hon tex comision and Hon comision bord and Kartrite: Gents: this respectfy to say that mi go devil motorcickle is maid to much in tex ritin receev from you. trade fur it 5 years long with 2 hog. they ded. it now ded. run theru sticky fence on ditch. no koff. no go. you bon hed, kum tak him. no pay so dam much as Hon comision says in ritin on ded go devil. you kum tak em hole ranch. dam. J. NOTAKU."

The honorable board threw up its hands and told Mr. Cartwright that it appreciated his position and that he was to get as much as he could out of the fatal accident to Mr. Notaku's motorcycle.



RAYBESTOS brake lining **WEARS.** It **WEARS** like a strip of stone or metal.

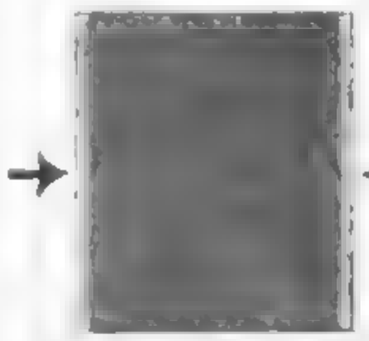
Nothing can finally put an end to its **WEAR** but long, hard service.

Raybestos lining often **WEARS** for 20,000, 30,000 and even 50,000 miles. That is *real* **WEAR.** And **WEAR** is your only assurance of continued brake *efficiency.*

Raybestos **WEARS** because it contains no poor-wearing, poor-quality materials. It **WEARS** because it is solid-woven. It **WEARS** because it has a *hardness* found in no other brake lining.

It **WEARS** because—well, because it is Raybestos and not a cheap imitation of Raybestos.

If you want real **WEAR** you want real Raybestos—the *original* asbestos brake lining.



Look for the Silver Edging

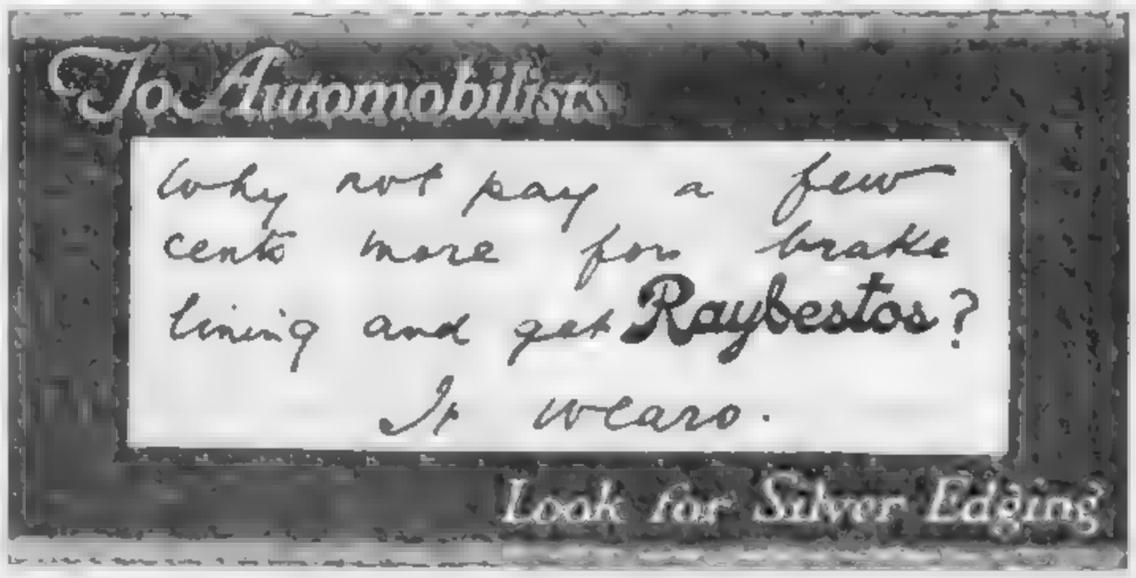
Beware of Imitations

Imitations and substitutes for Raybestos are common. Some even have a painted edging or a name ending in "bestos."

If you want Raybestos **WEAR,** we advise you to deal at one of the better garages or supply houses where *genuine* Raybestos is supplied. The *silver* edging and name *Raybestos* will be found on every foot of genuine Raybestos. The Royal Equipment Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

Raybestos
BRAKE LINING

Sold by all first-class garages and supply houses.



Old Seven the Baffler or The Mystery of the Seventh Point
WONDER WHERE'S THAT 7TH STERLING POINT
LET'S SEE—POINT 2 IS "CROWDED WITH FLAVOR"
POINT 3 IS—"CRUMBLE PROOF"
POINT 4—STERLING PURITY
POINT 5 IS—"FROM A DAYLIGHT FACTORY"
POINT 6—"UNTOUCHED BY HANDS"
WHAT IS IT?
YES WHAT AM I?

m-m-m!

what makes Sterling so delicious?

—pure chicle, cooked by electricity in the cleanest of sparkling kettles.

—pure cane sugar, bought in granulated form and pulverized by us in our own sunny kitchens.

—pure flavors kneaded through and through the chicle to make them last and last.

Sometimes Sterling Gum is touched by clean white gloves—but never by bare hands until *you* open the wrapper.

Cool, refreshing Peppermint—spicy, lasting Cinnamon. These are the two delicious flavors you may choose from in Sterling Gum. These are the flavors that make such a pleasure of hunting that 7th Sterling point.

Point 1—Crowded with flavor
Point 2—Velvety body—NO GRIT
Point 3—Crumble-proof
Point 4—Sterling purity
Point 5—From a daylight factory
Point 6—Untouched by hands
Point (7) What?

Sterling PEPPERMINT GUM

The 7-point gum

Peppermint—In Red Wrapper Cinnamon—In Blue Wrapper

The STERLING GUM COMPANY, Inc., Long Island City, Greater New York

GREEN TIMBER

(Continued from Page 5)

He explained that he did not have enough capital to start a wholesale grocery house, which was his ultimate ambition, but he thought he could swing a coffee-and-cereal house.

"Plenty of firms can do that much and never get any farther," he said; "but I've an old invalid uncle, with a million or so, who has made his will in my favor. He won't change it any more than the Rock of Gibraltar would change its base. So the day will come when I can branch out."

He went on to say that he meant to advertise one brand of coffee and two cereals. He had his eye on good demonstrators, specialty men and traveling men. For his advertising manager he had in mind a certain Mr. Lee, a man in bad health a good deal of the time, but a genius when his head was working.

"He'll come cheap," Mr. Sinclair said; "not so much because he needs the money as because he's got to have work to keep alive. But I need someone to be on the job when he can't be, and to be a sort of office manager as well. I've had my eye on you for some time. I'll give you two thousand dollars a year. You'll have to work as hard as though it was your own business—but you'll have a chance to grow with the business, as I expect to myself."

I needed no reflection before replying. Here was the very thing I could have wished for, the next best thing to being in business for myself. This poor Mr. Lee would some day have to resign, and then —— My imagination had jumped years ahead before I had finished framing my words of acceptance.

"All right; glad to have you," said Mr. Sinclair briskly. "I'm going to take young Belden along too."

"Shailer Belden?" I said, half surprised.

Shailer Belden and I had been in college together for a year, he as a freshman, I as a senior. Then I had lost sight of him until a few months before, when he had come to the Holland-Grace firm to work, first as a general traveler and then as a specialty man. Then he turned his attention to the advertising department. He was brown-faced, brown-eyed and cheery, a good deal of the college boy on the outside.

The Parting of the Ways

"Yes," Mr. Sinclair said, reading my thoughts; "but Belden, unless I miss my guess, is not the kind to live on the dead laurels of the gridiron or on the memories of glee-club triumphs while he takes his noon meal at a lunch counter. He's the sort of man bound to be graduated to a desk of his own and summon the lunch-counter type with a push button. If he's not I'll get rid of him."

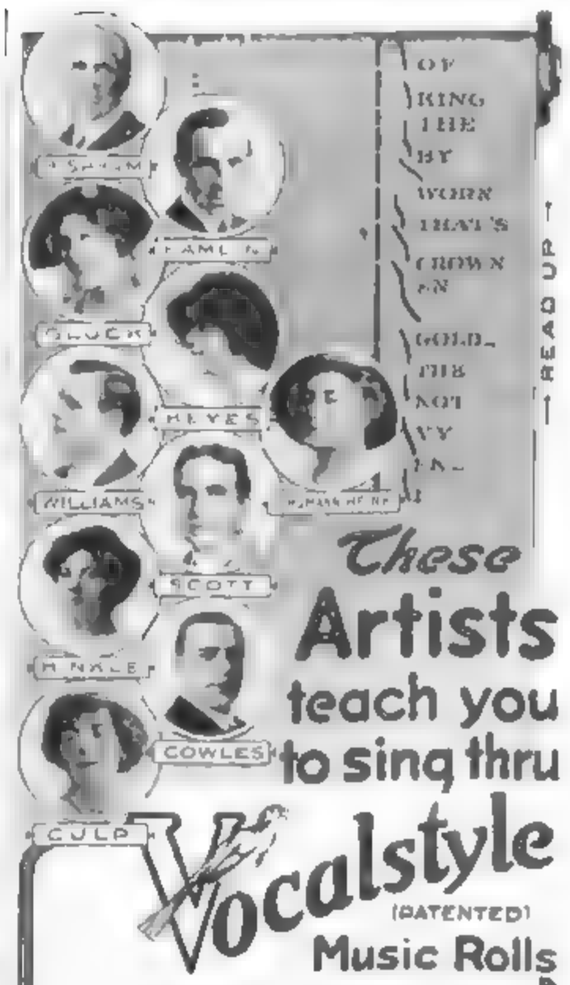
He studied me attentively for a moment as I sat opposite him, palpitating with pride in my new appointment; and though his face wore its usual half-jocular expression, there was a steely ring in his voice and a searching glint in his eye as he said:

"Look here, Miss Thayer: I don't want you to suppose that I consider you have arrived as a business woman. I consider that you stand at the parting of the ways."

At the parting of the ways? What did he mean? My conceit was stung. Had not every employer I had ever worked for wanted to keep me, offered me more money if I would stay? Was I not on the man's side rather than the woman's in the friction between employers and employees? Was I not keenly aware of my sex's deficiencies? Above all, was I not putting business first? But I concealed the pique I felt and said:

"Well, of course I haven't been working so very many years, yet ——"

"That isn't what I mean," Mr. Sinclair said. "I've seen several clever women just at the place where you are now; and some of them went on and made real business women, but some of them fell back. You see, when a person is half-baked she may think she's baked clear through. It's like the college boys of the last generation, who read a little Paine and a little Shelley and then thought they were atheists and noble iconoclasts, and great devils generally. People often mistake the sense of power for real power, zest for real competence, mere energy for real achievement. I don't say you do—haven't I chosen you to come with me?—but I'm just warning you."

"I'll make good, Mr. Sinclair," I said. "I'm out to succeed as a man succeeds. If I

These Artists teach you to sing thru Vocalstyle (PATENTED) Music Rolls

For Use on Any Player-Piano

THEY and other professional singers tell you through easily understood signs on the roll how to sing each syllable—how long to hold it, how to accent it, how much volume to give it and when to breathe

Each roll contains not only the player-piano perforations of especially arranged melody and accompaniment but also **the words of the song, each syllable being printed opposite its proper note; the interpretation marks mentioned above; and a special sign thus (:) pointing out each solo note to be sung.**

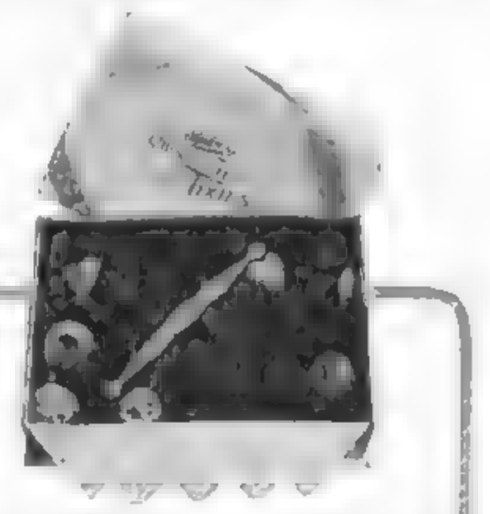
You see the syllable or word, the expression mark and the solo note as the roll unwinds. You find it easy to sing your favorites as they should be sung

All the favorite songs of all ages have been interpreted in this faultless way for Vocalstyle Rolls and the latest popular hits are added as fast as published.

SPECIAL COUPON OFFER

Send name and address and we will mail you free of charge a special introductory coupon good for half the price of either of our new Demonstration Rolls "[illegible] Ma Pickaninny Babe"; also list of 200 Standard Songs and our Dealer's Name. Write for the coupon today. **State whether 65 or 88 note.**

THE VOCALSTYLE MUSIC CO.
414 East Sixth Street Cincinnati



Ambrosia Chocolate Tixies

Wonderfully delicious. Rich chocolate confections that are so delightfully palatable, so entirely different from any other chocolates you can buy, that they make a distinctive holiday gift, and a rare treat for chocolate lovers.

Give them for Christmas

Your friends will be [illegible] appreciative. The purest and richest chocolates with select almond and filbert centers. No cream filling. Every bite a delight. Ambrosia Chocolate Tixies are sold in three-pound boxes only. Send $3.00 for three full pounds [illegible] and [illegible] you. Or [illegible] or more [illegible] at one time, deduct 25c per box. Money back if not satisfied

Ambrosia Chocolate Co., 235-7 Fifth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

With the Thanksgiving Dinner
Milady Chocolates
Every Piece a Surprise
FAVOUR BOX—Containing nearly a quarter pound of Milady Chocolates and handsome Milady stick pin, sent prepaid upon receipt of 20 cents in stamps to cover postage and packing. Two boxes for 30 cents. In ordering please send your candy dealer's name.
Milady
50c—$1
$2—$3 the Box
American Candy

DETROIT
YOUR CAR
Can be as Comfortable and Cozy as a $5000 Limousine

The Detroit Detachable Top fits snugly over the top of body. No ... of eight joints. Beautiful ... patent flexible ... absolutely prevent rattle. Large production makes possible ... remarkably low prices.
Made for following models

Ford '15 & '16	$ 77
Ford '14	82
Buick D-45	125
Overland 83	115
Maxwell 25	115

Ask your dealer—or write
DETROIT WEATHERPROOF CO.
500-508 Clay Ave. Detroit

WEATHERPROOF BODIES
The WINTER PROBLEM SOLVED

PATENTS WANTED Write for List of Patent Buyers and Inventions Wanted and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Patents secured or our Fee Returned.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 1 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

don't make good you can let me go, as you say you'll let Mr. Belden go; but we'll all stick and build a great business."

He smiled and we shook hands. In my exultation and Stella's joy at my success I forgot his admonition. If I had given it the thoughtful consideration it deserved, if I had remembered it daily, I might not have taken the road that led to failure and waste, the long road that had to be so painfully retraced before I climbed to real success.

I was assistant advertising manager for the Alexander Sinclair Cereal and Coffee Company for three years before I learned there was anything wrong with me and my work. I was full of zest, intoxicated with a sense of achievement and power, as self-hypnotized as a dramatic star. Because my work went without effort I assumed it went perfectly. I thought I was an officer when I was only a private of the line—dreaming dreams.

Mr. Lee, my chief, was so seldom in the office that I almost thought of myself as the advertising manager. With him and without him I evolved schemes impressing pictorially on the public the suggestion that they ought to drink Sinclair's Newport Mansion Coffee, and eat Sinclair's Crispo Cereal and Forty-Horse-Power Oatmeal. No move of other advertising managers but I seized on as soon as it was made. Mr. Sinclair often had Mr. Lee and me with him in conference; and to us, after a time, was added Shailer Belden, who was rapidly becoming a sort of general understudy to Mr. Sinclair.

My home life was all I could have hoped for. Stella and I had moved to a larger flat on the North Side. We had just added Eleanor Blake to the establishment, because Stella wanted a reception room all her own in which to receive callers, and a maid, so that we should not have to do any of the housework. It was Mr. Sinclair who had suggested the addition of Eleanor; he said laughingly that Eleanor would be good for me. Afterward I remembered that remark.

Vanished Enthusiasm

Stella had insisted on entering the business world because I had. Claire Saunders, my stepsister, had practically washed her hands of us socially, though her brother good, dull Leonard—came to see us when we allowed him to; and when we had no time for him he sent us fruit and flowers. Claire had relented to the extent of asking us to her wedding, so that we might see what we had lost by leaving the regions of the sheltered woman.

Stella's work could not be taken seriously; as Shailer Belden used to tell her teasingly, she would never put any crimps into business. My severe arraignment of the business girl never extended to Stella, however much she deserved it. I had toward her the indulgence that a man with a clinging-vine, incompetent, charming wife may have.

Stella was mine, and because I chose to overlook her deficiencies the world would have to do so too.

With the years the woman movement had become increasingly a passion with me. Almost every evening I went to a suffrage meeting, a meeting of the Woman's Trade-Union League, or a civic meeting of some sort. Sometimes I made speeches. If I was not doing that I was in some little group of clever workingwomen, discussing suffrage and feminism and love, and all matters pertaining to the new and larger freedom of women.

One autumn I suddenly woke up to the fact that in spite of a good summer vacation I had gone stale. I slept badly; noises disturbed me; I was aware of nerves. When I went to my desk I no longer had the sense of being perfectly attuned and balanced for work, mind, heart, body, all at their tasks with the ease one gives to play, the high creative sort of mood when it almost seems as if all efforts come subconsciously. My work seemed to go as well as usual, but rather more slowly. I remember the day it came over me emphatically that things were not going quite well with me. It was my thirty-first birthday, and I was at my desk but not working—rather wondering where my last year's enthusiasm had gone and if I were not getting old; and wondering, too, whether it was not time to begin to save some money.

Shailer Belden came swinging into my office.

"Say, Miss Thayer," he said, "are you and Miss Stella going to be in to-night?"

(Continued on Page 41)

Grand Prize
Awarded Armco Iron
at Panama-Pacific International Exposition

For the following special characteristics:

Chemical Purity **Rust-Resisting Properties**
Welding Quality **Enameling Properties**
Electrical Conductivity

This is the highest possible recognition granted any product—a recognition of one of the greatest metallurgical achievements of the century.

It recognizes the superior excellence and durability of Armco—American Ingot—Iron, the most practical rust-resisting iron made.

Armco's rust-resistance is due to its great purity, and to the scientific care taken in its manufacture. Armco Iron is the most nearly perfect in respect to evenness, freedom from gases and all other features that form the basis of rust-resistance.

The result is that Armco Iron has unusual workability, superior enameling qualities, and perfect welding properties.

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

This continuous Corner Ice Can made by The P. Wall Mfg. Supply Co. Pittsburgh, Pa. is of easy-working rust-resisting Armco Iron

Here are just a few of the products that are better for being made of Armco Iron. Whether you use, sell or make sheet metal products you should know the whole story of Armco Iron. Armco Iron reduces labor expense and factory losses. It helps overcome selling resistance.

Send the coupon for information on the product or use that interests you.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Licensed Manufacturers under Patents granted to The International Metal Products Company
Box 703, Middletown, Ohio
BRANCH OFFICES: Chicago, Pittsburgh, Detroit, New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Cleveland and San Francisco

The Monongahela Tube Co. Pittsburgh finds that Armco Iron Boiler Tubes mean longer life for a boiler

Armco Iron's rust-resisting and paint-preserving qualities have led to its adoption by the American Art Works Corporation for its double-faced Banner signs

The outer cylinder of this washer is of Armco Iron because of its resistance to the effects of wash-water. Made by The American Laundry Machinery Co., Cincinnati, Chicago, New York

The trade mark ARMCO carries the assurance that Iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company with the skill and care and that products made of Armco Iron may be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it.

The Indestructible Sign Co., Columbus, O. uses Armco Iron because of its durability and because its evenness and freedom from hard spots make perfect drilling easy

This shows threading on Armco Iron Tubes and results of a crushing test of the strength of a lap weld. Armco Iron gives 100 per cent. weld.

The American Rolling Mill Company
Box 703, Middletown, Ohio

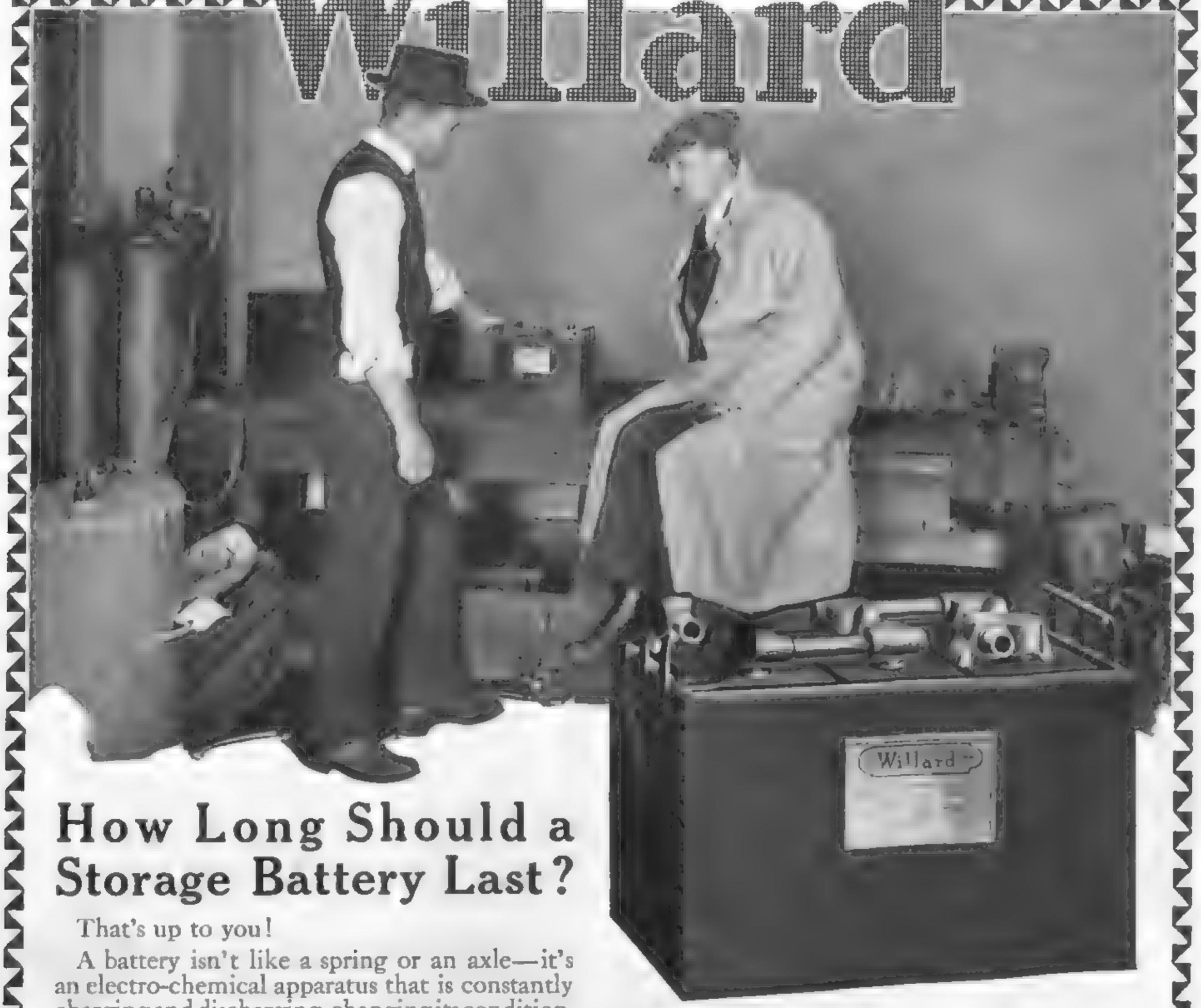
Please send me data and information on Armco Iron for

Name

Street

City State

Willard STORAGE BATTERY



How Long Should a Storage Battery Last?

That's up to you!

A battery isn't like a spring or an axle—it's an electro-chemical apparatus that is constantly charging and discharging, changing its condition.

Unless you appreciate what this means to you, it may make all the difference between long, satisfactory performance, and a few months of expense and unreliability.

If you want maximum lighting and starting satisfaction at least expense, you must insist on a well-made battery to begin with, and see that it's properly cared for after it's on your car.

You can't judge battery quality by appearance—but you can trust the judgment of over 140 car builders who have selected Willard Batteries after every kind of test in the laboratory and on the road.

These car builders know it costs Willard more money to put that reliability into the battery. But the thoughtful ones set your satisfaction above price. They know that long life is impossible without sturdy construction.

But Willard doesn't stop there—he maintains a nation-wide service to tell you how to take care of your battery—and to give you the expert assistance that makes this as easy and as economical for you as possible.

Willard Service Stations are more than repair shops. Each of the 550 is conducted by an expert. No man can qualify to give Willard Service unless his equipment, facilities and knowledge put him in the Willard class. The car owner's interests *must* come first.

That's why you'll find Willard Batteries on 700,000 motor cars, the products of over 140 car builders who are giving the buyer the most for his money.

Regular Inspection Prolongs Life

At any Willard Service Station you can have your battery inspected free of charge. You can get a card entitling you to that same inspection every month. You can get expert service at a fair price and advice that will save many a dollar.

Write for booklets, "Truth Telling Tests" and "Your Storage Battery". They'll tell you how to test the quality of a battery and how to care for it. They'll tell you what cars carry Willard Batteries and give you the addresses of all Willard Service Stations. Ask for Bulletin A-10.

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Service Stations in all principal cities. There are some real opportunities open for men who have the expert knowledge and complete facilities to give the kind of service demanded by Willard standards.

(Continued from Page 39)

"I'm going to take Stella to a suffrage meeting, Shailer," I told him. "She's dodged every one so far, and I'm not going to be put off any longer. You may come with us if you like."

It was the period when the equal-suffrage movement had ceased to be ridiculous but had not quite become popular. Unthinking men were beginning to be willing to discuss it, and unthinking women were becoming impressed by the names of the leaders.

"Go to a suffrage meeting!" scoffed Shailer. "I don't put the cause of women in italics the way you do, Miss Thayer. Besides, those speakers can't tell me a thing I don't know about their arguments. I'd rather play with you and Miss Stella."

"Thank you," I said; "but you shan't to-night."

"We'll see," he returned lightly. "What I came to ask you about, though, was if you'd trade stenographers with me for a week. My Miss Ray is off her feed or something, and the chief's given me a lot of stuff that must be whizzed through in corking style. Ray's struck a snail pace with melancholia in between. You're so fine at jacking them up when they get ditched."

I had noticed this Miss Ray, sitting at her machine, staring out of the window, a basket full of spoiled paper at her side. We had engaged her because she was plain-faced and looked steady—that is, we hoped she was not of the temporary type. Miss Ray, I reflected, was falling down in her work, not because she was engaged and expected to leave but because she was tired of working or what she called working—wanted to be engaged and couldn't. I had met the type. She was buckling, but it was of course necessary for the sake of the firm to try to straighten her out and save the expense of breaking in a new one. I hesitated. There was no reason why Shailer should not attend to his own troubles. But just because I felt unenthusiastic I tried to spur myself by agreeing to what he wanted.

"Very well, Shailer," I assented. "Let her come to me."

Miss Ray came in, plaintive but resigned. I dictated several letters to her and then responded to a summons from Mr. Lee's office. When I returned, toward closing time, the girl was weeping into a spidery little handkerchief, her notebook slung across the top of her machine. I went toward her, feeling as if she were miles below me in importance and competence. I put my hand gently on her shoulder.

"Miss Ray," I said, "things are going wrong with your work, aren't they? Tell me what the trouble is. Perhaps I can help you."

"No one can help me," she replied with a half sob. "I'm just sick and tired of working for a soulless corporation like this firm."

"So that's the way you look at it," I said in a musing tone—"working for a soulless corporation! Miss Ray, hasn't it ever struck you that you're not working for this firm at all?"

Another Case of Green Timber

She lifted her head quickly. Behind her in the doorway I saw my employer, Alexander Sinclair. His dark, alert face wore its usual shrewd, half-jocular look. He paused to listen.

"No," I continued, "you are not working for this firm at all. You are working for nobody but yourself. No person, no firm, nobody but yourself, owes you support. You are not doing us a favor in staying here and writing your letters over half a dozen times. We'll stand your poor work a little longer, and then we'll either let you go or put down your wages and set you to addressing advertisements. If you wake up and find that you're working for yourself, you'll improve so that we won't want to get on without you. It lies with you either to keep yourself back or to push yourself forward so far that you'll have a desk of your own with this firm or with one equally good."

Miss Ray put down her damp handkerchief and straightened her shoulders. I glanced again at Mr. Sinclair, and found his eyes fixed on me with a queer, appraising look. Then he passed on quickly. I stared after him rather absently. Then my glance was diverted out of the window to the streams of girls on the street below on their way home from work.

"Look at them, Miss Ray," I said.

We watched them flooding by in their low-necked waists and tight skirts and overdressed hair.

"Green timber, Miss Ray," I said, "for our great business building. Not ten per cent of them will be doing our work next year. Each will be building her own house of life. But for those of us who do a big thing, those who build in the great temple of business—to us it is given to know that work is the one permanent thing in the world."

I had to lash myself to speak with enthusiasm, but I convinced Miss Ray. She said gratefully that I had given her a new way of looking at things and that she meant to improve. But I listened to her thanks absently. Mr. Sinclair's look had puzzled me, and my mind insisted on running upon it.

That evening, dinner over, I dressed rather wearily to go out. In the next room Stella was pulling out drawers in a muddled search for finery, the while collectedly singing a fragment from the Tales of Hoffman. At the end of the hall Eleanor Blake was methodically beating a punching bag. In the kitchen our maid worked noisily. My head ached and I loathed the sounds they made. By some queer association they took me back to a night long ago on a P. & O. boat, crossing the line, when a woman crazed by the heat sang painstakingly from her stateroom, the screw pounded in upon my brain, and from a distant galley came the clank of dishes languidly washed. The telephone rang and Stella flew to answer it. I listened to her cooing voice.

Stella Has Her Own Way

"Oh, good evening, Mr. Belden," she said. "No, I'm not going anywhere this evening. Yes, I'll be delighted to see you. If Janet told you I was going to the suffrage meeting with her she must have misunderstood me. Perhaps we can persuade her and Mrs. Blake to stay home too. In half an hour then. Good-by."

Stella tapped at my door. When I opened it and she put her pretty blond head inside, I said:

"You've got absolutely no sex loyalty, young woman. You promised ——"

"Sure, I've no sex loyalty if a man I like comes round," said Stella flippantly. "I can see you any old time."

"You oughtn't to go out at all, Janet," called Eleanor, walking down the hall; "but if you must, come with me to the Business Women's Association."

She entered my room, swinging in with her splendid mountain-woman strength, her blue eyes direct in glance, her small red mouth only lightly closed, as if she did not want the lips to look too tight. I glanced from her to my sister. Stella had the vigor of first youth, where vitality is merely unused, not tested. But Eleanor had worked hard and yet had added to her reserve strength.

"Now, Janet," Stella said mockingly, "I know just what you are going to say that I've been out every night for a week; that my work at the office can't continue good at this rate; that I'll be fired; that my health will break down. The answer is that other girls are worse than I am, and that if I'm fired I'll get another job, and that as long as there are men in the world I can maybe get married anyhow, and that I'll never break down while I'm having a good time. No, I'm not ashamed of myself; I glory in my shame. Now you two scoot out of here. I can't give the place the domestic, feminine, clinging touch I want in it with you female righters blighting it."

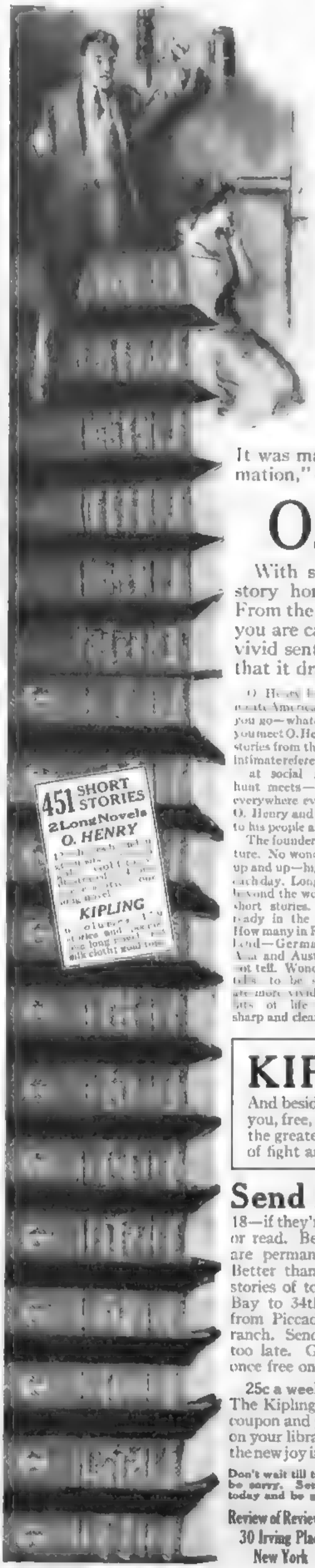
Eleanor laughed and hurried me out of the flat.

"You're coming to my meeting," she said as we descended the stairs. "Stella is not so flippant and thoughtless as she sounds," she added. "She's made up her mind exactly as to what she wants, and she has set out to get it."

"A man," I said, half-sighing.

"Come along, we must go at a better pace than this," Eleanor said briskly. "How I hate to give up the evening!—but this sort of meeting is worth while."

Although I had known Eleanor for years I did not know her well. I was aware that Mr. Greene, of the real-estate firm of Chalmers & Greene, who had been for over three years her employer—and who had recently married my step-sister, Claire Saunders—considered her invaluable. I knew that she had studied law at night, had passed her bar examinations and was still studying. I had felt impatient with her



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He had just escaped from prison. He was leading a new, clean life. But a detective had followed him and stood at the door. Meantime—a child was caught in a great safe. His was the choice—to let the child die and hide his own identity—or to get his burglar's tools, and before the detective and the girl he loved, open the safe, reveal himself a burglar—and face prison again. Which did he do? What would you do? Perhaps you saw the wonderful play "Alias Jimmy Valentine." It was made from "The Retrieved Reformation," one of the 274 stories of

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The founder of a new literature. No wonder the sale goes up and up—higher and higher each day. Long ago he reached beyond the world's record for short stories. 1,200,000 already in the United States. How many in France and England—Germany—Africa—Asia and Australia—we cannot tell. Wonderful stories he tells to be sure—but they are more vivid than stories—bits of life standing out sharp and clean—cut from his pages. As the years go by our wonder grows greater—as the years go by his fame grows greater. The wisdom—the understanding—the love—the humor—the sweetness in the pages. Always healthy in their influence—always facing truth when truth has to be told—a bracer to the heart and mind while the tears and laughter struggle together and neither wins. Don't get him to read him once—you'll read him a hundred times—and find him each time as fresh and unexpected as at the first. He puts his finger on the pulse-strings of your heart and plays on them to your delight and your surprise. And each time you will say "Why do I love him so much?" And neither you nor any one else can answer for that is the mystery of O. Henry—his power beyond understanding.

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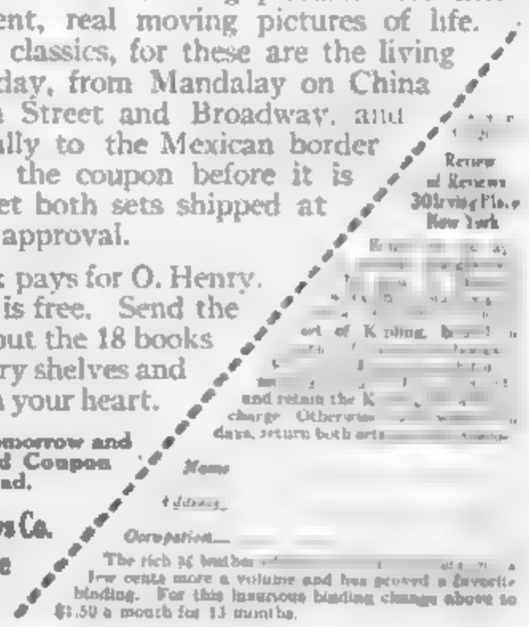

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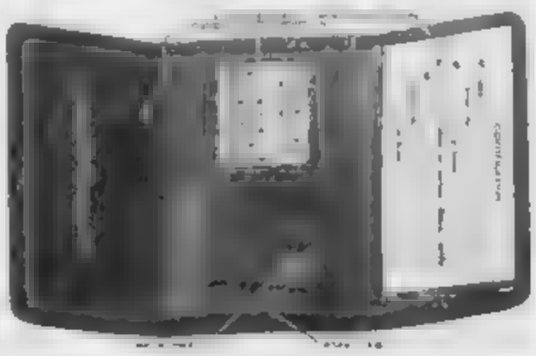

because I could not, as I thought, get her interested in the great cause of women. She would give money to suffrage, but not personal energy. I considered her too much of an individualist, too keen on forging ahead herself, when the whole world of women needed help. I was curious to see what this meeting we were going to was like, if Eleanor considered it worthy of her time.

When we reached the Loop District we stopped at a corner to let a little battalion of gleaming motors go by. I caught a glimpse of pretty women leaning back luxuriously; delicate parasites, I thought, each of whom some man loved or flattered or feared enough so that he took all the burdens of life from her—not only the burdens she did not need but the burdens she did need. As I speculated a hansom went slowly by. In it sat Mr. Sinclair, his strong, keen face bent with an amused expression toward a beautiful, silken girl who could scarcely keep her heart out of her eyes as she spoke to him.

A queer, dizzy sensation darted through my brain. The hansom was lost to me as the shining vehicles shot past. I stood still, for I was stunned, shocked at a voice within me which was saying clearly and insistently:

"I want to be a parasite—I want to be a parasite too."

Eleanor had already crossed the road. I hurried after her, my head held high, my lips compressed. What nonsense! This was a silly mood. If it were real, it simply meant that my present life was a failure, that I had not chosen definitely work and work only, and thrown myself into it irrevocably. Therefore, the mood was not real and must never be allowed to return.

We reached the building in a room of which the second meeting of the Business Women's Association was to be held. This association had been founded by a number of women who had made conspicuous places for themselves in the business world and who wanted to give the benefit of their experience and comradeship to young girls just starting in office life. There were perhaps a hundred present, a third of them women like ourselves, who had more or less arrived; the others, by their appearance young stenographers or office girls of sorts. Among these were none of Stella's type. They all looked as if they wanted to earn more than they were getting and to that end must do more than merely soldier along.

The Feminine Snob in Business

The meeting had already begun, and as we found our seats a little hard-faced, wiry woman, whom both Eleanor and I knew as a shrewd real-estate agent, was on her feet.

"I'm perfectly willing to admit," she said, "that I make thousands a year, that I've made it without any man's help and that I expect to make more yet. I entered the business world under protest from my family. They were well-to-do and there was no need that I should work. They were heart-broken; they wanted me to go into teaching or get my living off a man. But I insisted, and I made good, as I say, without any man's help."

She paused for applause, and it came. Eleanor and I looked at each other ironically.

"Are we ever to get rid of the woman snob in business?" I whispered. "What do these women expect to gain who get up and tell you that their people could have afforded to support them?"

"Half of the speeches I hear from business women begin that way," Eleanor responded. "You see," she went on as the speaker paused to drink a glass of water, "the trouble with a successful business woman is that she gets the big head. She takes herself so much more seriously than a business man who had succeeded would take himself. Look at your Mr. Sinclair. The trouble with women who get bigheaded is that they not only think they're so competent, but they think it so blindly that they lose the chance of making themselves more competent."

After she said this Eleanor blushed and leaned back in her seat. Presently I began to wonder if she could possibly dream that I should take her remarks to myself, and, if so, why such an absurd idea should have entered her head. I was so engrossed with this speculation that I only half heard the rest of the speech, which was a sufficiently interesting account of the lady's rise in

(Continued on Page 44)

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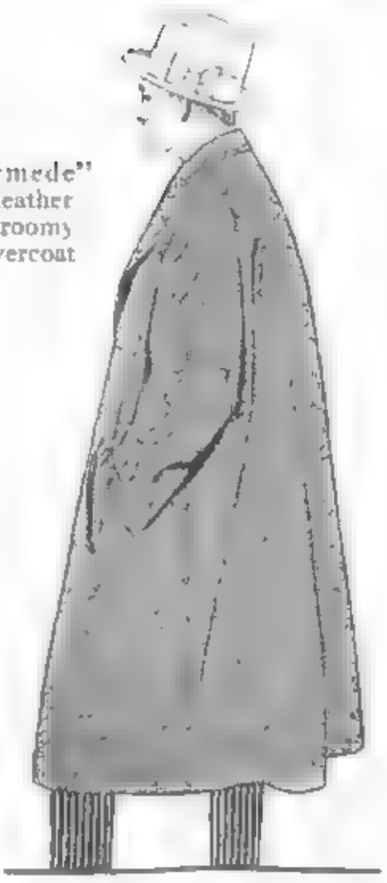

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They are good fitting, comfortable, wear longer than the usual ... at preference at the price you ... pay $1 00, $1 50 and up. Ask your dealer ... write for our style book.

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One Minute — The Next

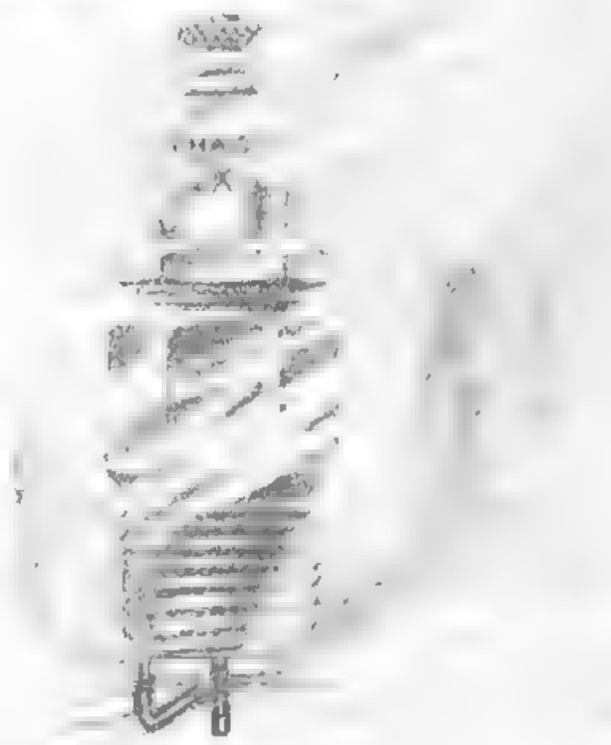
These are the extremes which a spark plug must stand in winter.

One minute the icy metals and porcelain are brittle with the cold.

The next instant you start your motor and your spark plugs are "in the fire."

Instantly explosions begin to hammer away at them.

But you never give a thought to these things, because your motor is equipped with



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Dependable Spark Plugs

Because they give such dependable service, few realize the strains they must stand.

The strains of temperature, of load and of speed—their intensity and their effect—have all been measured in our laboratory tests—are known quantities with which we deal constantly—and successfully.

Our tremendous output—doubled this year as compared with last—enables us to go to extremes of engineering which lesser production would not warrant.

These extremes—of care in the selection of material—of care in the treating processes by which we strengthen them for the particular strains which they must stand—of care in the accuracy of tooling and fitting of parts—of care in the cushioning of contact points where the strains come—

These extremes of chemical analysis and laboratory tests of all materials give you that dependable aid to ignition which Champions alone provide.

There is a Champion especially designed and constructed to meet the exact conditions imposed by your motor. Your dealer will tell you which one it is and supply your wants.

Be sure that the name Champion is on the porcelain.

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American made gasoline motors are equipped by their builders with Champions. The men who build the big sellers

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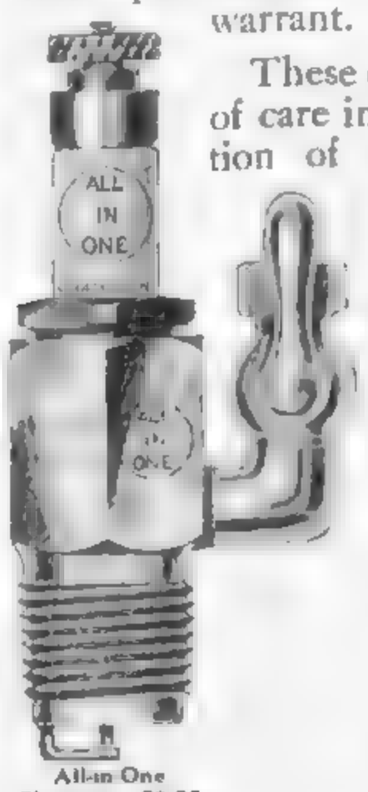

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You subject your battery (or your back) to needless strain.

Prime your plugs.

Then you have your rich mixture *right at the ignition point*—right where the *first* spark can fire it.

All-in-One is the original pet cock type formerly manufactured by the Frontier Specialty Company of Buffalo, N. Y., whose spark plug patents and business we have acquired. The construction of this plug has been brought up to Champion Standards and it is now known as the All-in-One Champion.

It is made of specially treated materials, tooled, fitted, cushioned and adjusted according to Champion standards.

It is made in various sizes to serve efficiently the various styles and types of motor.

Your dealer will supply you with the right plug for your motor.

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The Express insures without extra charge up to $50.

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Ask a Wells Fargo traffic expert to show you just where you can use the Express to advantage.

Send to 51 Broadway, New York, for pamphlet, which will tell you why "It Is To Your Interest To Use The Express."

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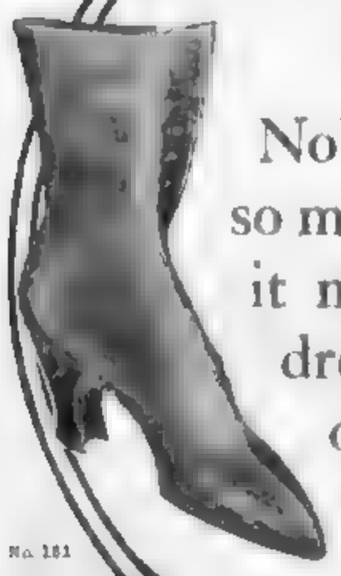
LA FRANCE

What Is Style?

Nobody has ever defined it in so many words. To most women it means the wearing of footdress that gives them a sense of well-being and content —like LA FRANCE.



No. 181

TO DEALERS:

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(Continued from Page 42

life. Stripped of self-glorification it might have afforded inspiration and suggestion to ambitious young women.

For all the woman's snobbery, I was proud of her achievement for the sake of business women. Before the applause had subsided a dreamy-looking woman got the recognition of the chairman.

"I only want to say," she remarked, "that we should make this club stand for equal pay for equal work. When we get the suffrage of course we can insist on men giving us the opportunities they take for themselves, but until that time comes we must protest, we must cry aloud our slogans."

Some applause followed this outburst, and then a small blond woman rose. I knew her as an excellent insurance woman who had just secured a position carrying a salary of ten thousand a year and whose head was still a little turned.

"I want to point out to the young stenographers here," she said, "that they ought to be better educated before they try to be stenographers. I am constantly annoyed by their poor work in my office."

Eleanor turned a disgusted face to me, murmuring "I can't stand this." She rose and claimed the floor.

"Madam Chairman," she said, her bland voice delicately sarcastic, "if a man were in here he might be tempted to ask what this meeting is about. The second speaker's remark concerning suffrage doesn't seem to me to have anything to do with a business woman's association. When we get the suffrage we'll be exactly where we were. The mere fact of having it won't give us better brains or the skill to use the brains we were born with. It's all very well for a few half-educated women who haven't yet looked beyond the horizon of the home to say that once we get suffrage all will go smoothly for us. We who have had experience in the world of business, who are brought face to face with hard, clear facts every day of our lives, do know, or should know, better. What we get we'll have to earn; we can't expect the vote to do our work for us."

Eleanor Cuts Loose

There was a fusillade of hand-clapping; then Eleanor went on:

"You may not applaud what I'm going to say next. There's too much talk about men not helping us and men keeping us back. Every business woman who ever got anywhere yet was helped by business men."

At this I started. For all that I was keenly aware of the disabilities of women as factors in the business world, I had always thought of the successful ones as having arrived by their own efforts. Eleanor was surprising me to-night.

"Women are inconvenienced," went on Eleanor, "by the conservatism of the world of men and women. We have to buck against certain disadvantages inherent in our general situation, but no more than men do when they are blazing a new trail. The fact is, men are worth more than we are, and that's why they get more. When as a sex we deserve equal opportunities we'll get them. *Get,* I say—they won't be given us. We'll go out and grab or make our chances as men do."

A few women applauded very emphatically. Eleanor said to me out of the corner of her mouth:

"The women who clapped then are the only ones in this whole gang fit to be called real business women."

We walked home, I silent, Eleanor making a few remarks about the meeting. I was conscious of a vague uneasiness that I could not fully define. It might have been due to the treacherous moment when I wished I was a parasite or to my growing conviction that the reticent Eleanor had apparently been taking a deeper view of the work of women than I had. But whatever it was, I could not escape from it, as I usually did from all specters, by a joyful realization that I was an assistant advertising manager. The thought of my work gave, that night, no happiness.

When we reached home Stella had not come in. I did not sit up for her, but about midnight, when I was half asleep, I fancied that she stood in my doorway. It was late in the morning when I woke with a headache. Stella heard me as I got up, and she came into my room dressed for the street. Her face was shy, glorified, yet somehow wistful.

"Dear, what is it?" I asked.

She threw herself into my arms

"It's Shailer—and me," she said brokenly. "We're engaged—and I'm so happy. Only—there's always something."

Her voice shattered in a little sob and she ran out, shutting the door after her.

"Stella!" I called. "Come here, child."

But Stella's only reply was a muffled "Good-by, honey," as she slammed the street door.

So I was to lose Stella, I reflected as I dressed and took my way to the office. Well, I should miss her, but I had not expected to keep her long. She was the type to marry, and I was the type to be fairy godmother to her and hers.

Accidental Eavesdropping

The morning went wearily enough. My head kept on aching and my work nauseated me. It would have been even worse, I suppose, if I had known that presently I should be told the truth about myself.

It was luncheon time. I had locked my desk and had gone to my closet to wash my hands and put on my wraps, when Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Lee entered.

"She's gone," Mr. Sinclair said.

"Well, then, I'll just get my sock fixed," Mr. Lee said. "The heel's crawled down to my toes and my sole feels as if it were cracked into gulleys."

Mr. Lee was a shy man, and naturally I did not wish to embarrass him in the process of taking off his shoe and sock. I stayed where I was and I heard Mr. Lee say:

"Well, you probably expected too much of Miss Thayer, Sinclair. She works well with me. I like her ways and she has bright ideas. But I'm not like you, you know—a swan has to be a swan for a long time before I'll believe that she's anything but a goose."

"Well," Mr. Sinclair remarked, "repeated disappointments haven't yet convinced me that business women can't make something out of themselves. Three or four years ago I hesitated between asking Eleanor Blake or Janet Thayer to come into the office, but Miss Thayer was right under my hand and Mrs. Blake was in another business. I think now I made a mistake. It would have been cheaper to break in Mrs. Blake."

A cold, sinking sensation seized me—literally. I have never felt such physical and mental misery. I could hear the click of Mr. Lee's shoe laces.

"Oh, well," he said tolerantly, "Miss Thayer earns all you give her."

"All right, but she ought to earn more and then she'd get more. She ought to be like a good pair of gloves that can stretch another size. Any time this last year if I'd had a man doing her work he'd have done it ten per cent better. She had it in her and then she backed water. I told her once she was half-baked. That's what's the matter with her still. As a business woman she's a failure."

For a few moments I could not believe that he had really said the words. Still less could I believe that they were true. I waited until he and Mr. Lee had left the office and gone toward the elevator, then I hurried after them.

"Mr. Sinclair," I called, "may I speak to you for a moment?"

He excused himself to Mr. Lee and returned. Doubtless my face told him what I knew, but had I been a good actress he might still have felt what had happened, for, like all big business people, he had keen intuition.

We passed into his office, and, waving me to a chair, he took off his hat and coat as if for a long conference.

"And now," he said gently, "go ahead."

"I heard you," I said unsteadily—"I heard you say I was a failure as a business woman. What—what do you mean by it?"

"Well," he replied, "I guess the best proof that I mean it is that I am going to make Shailer Belden advertising manager. Mr. Lee's got to get into a warm climate."

I could not speak, could not look at him. I felt as if my life had fallen into dust and ashes. For years I had been working to the end of being the head of my department. And to put Shailer Belden over me! In a flash I knew why Stella had been so plaintive when she had announced her engagement to me. Shailer knew of his promotion and had told her. A dull rage surged over me.

"It isn't fair," I said. "I've worked hard and well. I trained in Shailer Belden; he's been in the business less than two years! What can he know? I've found our best demonstrators; I've evolved some of our best advertising. It isn't fair for you to treat me this way just because I'm a woman."

"I used to dread Christmas shopping, but for two years it has been a simple matter,"

writes a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post.*

Instead of rushing through crowded stores, hoping for inspiration as to what to send as gifts and emerging tired and dissatisfied, with a lot of presents most of which are not wanted, he does it all without leaving his desk.

He simply writes a list of those whom he wants to remember. For each he orders a subscription for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* or *The Country Gentleman,* writes a check, mails the letter, and the thing is done. And the best thing about it is that the gifts are enthusiastically received.

If you want to be spared the burden of Christmas shopping do as this man does. On Christmas morning each recipient will receive the first copy and in the same mail a beautifully illuminated announcement of the gift bearing your name as the giver.

Send $1.50 with each order for a yearly subscription for *The Saturday Evening Post* or *The Ladies' Home Journal.* The price of *The Country Gentleman* is now $1.00 the year (in Canada, $1.75 for any one of the three).

The Curtis Publishing Company
Box 170
Independence Square Philadelphia

Mr. Sinclair's jaw set at an ugly angle.

"I'm not treating you this way because you're a woman," he said, "but because he's taken hold better than you, done better, and you haven't seen it."

My anger cooled. I looked at him mutely.

"You may as well hear it straight," my employer went on. "I've been watching you for a year now, wondering if you would wake up to yourself. Like a lot of fairly good, and only fairly good, business women you are afflicted with the big head. You think you've played the game the man's way, but you haven't."

"I haven't!" I cried. "I've cut out marriage ——"

He shook his head impatiently.

"That isn't enough. You've got to take hold of your work as a man does, make the sacrifices a man does, economize your time as a man does. Look at the difference between Belden's grasp and yours! You thought that to make good with me you'd have to know every last detail of the advertising business, and you've loaded yourself up with a lot of stuff that gets you nowhere. Belden knew that he had business sense, financial sense, and that's what he's been developing, and he's let a lot of details slide about which he can ask you or a dozen people inferior to him when he needs to. He's put his energy where it's needed."

More Straight Talk

Mr. Sinclair hesitated; then he added:

"Why, look at that business of jacking up Miss Ray! Belden didn't want to be bothered with it, wanted to save his energy, and he put it on you."

"But it was for the good of the firm," I began.

"Exactly, and Belden would have done it for the good of the firm if he hadn't known he could saw it off on someone else. There's where he showed his smartness. But that's trivial. The big thing about Belden is that he has watched me, seen what I was after, made himself my understudy, watched the way the cat jumped with our whole business, not simply with the advertising. He's lived for one thing, and one thing only—to make good in a big way in the Alexander Sinclair firm, not just to make good with me. He puts the business ahead of me, just as I put it ahead of myself. He's kept himself fit mentally and physically too. He's cut out late hours, he's gone in for exercise ——"

I tried to interrupt, but Mr. Sinclair waved my speech aside.

"You've wasted yourself," he said. "You've put in time going to these women's meetings when you ought to have been asleep or working in a gymnasium. A little walking in the open air is all the exercise you ever take. Then look at the way you used to get your own breakfast and waste yourself on housework till Eleanor Blake went to live with you. One reason I urged her upon you was that I thought you'd learn a lot from her, for she knows how to conduct her life. But you haven't learned anything. I heard you talking yesterday to Miss Ray about green timber. You're not seasoned yourself yet."

Mr. Sinclair frowned, and then he smiled.

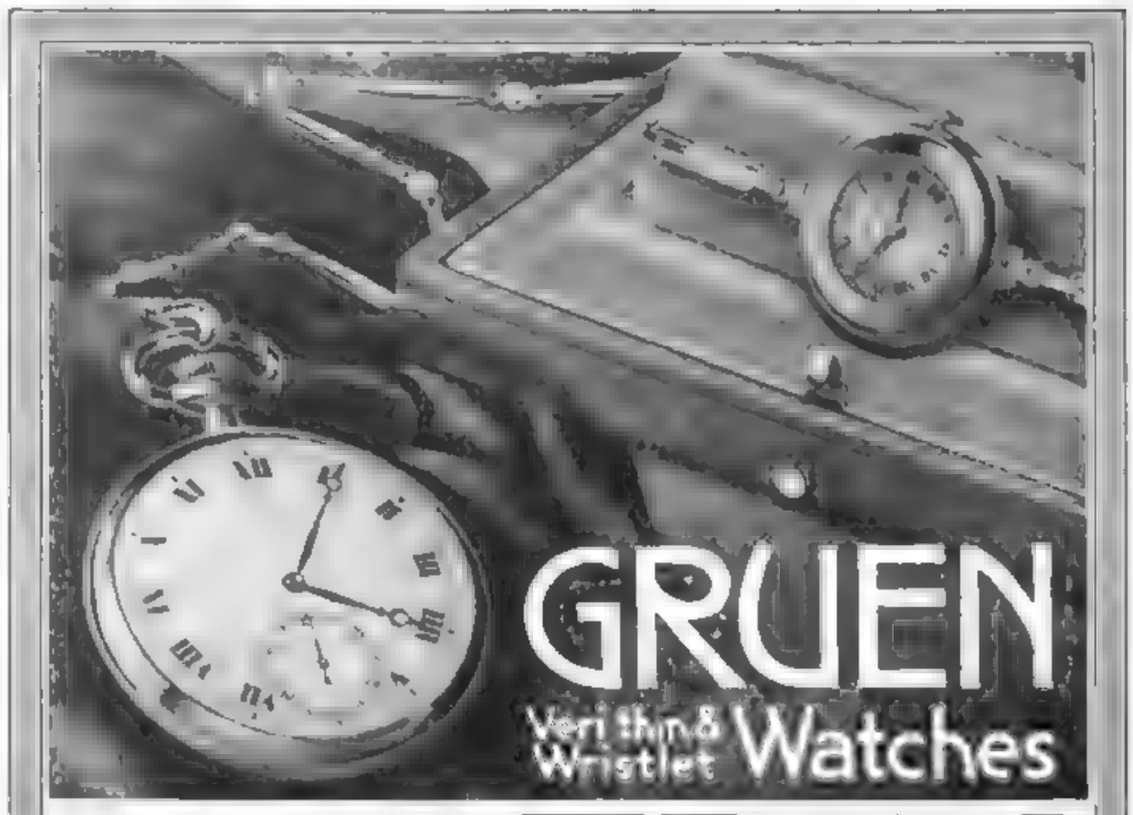
"I wouldn't be any sort of a business man if I didn't give you straight talk," he said; "and even if I wanted just to pay you because I liked you I couldn't afford to. That invalid uncle of mine who was going to leave his fortune to me died last week, but three weeks before he died he married his trained nurse, and she's going to break the will he left in my favor. I guess some of my affectionate cousins whom the old man didn't like are going to help her. Well now, I told that to Belden and I didn't tell you. Why? You both know I want to enlarge the business, but you would think I could do it just because your faith in me is perfect—that's the woman of it. You'd let it go at that. Belden would try to think out some scheme by which I could extend my credit. Maybe he'd fail, but the fact that he'd have the notion of trying proves him bigger than you. See?"

I nodded and rose.

"You don't have to make it any clearer, Mr. Sinclair," I said. "I'll go away and think it over."

I left his office with my head high, but with a courage so low as to be negligible. For ten years I had thought myself a successful business woman; it had taken just ten minutes' talk to convince me that I was a failure.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



New 14k Green-Gold Models
at Special Introductory Prices

THE famous green-gold used by the ancient Grecians and Egyptians, and hitherto obtainable only in very highest-priced watches, may now be had with the genuine Gruen Verithin and Wristlet watches, at the following special introductory prices:

Gruen Verithin Watch for Men No. 244, now $50. After Jan. 1, $55. The richness of the 14k solid green-gold case and the quaint, rich dial enhance the beauty of the Verithin design to a marked degree. Genuine Gruen Verithin movement, 17 jewel, adjusted to five positions, guaranteed to come within time-keeping accuracy required on railroads.

Gruen Verithin Model No. L244, now $55. After Jan. 1, $60. Movement identical with ... dial, patinized silver gray or cut, with raised figures in solid gold, and new style hands.

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Why we make these special prices. The beautiful thinness and accuracy of these models will make sales wherever seen. In order therefore, to have them worn immediately in as many communities as possible, Gruen dealers have been instructed to sell these models at these special introductory prices, until January 1st. If your jeweler should not have the model you want in stock —

Write us today, naming model you are particularly interested in, also mentioning your preferred dealer's name, and we will arrange for you to see it.

Other Gruen Verithin Models $25 to $250.

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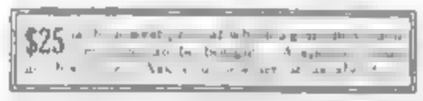
Its thinness is in the movement



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"Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1876."

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Cool in summer—warm in winter

The General Says:

Neither the hot winds of summer nor the cold blasts of winter can penetrate our roofing or wall board. Roofs covered with wood shingles, slate, or tile, need one or more layers of our insulating materials under them to keep the building cool in summer and warm in winter.

The use of wall board as an improvement over lath and plaster is becoming universal. Being a non-conductor of heat, it saves fuel in cold weather and keeps out the hot winds and heat of the summer. The great service and very low cost of our materials have led to their enormous use everywhere.

From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand

Certain-teed
Roofing-Board

These are the materials that give the best service at the most moderate cost. Certain-teed Roofing is guaranteed 5, 10, or 15 years according to whether the thickness is 1, 2, or 3-ply respectively.

As manufacturers of all of our own products, and having the biggest Roofing and Building Paper Mills in the world, we can make materials that give the longest service and can sell them at low prices.

There is a Certain-teed dealer in your locality who will be pleased to quote you prices and give you further information about our products.

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The A. M. DAVIS CO. QUALITY CARDS BOSTON

Solve your Christmas problem with Davis Quality Cards. These happy thoughts, so charmingly expressed, carry the spirit of Christmas as truly as expensive gifts.

The cards shown here and hundreds of others are sold at good stores everywhere. If you wish to make your Xmas shopping easy, ask for our dollar box A of 19 "Quality Cards for Your Very Best Friends"—or for the busy man the dollar box B of "Quality Cards for Business Men."

Buy Them From Your Dealer

If he hasn't them, send us his name with your order or with request for our catalog. Address

THE A. M. DAVIS CO., 529 ATLANTIC AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

DIM-A-LITE

Turn down your light ~ save

Turn Down Your Electric Lights

Thousands of homes are now enjoying this delightful addition to lighting comfort. It is possible today to turn down your electric lights like gas,—and to **save money** while doing so.

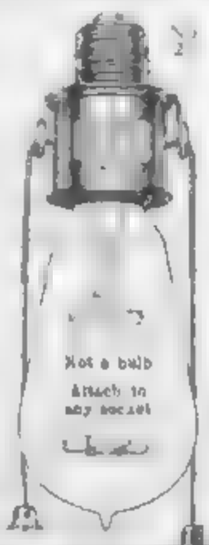
A subdued radiance for the fireside and cozy corner, a restful dimness for tired eyes, a night light for bath and hall, a reading light for the bedside, a soft glow when mother peeps in at baby,—all these are at command if you use the

Five Changes **DIM-A-LITE** *of Light*

Not a special lamp, but a small, neat regulator that cannot break or burn out. Use with your regular bulbs: a child can attach it. Noiseless—no snapping switch. Quickly pays its cost in current saved: "night light" costs a fraction of a cent per night.

Ask your dealer to show you the Dim-a-lite.

Portable Dim-a-lite (No. 23), illustrated	$1.00
Portable Dim-a-lite (No. 24), with shade holder	1.25
Standard Chain Pull Dimming Socket (takes place of the ordinary fixture socket)	1.80



WIRT COMPANY, 5512-20 Lena St., Philadelphia, Penna.

Send for "Modern Home Lighting"—it's free

THE THUMB-TWIDDLERS

(Continued from Page 23

man and do something; but she had made him a do-nothing. He grew more impossible than ever, if possible. He decided that he was fated to die in Europe. He was more frightened than the most frightened woman.

XIII

MEANTIME John Guben and one or two other men of international power had secured, by bribes, threats and prayers, the promise of a special train to Ostend. It could hold only a portion of the frantic Americans.

Guben met Wilber over the *Sprudel* cups and took pity on him as a fellow banker. He murmured the secret of the train's arrival and the hour. Wilber ran to Fannibelle with the news. It was pleasant to be saved from destruction, but it was ecstasy to be saved in an exclusive manner. She packed the trunks and bade them farewell—with good reason, for most of them she never saw again.

Wilber made an effort to get some money on his letter of credit; it was treated with raw contempt. He had almost no cash on hand. Cab drivers and porters were not to be found. They were drawn away by the fierce suction of the call to arms. Wilber and Fannibelle had to carry their own hand baggage to the train.

The streets were full of former aristocrats turned peasant in the vast pandemonium of the world. The secret of the train seemed to have become general news. Fannibelle saw Mrs. Kellin and Mrs. Juventy sagging along with their bundles. Even Mr. Guben carried his own suit case. He had engaged a valet who was a reservist and had been reserved.

The platform of the station was a seething panic. When, at length, the train steamed in, a billow of humanity rolled up to it, carrying Fannibelle and Wilber forward against one of the cars. The wave rolled back, for on most of the compartment windows somebody had affixed a paper marked: "Reserved by Mr. Mendelssohn."

Fannibelle turned to her flaccid spouse and resigned herself. Wilber paled and sighed; then he flushed, set his teeth, forced the door open, shoved Fannibelle forward, flung their luggage after her, clambered in and, thrusting her into a seat by the window, dropped opposite her.

A florid, angry person shouted at him to get out, pointed a shaking finger at the sign and demanded:

"Can't you read? This apartment is reserved by Mr. Mendelssohn."

Wilber shouted back:

"I don't give a durn if it's reserved by John Philip Sousa!"

Fannibelle was never so proud of him. She had not known that he knew so much about music.

The regurgitation of the wave threw in a flotsam of men and women, including Mr. Guben, Mrs. Kellin and Mrs. Juventy. They were helpless until Wilber had the felicity to put his suit case on his lap and Fannibelle's hand bag on hers and say:

"Set in, folks, and make yourselves at home."

Mr. Guben dropped down at Fannibelle's side and Mrs. Juventy at Wilber's.

In the purgatory that followed Mr. Guben slept a good part of the time, with his head on Fannibelle's shoulder. It would have been divine if Mrs. Juventy's head had not spent so much time on Wilber's shoulder.

After they had journeyed in this manner for eight or nine hours, Mrs. Juventy had the impudence to answer Fannibelle's glare with a smile and a suggestion that perhaps Mrs. Cinnafras would like to change places. Fannibelle did. She hated to leave the window and surrender poor Mr. Guben to the dangerous proximity of Mrs. Juventy, but her Gubenward shoulder was asleep and she must protect her family.

Among the millionfold horrors of that time, the sufferings of those passengers were unimportant to any history but their own. Despite all their distress they valued their luck in getting away at all. For thirty-six hours they sat in that constricted space, moving about a little when they had to, but chiefly numbed by a torpor of anxiety.

Wilber, being near the window, exchanged one of his last gold pieces for a few sandwiches and saved the life of Mr. Guben with one of them—also, Mrs. Juventy's with another.

Somehow they all survived the nightmare of the sardine box and woke up in view of the English Channel. When they reached London they found themselves in a new whirlpool. The cry everywhere was for money. Millionaires were pleading like beggars for a little cash.

Wilber was awake at last and revealing ingenuities and inspirations that Fannibelle had never imagined in him. One day she was called down to the telephone in the hotel, where they had a servants' room under the roof, and Wilber's voice chanted gloriously:

"Well, honey, I got two steamer tickets and a hundred dollars in gold! My friend Guben got 'em for me on account that sandwich. I'll be there quick's I can foot it."

As Fannibelle hurried through the lobby she encountered the despairing Mrs. Kellin and Mrs. Juventy, weeping together. They explained that they were hungry and dispossessed. She told them her husband was on his way with a cargo of gold, and they should have what they needed. Also, he would get them passages on the home-bound liner.

When he arrived, flushed with victory, she embraced him and praised him with groveling homage. Then she told him of her promise of mercy to the two other victims of her own policy.

"Good Lord!" said Wilber. "I met Mrs.—er—Butler-Bascom, and she was so upset I gave her half the gold and got her the last berth there was on the boat—in our stateroom."

XIV

PERHAPS her unequaled wrath at life—perhaps the unheard-of hardships of the voyage—perhaps her grim, wifely determination to foil Mrs. Butler-Bascom—deserved the credit or the blame for it; but, whatever the explanation, Fannibelle was a perfect sailor on that crossing. She was heartsick, mindsick, worldsick—but not seasick.

The ship was packed like a country hotel during a convention, and people of high condition were glad to be stowaways. Mr. Guben had a Chinaman in his stateroom. He could not put him out, because the Chinaman had let him in. Wilber tried to pacify Fannibelle by saying that it was better to have Mrs. Butler-Bascom there than the African Methodist bishop who nearly got the place; but Fannibelle was not sure.

Of one thing she was sure—she would not let Wilber and that woman out of her sight at the same time. If Wilber wanted to walk the deck he walked it with Fannibelle's abundant arm in his. If he wanted to rest or sleep in his stateroom his faithful wife was in the bunk below. Mrs. Butler-Bascom was mortally afraid of the gorgon that Fannibelle had become and she kept out of view as much as she could; but there were glimpses of her in her criminally pink negligees and helpless bathrobes, and she could not keep her hateful hair up all the time.

Toward the last of the crossing, Fannibelle's jealousy began to torment her with new anxieties. In denying Wilber all opportunity of communion with the creature, had she not made her more precious to him? When they reached New York, would he not fly to her indiscoverably among the multitudinous nooks of that wicked city? This fear ruined even the comfort of arrival once more on firm land, once more among people who understood a human language, and were not at war, and would cash a check.

The children made them thrice welcome after their escape from the maws of danger; but the reaction of peace, after all that excitement in a world turned upside down, laid Fannibelle low. Even Wilber was prostrated. He began to groan again. He resumed his profession as a malcontent and an orator on his own miseries until Fannibelle began to wish for death or divorce. The sympathy of their children was soon overdrawn. The world was so harrowed with the infinite agonies of Europe that all other pains seemed infinitesimal.

Fannibelle and Wilber realized that they could not live in the apartment of either of their children, for their children were themselves parents, with obligations of their own. Fannibelle found something to keep her from going mad in looking up an apartment for them to live in. It was an engrossing business, but Wilber took no interest in it.

(Continued on Page 49)

Neōlin

Better than Leather

Announcing The Advent of a New Synthetic Substance

Picture to yourself that dramatic moment when the scientist *knows* that he has brought into being a new synthetic substance.

Conceive, if you can, the intensity of satisfaction that comes with the sense of *having created.*

Imagine such a scene enacted in the laboratories of the great Goodyear plant at Akron.

A Scientific Achievement

If you can visualize the event, and the enthusiasm that followed it—you will know something of what it means to us to announce to the people of America the advent of Neolin.

Neolin is literally a new substance of incalculable economic value.

Yesterday it did not exist, today it *is*—a new, a practical and a proven product, destined to play a part in the daily lives of hundreds of thousands of American homes.

Neolin is not leather.
It is not rubber.
It is not a substitute for leather.
It is not a substitute for rubber.
It is—Neolin.
The substance is new, the name is new.

Only the uses to which it will be put are old—almost as old as humanity, and as vast and universal.

Neolin is better than leather.
It is better because it is waterproof.
It is better because it is more flexible.
It is light. It is strong. It is durable.
It is reliable because it is always the same.
It will not take the place of leather in all the uses to which the latter is applied.
It will not even take the place of any considerable number of these uses.
But Neolin will displace leather in some of the largest and widest fields which leather now fills.

Neolin Means Better Shoes

It should, for instance, replace leather soles on every single pair of shoes sold for $3 or over.

It should replace leather soles in such shoes because it is obviously better and more desirable in every way.

More than two hundred of the greatest shoe manufacturers in America saw the immense market for Neolin immediately.

These men are all masters of shoe design and construction—they know what the human foot requires.

They did not need to be told about Neolin—they saw at once its tremendous economic importance.

They are telling the Neolin story now through their salesmen—they will use Neolin in their own products.

Neolin has taken the virtues of leather and carried them still further.

An Improvement On Leather

Where leather was deficient Neolin has created *new* virtues.

It is not like anything that you have ever tried, or known, or heard of.

This announcement is merely to tell you that Neolin is coming.

It is to prepare your mind for a new element of ease and comfort and economy.

We might have waited—but the pride that is in us prompts us to share with you the news of the birth of Neolin.

Familiarize yourself with the name because it is destined to be a household word:—

Neolin.

Better than leather.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Read this Guarantee
We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We further guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks on anypiece of Hanes Underwear.

Have You Ever Seen Such Startling Value In Winter-Weight Underwear?

You want to be arm, neck and ankle snug this winter, in underwear that is soft, fleecy, warm and comfortable to your whole body—then, get clad in Hanes Elastic Knit Underwear. It doesn't matter how your fancy runs (the single-garment style at 50c a garment or the Union Suit at $1.00 a time), your money cannot possibly buy more than you get in Hanes. Follow the circles in this picture—read the guarantee in the right-hand top corner. If you're from Showmeville, pipe off all the extras on

50c per Garment **HANES** **$1.00 per Union Suit**

ELASTIC KNIT
UNDERWEAR

A smart elastic collarette that fits the neck snugly. *Improved* cuffs that hug the wrist and won't flare out. *A staunch waistband*, thoroughly stitched and well finished, and anklets that fit tight and keep out the cold. Union suits have a *closed crotch* and *pearl* buttons. *An elastic shoulder*, with improved lap seam, keeps the sleeve in place and affords lots of room without binding. And every garment and suit has *guaranteed unbreakable seams.*

Warning to the Trade

Any garment offered as "Hanes" is a substitute unless it bears the label shown below.

This Label on Every Garment

HANES

Buy None Without It

Here's the underwear, men, that will keep your blood tingling and your body comfortable when winter tries to get in her worst licks. Think of all these extras—then think of the low price—50c a garment, $1.00 per union suit—line up and get your money down.

Call on a Hanes dealer and examine this sturdy winter underwear. It's great stuff. If you don't know your local Hanes dealer, drop us a line.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Continued from Page 46)

One day, as she was about to set out on another round, Fannibelle had an idea that if Wilber could find something to take up his time he would get well. She had seen him in action and he was magnificent—but very stupid in repose. She advised him to go down and conquer Wall Street as he had captured that Carlsbad train. He reminded her that the Stock Exchange was closed and Wall Street once more an abandoned cowpath.

"Isn't there something else you can do? Can't you get a job somewhere? Anything to keep you busy?"

"There isn't a job to be had anywhere. Everybody is discharging everybody else. And if I was offered anything I got no health left. I'm a broken, ruined man—a wreck!"

"You perk up quick enough when that Butler-Bascom thing is about."

"I wonder where she is?" he said with sudden interest. "Poor woman, she may be in trouble! You ought to call on her."

"Me? Call on her!" Fannibelle panted. "Well, if she wants trouble, just let me call on her!" She stopped suddenly and stared at him. "How do I know where to call on her?"

"Why, she's at the Worldoff Hotel."

"Oh, she is, is she? And how do you know so much?"

He did not answer. He looked at her with a queer stare and shook his head and sighed, then rose and muttered:

"I give you up, Fannibelle! You're too much for me!"

"And you're too much for me!" she snapped back. "You never do anything I advise."

"Geeminetly!" he roared. "Listen at her! She says I never—— Why, woman, didn't I go and give up ——"

But Fannibelle fled. She really could not hear him sing that song again.

She stayed away for many hours. The more apartments she looked at, the more she hated the thought of an apartment. How could she face life in a little row of cubby-holes with that sick hyena of a husband—and no upstairs to go to, no flowers to water, no neighbors except total strangers on all sides? It would be like spending the rest of her days in that Carlsbad train. If only she had let well enough alone and clung to the Carthage ills she knew! She had torn up her life by the roots and seen too much of the world; exchanged her small-town discontents for a multitude of sorrows, dear-bought and far-fetched!

When she slumped back home she was almost ready to apologize to Wilber and ask him to take her back to Carthage. He was not there. The maid said he had gone out shortly after his wife had left.

"To see that Butler-Bascom!" Fannibelle pondered blackly.

She wondered what to do—follow him and confront them and denounce them, and then divorce him—or what? While she brooded a messenger boy brought a note, written with a pencil. It said:

"*Dear Fannibelle:* Called out of town unexpected. Got to do something to keep from going crazy. You won't miss me. Have a good time and if you need any money the children will let you have it till they hear from me. Don't worry!

"WILBER."

Fannibelle stood like a statue of herself for a while; then she thought of That Woman! She sprang to life, telephoned the hotel and asked for her. After some delay the answer came that Mrs. Butler-Bascom had given up her rooms and left for Bermuda that afternoon.

Fannibelle put the receiver on the hook feebly, and remembered Mrs. Kellin and Mrs. Juventy, and the other widows of Thumb-Twiddlers. She whispered to herself: "I've lost him!"

XV

SHE dared not call the maid to her assistance. The children were not at home. She endured a cataclysmic shame and remorse and despair, bending under it as if an avalanche had rolled down on her back. Then revenge awakened her to a blaze of revolt. She would pursue them and slay them, or—or—what can a woman do nowadays? A woman who has spent her life in the tepid waters of Carthage or the dull languors of foreign travel?

She was helpless to avenge herself, or to blame herself, or to face the world. She thought of suicide, and it pleased her with its romantic appeal.

She paced the floor and, catching sight of herself in a cheval glass, paused to stare at the rolling figure that swaddled and burlesqued her slender soul. Suicide would not be becoming to her. She pointed a finger of scorn at her grotesque image and laughed at it crazily. And it laughed back at her.

She must live on; but how could she face her children with the story of their father's perfidy? They would blame her for it all. She would be a burden on them—a white elephant in their little flat. She must get away from them. But where?

She wanted to be alone, but not in a hotel or a strange city; for she had no resources of amusement. She could not drown remembrance in drink or riotous living or in some scandalous elopement. She did not know anybody to elope with. Nobody would elope with the like of her!

She was suddenly homesick for her own room and her own bed. She had lain up there through many a siege of illness. If she could just be back in Carthage—in her room, with her old cook to scold her, and bring her things, and make her eat them! The old cook was the only soul on earth that had ever treated her as a mother treats a sick child since her own mother had gone.

Back to Carthage! That was the one sensible, appealing inspiration of her lifetime. Every other impulse had been imbecile. There could never be any mistake in going home. She would retreat thither. She would divorce her abominable husband and make him give her the old house to live in. He would never want it. And she could divorce him most easily from there. Her residence was already established by a lifetime.

This scheme rescued her from despair. She assailed her trunks once more. It would not take long to pack them, for she had only what she had bought in New York. The rest of her portables were somewhere among the forsaken baggage mountains of Europe.

Her son and his wife came home and caught her in the midst of her flying clothes.

"What on earth you packing for?"

"Going back to Carthage," she answered.

"Where's dad?"

"Gone!" she snapped.

"Already?"

"Yes!"

"He's gone on ahead to Carthage?"

She nodded. That explanation was as good as any other for the moment. Once out of sight, she could write her story at length, without facing the eyes and the voices and the sympathy and rebukes of her children. Still her son pursued her:

"What was dad's hurry? Must have been mighty important business."

"It was."

"Well, you can't go to-night. There's no decent train till to-morrow night. He won't miss you for a day or two."

She laughed harshly at that; but she was exhausted by the storms that had swept through her and she could not finish her work.

Fannibelle lingered a day or two longer, hoping that perhaps her husband would repent and come back, or at least send her some message; but no word came from him, and on the third day she bade her children a dismal good-by. She wept hugely at the trainside and they thought it was for leaving them; but it was because they said:

"Give our love to dear old dad!"

Her daughter kissed her extra and said: "Give these kisses to daddy for me."

The journey home was long—longer it seemed and more comfortless than that flight from Carlsbad, though the hours were about the same and she had a drawing-room to herself and her meals were served to her in state.

Mrs. Cinnamon gave the porter a telegram to send. It was addressed to the old cook and told her to open the house, for she was coming home. She planned to ask her to give back her pet dog. Fannibelle would need a pet dog, now that her pet husband had run away.

The approach to Carthage brought on a fresh panic. Here were more humiliations to face. She could not avoid explaining to these avaricious gossips. She could not keep them out of the house or off the telephone. She had left Mrs. Herpers and Mrs. Teele gnashing their teeth with envy. How they would chuckle now! They would belabor her with their intolerable consolations and laugh at her through the town. They would say:

"Well, she took her husband away, but she couldn't bring him back!"

All the enthusiasm of small-town hilarity would be devoted to her; but it was too

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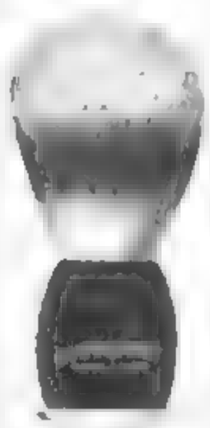

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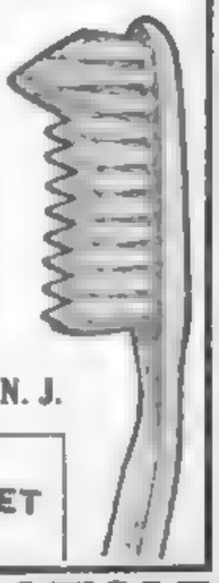

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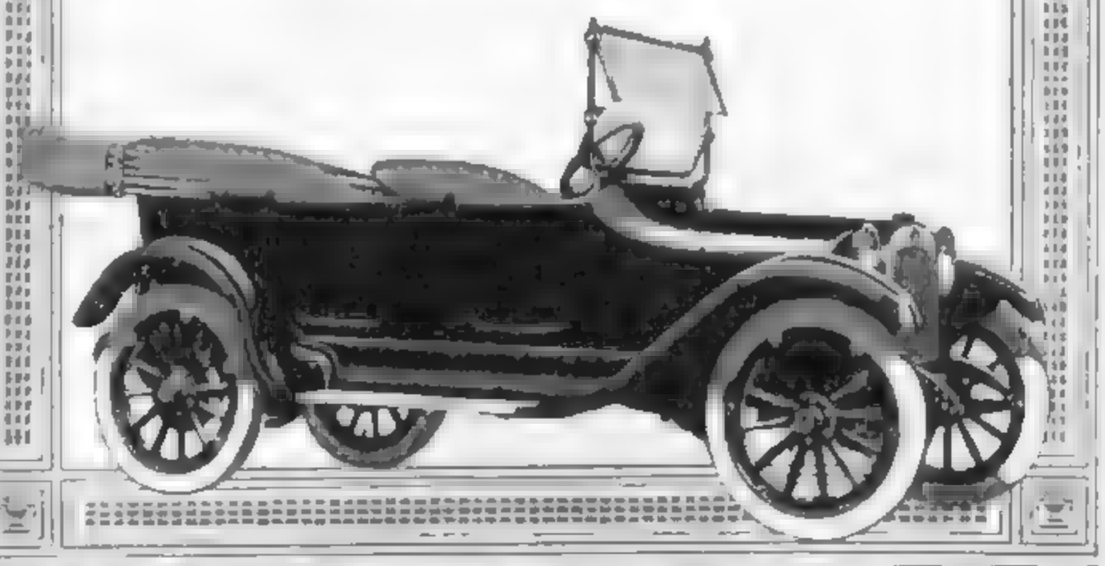

late to turn back now. The train was going too fast to be left and the next stop was Carthage. She was tempted to go on past, but the porter was already lugging her hand baggage to the door and her trunks would be put off the baggage car.

She dropped from the train with the laggard step of a convict getting out at the prison town where he is to serve a life sentence. Familiar hackmen lifted their hats to her. Hod Clum seized her hand bags from the porter with authority. He said nothing except: "Got your baggage checks, Miz Cinnamon?"

The station baggage-master lifted his hat to Fannibelle. One or two people getting on the train she had left waved to her with surprise. She remembered that Wilber had always met her before. Busy as he was forever, he always took her to the train and kissed her good-by, or always met her and kissed her how-d'ye-do, when she went on children visits or came back from them. She had not appreciated those kisses, because they were not Swinburnian or Byronian; but they had always been exclusive. In her hunt for exclusive society she had forgotten that a husband's exclusiveness was about as precious a possession as a woman could have. She had gambled with hers and lost.

Hod Clum was saying something as he closed the door of the cab. She asked him to repeat it.

"I says, would you wish to stop at the bank or go straight out home?"

"Stop at the bank!" she cried. "Why should I stop at the bank?"

"Well, Mister Cinnamon—I forgot to tell you—he told me to tell you he was mighty sorry he couldn't come to meet you, but he can't leave the bank a minute—and maybe you'd stop off there? He don't dast quit. Seems mighty good to see his old face there! You know, there was a run just startin' on the bank, and he got home and took it over from Old Man Teele just before she blew up. Soon as his name went up agin as president the only run was folks rushin' back to push in what they'd drawed out.

"Seems mighty good to see the sawmill startin' up agin, too, after old Herpers havin' to shet down. I tell you, with this war follerin' on top o' these hard times, this old town can't spare no dynamos like your husband. I don't believe he's slep' a wink since Fos Herpers met him in New York and hustled him out here."

Like all taciturn men, Hod Clum broke over the dam completely when he began to talk. He leaned in across the door with the familiarity of an ancient livery man, and poured out his gossip.

He gave Fannibelle enough for a lifetime. She sat and took it all in. She could not have spoken. Her heart was swinging like a wedding bell in the deep belfry of her bosom. Abruptly Hod Clum stopped his news to say:

"Did you allow you would stop at the bank or go straight out home?"

"You better go straight home, Mr. Clum," said Fannibelle; "but—er—you might drive past the bank—a little slow."

He did as he was told; in fact, he stopped when she rapped on the glass. She caught a glimpse of that familiar face, once more behind the brass bars. He was standing by the paying teller and talking to some anxious depositor. As Fannibelle watched, the depositor laughed sheepishly, withdrew his check and bank book from the ledge, and put them in his pocket.

Then Wilber moved to another window. His face was haggard with sleeplessness, but there was in it the rapture of battle. Fannibelle leaned forward and rapped on the glass. Suddenly it appeared to be raining there.

Hod Clum drove on to the house and helped her out, carried her baggage to the steps, and told her that her trunks would be up in a little while.

The old cook was on the porch. The pet dog came bounding down the walk and planted the muddy paws of welcome all over Fannibelle's Parisian skirt, and the cook took her in her arms and kissed her—and she kissed the cook and the dog.

When Wilber left the bank to seize a bite of lunch Fannibelle was on the lawn in her best hat and gown. And she was playing the hose on a crowd of fat-faced peonies; they seemed to be mighty glad that she was home.

When Wilber came up the walk she smiled, but her eyes were playing the hose on her smile.

(THE END)

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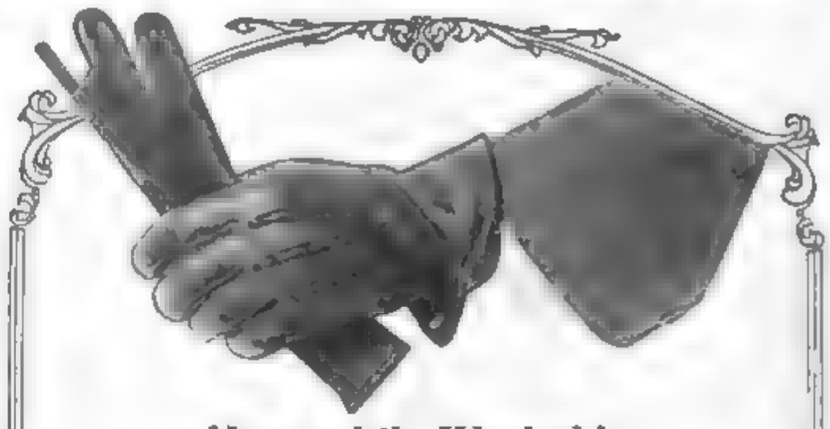

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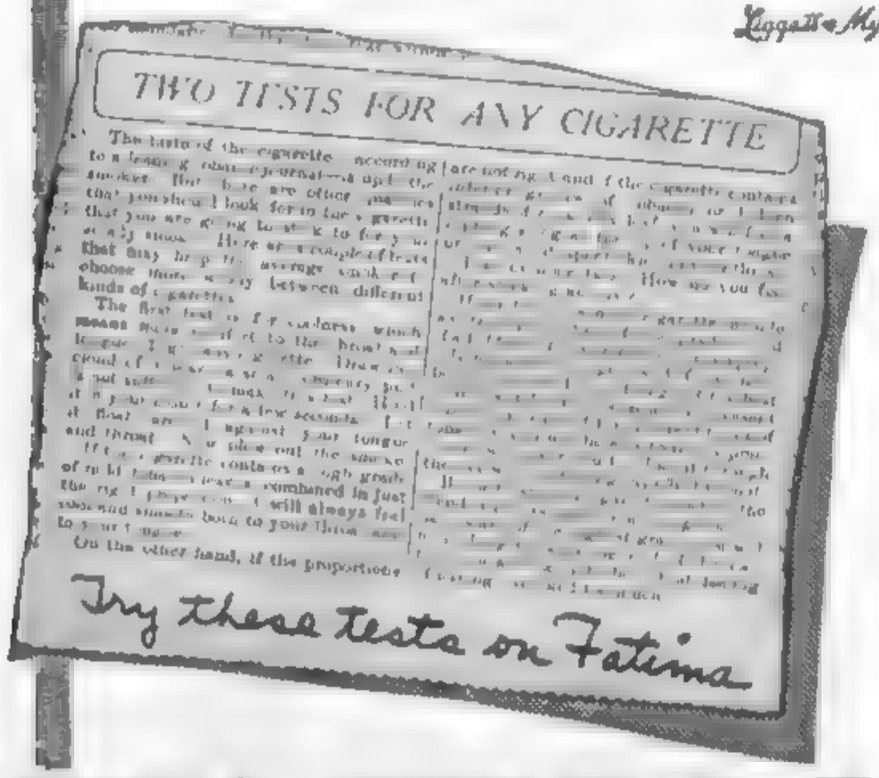

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THE NEW ADMINISTRATION

(Continued from Page 17)

court affairs. He sat between the two Supreme Court judges, pallid and ill, his face sunken. The justice went on in his even voice

"When the cashier of the Eighth National Bank was offered the block of Gas bonds he inquired whether your bank was a subscriber to the issue. You replied that it was. This answer, true in a narrow interpretation of words, was, in fact, intended to deceive. Your subscription was for ten bonds only and attended by collateral security. Carter Johnson took your answer to mean that you considered this issue to be a safe, desirable security. He relied on it and accordingly invested seventy-five thousand dollars in these bonds. The bonds were, in fact, worth twenty-five thousand—all of which you, Hiram Tollman, on that day and at the moment of the inquiry, well knew. . . . Now by that investment, so made, the Eighth National Bank lost the sum of fifty thousand dollars, and the succeeding events resulted."

The man standing up in the courtroom trembled, and sweat threaded along the creases of his obese body. He tried to urge some justification, but seemed unable to formulate the thing.

The elder justice appeared to grasp what he meant; for he said in his deep, level voice:

"It is not our purpose to hold one man responsible for the neglect of another. What one undertakes to do, or pretends to do, for the benefit of persons maintaining him in a position of trust we hold him bound to perform."

The younger justice waited a moment, as though in emphasis of the pronouncement of the elder and as a profound courtesy. He looked down at the silent faces turned everywhere toward the bench. Then he went on:

"The directors of the Eighth National Bank are in the courtroom. Let them stand up."

Five men, sitting here and there on the packed benches, rose. The attorney, Dickerman, was general counsel for these directors. They were his best, his most substantial clients; and now, by a supreme measure of nasurance, he rose and addressed the judges.

"Your Honors," he said, "these men are not in court as parties to any proceeding and no order can be entered against them."

The justice looked calmly at the man.

"Everybody concerned with this affair is before us," he said, "and will be included in our decree. As for you, Sylvester Dickerman, it is our order that you be allowed twenty-five dollars a day for your services during the conduct of the trial of Carter Johnson, and no more. You will return all fees above that sum, together with your contract contingent on the acquittal of the accused."

There was silence; and he added:

"We have observed your methods for a long time. They do not please us, Sylvester Dickerman. But we do not revoke your license. You will be presently before us, and we think that your knowledge of this fact will be a sufficient safeguard of the public interest."

The man seemed appalled, like one who suddenly sees an invisible peril uncovered before him.

The justice went on:

"As for you"—and he named the five directors—"you have neglected the duties which you assumed to perform for the stockholders of the Eighth National Bank. In consequence of that neglect—but for one consideration—our decree would direct you to pay into the bank the loss on this investment—that is to say, the sum of fifty thousand dollars—out of your individual private fortunes.

"As the matter stands, you will pay, share and share alike, all the costs of the proceedings in this court, including the trial of Carter Johnson and the fees allowed by us to his attorney; all the costs and expenses of the receivership; and whatever sums are required to rehabilitate the Eighth National Bank."

The justice looked now at the prisoner, and that abject person rose as though the look were in itself a compelling summons. He stood with his body relaxed, his shoulders stooped, his head down. The woman beside him also rose, her strained white

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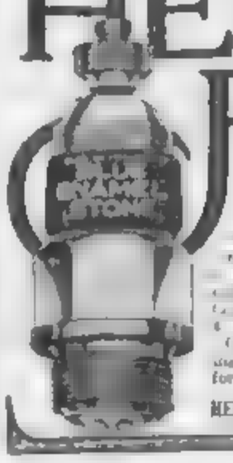

OUTLASTS THE MOTOR ITSELF!

[illegible] Double Strength [illegible] must [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

face fixed on the justice as by the fascination of some invisible sorcery. The whole courtroom was profoundly silent. Everybody thought that sentence on the prisoner was about to be pronounced; but, instead, the justice turned toward the man Tollman, standing within the rail behind the local bar.

"It is an elementary principle of justice," he said, "regarded by all men, that no one shall take a gain at the risk of another. He shall take his gain at his own risk."

He paused and addressed Tollman directly:

"It is on this conception of justice, Hiram Tollman, that we are about to consider your responsibility in this affair. That Carter Johnson trusted to your judgment in the purchase of securities is a secondary matter, behind the primary duty of the cashier and directors of this bank to investigate for themselves. That you were cashier of this bank when Carter Johnson entered it as a clerk, and that he continued to be influenced by your methods and example, are not considerations moving us toward our decree."

Here the elder justice again uttered a pronouncement that no man present in the courtroom ever afterward forgot.

"That another influenced me," he said, "and I violated the law is a defense that we shall always reject."

Then the younger justice continued:

"The basis of our decree against you, Hiram Tollman, is in the fact that you took a gain at the risk of the Eighth National Bank. The money which you used in the first speculations, which made your fortune, was the money of this bank, in your custody as cashier. It was you, Hiram Tollman, who invented the trick—afterward used by Carter Johnson—to cover the shortage in your currency during the period of your speculations. Unlike Johnson, you were successful in your investments. Your trick was not discovered; you put back the funds placed in hazard and converted the gain to your own use.

"You imagined, Hiram Tollman, that this matter was adjusted by the return of the funds. It was not so adjusted. The gain must be restored to adjust it. That gain, together with the legal interest to date, is one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars; and it is our order that you pay it in to the receiver of the Eighth National Bank within thirty days after the rising of this court."

All persons in the courtroom were amazed. The vast, invisible espionage of the Department of Justice appalled them. Every man connected in any degree with a doubtful affair was seized with apprehension and began to go back over the details of his life, fearful lest he had overlooked some avenue through which his affair might have come to the knowledge of this elaborate Secret Service, which nothing seemed to escape.

The younger justice ceased, and the elder, sitting on the right of the bench, addressed the prisoner. Everybody thought that he was about to deliver some elaborate opinion; but he uttered only one preliminary sentence.

"Excessive punishment," he said, "is, beyond all things, abhorrent to us. You are released from the custody of the marshal."

The prisoner, expecting to receive a penal sentence, would have fallen but for the arms of the woman about him, her face transfigured.

To all this the justices of the Supreme Bench gave no attention. The younger began to dictate the orders and decrees covering the points of his decision; and when they were written out the District Judge, sitting motionless in his black robe, signed them without a word:

"Enter. WILLIAM A. PLAINFIELD."

It was night. The judges left the Federal Building, the District Judge walking between the two justices of the Supreme Court. Persons on the street, as in awe, crossed to the opposite side as the three impressive figures approached. They turned into the grounds of the District Judge and entered his house.

The community of misfortunes drew the banker—Tollman—the lawyer and the broker together as they came out on the street.

"Who summoned you to appear?" said Dickerman, addressing the broker. "The New York marshal couldn't find you when we sent over a subpœna."

"Nobody summoned me."

"How did you get notice to appear, then?"

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JUNIOR RACER 4 feet long. Weighs 10½ lbs. $3.50
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and other Moore Push devices for hanging your pictures? They will save your walls ... ornament and daintiness. They're just the thing for pretty silk-corded calendars, pennants, etc. You simply push them in with ... 10c per packet. For your heavy pictures, ... etc. weighing up to 100 lbs. use Moore Push Hangers—the Hanger with the Twist. 4 sizes. 10c per packet.

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"Sixty-one Years of Knowing How" is behind the tailoring of every suit of

Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.

Wholesale Tailors Rochester, New York

Gravure Style Panels Mailed on Request

"I didn't get any notice," replied the man. "I just felt that I had to come."

The lawyer looked at the broker a moment, his eyes wide, his mouth gaping; then, without a word, he crossed the street to the telegraph office, the others following. The operator was a friend of Dickerman's.

"Mack," he said, breathing quickly, like a man with a defective heart, "did the judge get a telegram yesterday?"

"Sure!" replied the man.

"Where from?"

"Washington, I reckon," answered the operator, turning over his file for the message. "It's not marked."

"Ask Washington," said the lawyer.

The line was open and the operator called. There was silence and after a time the instrument clicked.

"That's queer," said the operator "not sent from Washington! That's damn queer! It came over the line."

They went out and along the street to the judge's residence, all moved in common by a single fearful idea. The house was wholly dark. They stopped at the gate. Other persons joined them. A crowd assembled. Finally it moved from the gate along the brick path to the door. The door was locked. No one replied to the bell or knocking.

Finally an officer got in through a window and opened the door. The family doctor joined him and the two men went up the steps together. The crowd waited, silent, in the hall and on the porch outside.

Suddenly the voice of the doctor reached them from an upper chamber, where he stooped over the body of a man lying across the threshold, his bundle of legal papers scattered on the floor.

"Dead! . . . The judge!"

Then, a moment later:

"Good God! His limbs are set in *rigor mortis!* He's been dead twenty-four hours!"

All at once, with a sickening sense of dread, the broker, the lawyer, the banker everybody from the courtroom—realized that the District Judge had been sitting, for this day, between the two mysterious justices, after he was dead; and that, for this day, the administration of justice in the court had been taken over by the Ultimate Authority—infinite and just—behind the moving of events.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Fatal All Round

IN A CERTAIN border town of the South, fifty-odd years ago, lived a fine old couple originally from Virginia. Their two sons were fighting for the Confederacy; their only daughter had married a man in another town. They lived alone at the old home place, with plenty of black chattels to serve them. One morning during the war the husband came hurrying up the front walk, bareheaded and carrying in his hands a single-sheeted newspaper extra. His wife, sitting on the front porch, rose in agitation.

"Oh, colonel," she asked, "is it news from the front? Has there been a battle?"

"Worse than that, madam," he said, "worse than that! We haven't got a nigger left to our names. The Yankee President Lincoln has freed the slaves!"

With a moan she dropped back in her chair.

"Sir," she said, "it will kill me to have to cook!"

"Madam," he said earnestly, "it will kill me to have to eat what you cook."

Breaking It Gently

BEHIND a warehouse in Memphis a crap game was in progress. A large, dark-brown gamester suddenly snatched up a pair of dice which had been introduced into the game by a saddle-colored stranger from up the river. He took one look at the suspicious cubes and turned to a friend.

"Slewfoot," he inquired softly as he reached for his hip pocket, "whut is de day of de month?"

"De twelth of June," said Slewfoot.

"Well, you bears dat date in yo' mind," said the first speaker. "Because w'en de twelth of June comes round agin, dis here yeller nigger will adone been daid jes' perzactly one year."

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THE Florsheim Shoe is built on comfort lines with style in every detail—ready to wear, no breaking-in, ease from first to last day's wear.

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The Banker—Kid or Kangaroo—full round toe—low heel Style 1052

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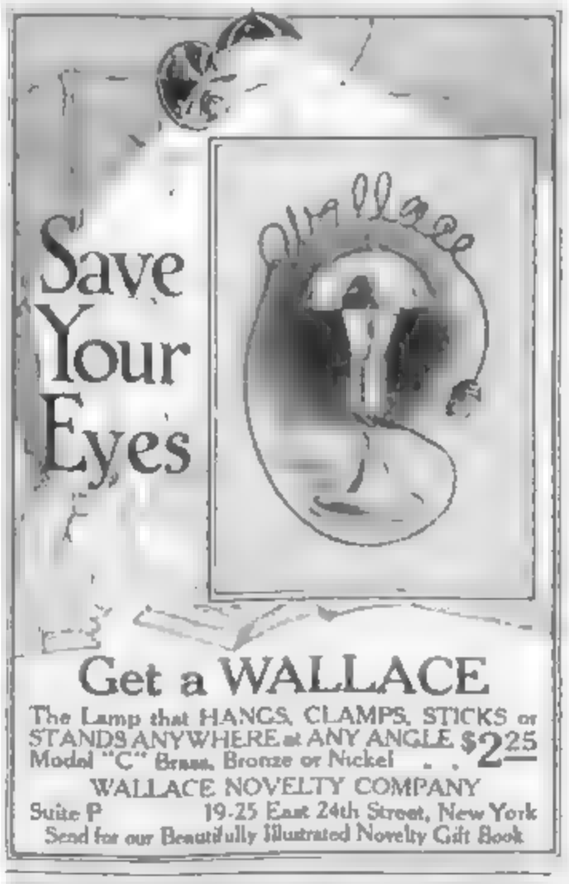

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No crushing, no broken ends, no mussiness.

The Havone is as readily filled as the ordinary case.

What better Christmas gift for the outdoor man!

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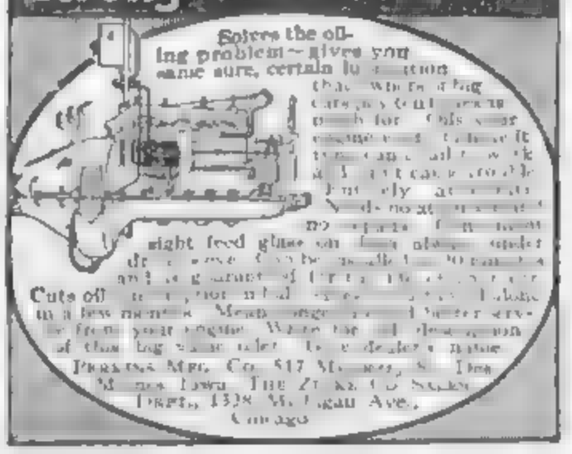

Solves the oiling problem—gives you same sure, certain lubrication that wins a big cargo of business for Ford cars—costs only a few cents a year—and is guaranteed to [illegible] no parts to [illegible] sight feed glass on [illegible] drive [illegible] and is guaranteed [illegible]

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-to prevent infection

Breaks in the skin are dangerous.

Unless given proper attention they invite infection, inflammation and, possibly, serious consequences.

They should be treated with something of an antiseptic or germ-killing character.

But that is not enough!

They should also be *protected*, so that germs cannot get into them while the wound is healing.

New-Skin is especially adapted for both these purposes.

It is of proved germicidal value.

Tests in laboratories with living microbes have shown conclusively that it kills germs when brought in contact with them.

New-Skin has the valuable additional property of forming a "film" which is water-proof.

It is useful, therefore, both for its antiseptic properties and to serve as a protection while the natural skin is forming again.

New-Skin has been fourteen years on the market and is sold all over the world.

At this moment, it is in the homes of hundreds of thousands of readers of The Saturday Evening Post, while thousands of bottles have been sold for use in the European War. It is a proved reliance in emergencies.

For your own protection and for the sake of your children and family you should *always* keep a bottle of New-Skin in the house.

Important!

There are many imitations of New-Skin. The real New-Skin is put up in glass, in red and gold outside paper cartons.

Look for the name *Newskin Company* on the box. If it is not there the liquid is not genuine. Don't be imposed upon. Insist on the genuine.

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Genuine New-Skin looks like this—

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Inquire of your druggist first. If he does not keep New-Skin, send to us. This coupon will entitle you to the larger size bottle on receipt of twenty five cents in stamps. Postage and packing expense borne by us.

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"Dearest Anne:

You've no idea what fun housekeeping is until you've darling things around you—all your own.

Jack says I'm simply enslaved by my silver. Today when he found me gloating over it again, he was almost * * brutal.

The truth is, I was so absorbed in looking at my beautiful Community, I forgot all about getting dinner. But I don't think that excuses Jack for slamming the door—do you? *Patricia.*

P. S.—Jack has apologized. He thinks something he ate for lunch went to his temper.

My dear, the hardship a business man endures is appalling. Think of that poor boy lunching down town alone every day without me to look after his meals. And—imagine it—it's like being in the trenches—*no Community Silver to eat with.*"

NOTE—Do not confuse COMMUNITY PLATE with ordinary plated silver, for "Community" is so especially thickened at the wearing points and toughened to withstand wear, that in a long lifetime you will never see or touch anything but the purest of pure silver. There are many attractive designs at your dealer's. The price is attractive, too.

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COMMUNITY PLATE (*best plated ware made*)
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Also makers of Oneida Community Reliance Plate (at your service for 25 years, six teaspoons, $1.10), *and* Oneida Community Par Plate.

RICH MAN, POOR MAN

(Continued from Page 20

"Angry?" he echoed. His voice, filled with sudden feeling, startled her. "Do you think I could be angry with you?"

Bab didn't know. As he took her hand, his arm about her as they waited momentarily to catch the music's beat, she felt herself tremble at his nearness. She dared not speak, she dared not look at him. Her head low, her face against his sleeve, she breathed faintly, borne away by him, the music, half heard, drumming distantly in her ears. She was not conscious that she danced. It was as if she clung to him and was carried on, drifting like a cloud. Then in her maze of vague, bewildering emotions she heard him speak, his voice coming to her distantly, small and penetrating like a bell's silver note.

"Bab!" he whispered. "Bab!"

The arm about her tightened then. She did not resent it. She had the feeling that after all somehow he was hers. Numbly the thought came to her of how long she had waited for this. From the first her dream had been of such a moment. She would be in his arms and he would be looking down at her; and then like that, too, he would whisper to her.

"Bab," he said again. "Bab, dear!"

His voice, though he had lowered it till it could barely be heard, rang to her like a trumpet. His face, she knew, too, was so close that it touched the soft stray filaments of her hair. She felt her heart throb ponderously.

"Happy, Bab?" he asked.

A quick breath, half a sob, escaped her. Happy? Varick gave no heed. A laugh, a small, joyous echo of contentment, rippled from his lips, and again she felt his arm tighten about her, possessive, confident. Round them were a hundred others, all elbow to elbow with them, all dancing to the strains of that same languorous, alluring music. But of this neither seemed aware. All Bab knew or cared was that he and she were there; that for this one moment, whatever else might befall, they two were together. What if it was only for her money that he wanted her? What if he had once asked her to marry him for that? It made little difference now. This was her night. This was what she had wanted. For it was of him she had dreamed. It was Varick, after all, she had wanted at her dance. Happy?

Bab's mouth quivered as she pressed it against his sleeve. Varick was still whispering to her softly:

"Bab, you remember the night, don't you, the Christmas Eve when you went away from Mrs. Tilney's? You remember you told me then that when you were a little girl, a kid in pigtails and pinafores, you used to dance by yourself to the music of an unseen orchestra, there all alone in Mrs. Tilney's kitchen. Remember, Bab?"

Yes, she remembered. She remembered, too, what else she had said that night. An inarticulate murmur escaped her.

"Bab, tell me now, is this like it?" he asked. "Is this the dream come true?"

Was it indeed? She knew that in her dreams at Mrs. Tilney's a night like this would have seemed veritably a dream. Place, possessions, a name! All these she had now. She was sought after and desired as she had dreamed! Yet was it all as in her dreams she had seen it?

"Well?" asked Varick.

Her face against his sleeve, Bab debated.

"I don't know. Why?"

"I wondered, Bab. I wondered if anything could make you happier; if there was anything for which you'd give it up."

"Give it up?"

"Yes, Bab."

She looked up at him, a startled glance. Why should she give it up? Then, the thought leaping into her mind, she guessed—or thought she guessed—what he meant; and the color swept into her face. Conscious then, quivering, too, she dropped her eyes confusedly.

Give it up for him?

The music still played. They still drifted in and out among the other dancers. She wondered whether, pressed tightly against his shoulder, he could not feel her heart. It was throbbing like a bird's.

"Bab, listen! A while ago I asked you to marry me, and you said no. You scorned me, you remember. You said that if I'd really loved you I'd have asked you when you were poor. But what if marrying me made you poor? What if by doing that you lost all this? Bab, would you take me then?"

She listened in dumb silence.

"Well, Bab?" he asked.

She still did not answer. She dared neither to speak nor to look at him. If she did she knew there would not be a soul in that ballroom who wouldn't guess what he was saying to her. He was pleading now, his voice urging her:

"Come with me, Bab! Marry me tonight! I want just you, don't you understand? I want you now!"

To-night? Marry him like that? Run away with him? Varick could feel her tremble.

"It's not running away, Bab. Say yes, now! Say you'll marry me!" Even in her emotion, the distress that tore her now, Bab could not help but wonder at his haste, his persistency. "Don't be frightened, will you? Trust in me; I have everything ready, dear! And you won't have to go alone. I'll tell you something: It's all been fixed, Bab—I've brought Mr. Mapleson with me too."

"Mr. Mapy?" The name, the exclamation, burst from her, a stifled, startled cry. "You brought him?"

Again Varick's arm tightened itself about her, protecting, reassuring.

"Steady, dear!" he whispered. "They've begun to look at you."

She hardly heard him.

"You brought Mr. Mapy?" she repeated.

"Yes, Bab; he knows why I've come tonight. He's outside there, waiting in the cab." Then, careless of any eye that might see him, Varick pressed his cheek softly against the brown head that so long had been turned away from his. "Bab, will you say yes? Say you will, Bab! Come with me and we'll be married now!" He heard her catch her breath. The face against his sleeve pressed tighter to it. For an instant he felt her cling to him. "Will you come, Bab?"

Then she answered him.

"Bayard! Bayard!" whispered Bab. "I can't. Don't you understand how it was? I thought you hated me. I thought after what I'd said to you I'd never see you again. It was all my fault; I believed what they said of you. Forgive me, won't you? Oh, don't look at me like that!"

"Bab, what have you done?" he asked.

She looked up at him dully, her face filled with weary helplessness. Then she told him:

"I'm going to marry David. You didn't come and I didn't think you would, so a while ago I told him yes."

"You said you'd marry him?"

"Yes, Bayard. You don't know how kind and dear he's been. Then, too, you didn't come. So I said yes."

Again Varick had tried to save her, and again he had failed. Then, as he glanced toward the ballroom door, his face a study of bewilderment, he saw there what he had been expecting. Beeston had just entered, and he had seen Varick and Bab.

XVII

THE music had ended. In the stir that followed, the momentary confusion as the dancers, separating, strayed toward their seats, Varick glanced irresolutely about him. If he was to do anything he must do it quickly, he saw.

Beeston, his face menacing, was already halfway across the ballroom floor. The jig was up—that was evident. One needed but a look to see this, and Varick, as he caught the look on Beeston's face, felt his heart sink. It was not of himself, though, that Varick thought.

Bab stood there, gay in her borrowed plumes, the pearl, the great gem Beeston had given her, nestling on the snowy whiteness of her breast; and in spite of the cloud, the troubled bewilderment that still clung darkly to her eyes, Varick thought he had never seen her more brilliant, more bewitching. But now, it happened, not even her charm, her witchery, were to avail her.

Varick pondered swiftly. Should he tell her? It would be a mercy, he felt, however he told it, to forestall the brutal way he was sure Beeston would blurt it out. And that, too, was why he had come there, an unbidden guest, forcing his way into the house. It was to save Bab, it was to rescue her from just some such scene as this. But the instant Varick looked at her the words flocking to his lips died there. His heart failed him. He hadn't the courage to do it.

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Happy the man or woman whose smile discloses pearly-white teeth. A beautiful set of teeth such as shown by the girl in the picture is an asset beyond price. She writes us that it is her morning, noon and night use of

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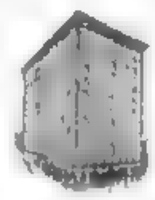
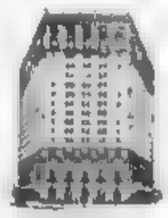
BUFFALO - CLEVELAND - DETROIT



BUFFALO

CLEVELAND



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It is Hotels Statler policy to give *every* guest full value—and a little bit more—for his money.

You pay one cent for a one-cent paper in Hotels Statler—never more than you'd pay on the street.

You pay five cents for a telephone call from the lobby—never more than you'd pay in another public pay-station.

You are not annoyed with voluntary service—which is tip-solicitation—in wash rooms, and you are not held up by a whisk-broom or a shoe-rag.

You are not contradicted or argued with if you express your dissatisfaction with any detail of service. Hotels Statler are operated on the principle that *the guest is always right*, and we're not satisfied until you are.

Ask anyone who has ever stopped with us—at Buffalo, Cleveland or Detroit.

One instance of Hotel Statler service to guests: you find a morning paper under your door when you wake—but you don't find a charge for it in your bill

The Walk-Over Art-Panel for 1916

WE have for years published an Art Panel or Calendar which has met with an enthusiastic reception from thousands of American art lovers. Each year the edition has been quickly exhausted.

This year a reproduction by Photogravure of a charming study of an American Girl, with all the breezy freedom of the great out-of-doors, will undoubtedly break all records for popularity.

If you wish to be sure of a copy, **FREE**, ask your WALK-OVER dealer at once, or send 25 cents to Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Mass., Makers of Walk-Over Shoes for Men and Women, and one will be sent you by return post.

Pictures by this process heretofore cost from two to five dollars. Size 22 x 28 inches.

Walk-Over Shoes win Grand Prize Panama-Pacific Exposition

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His name is Mr. Sidney Eckley; he lives in Ohio. A year ago an advertisement like this caught his eye. He wrote for particulars.

IN reply we told him how, like thousands of other men and women, he could earn some money in his spare time. He met us half-way. His early efforts netted him only $7.00 during his first month, but opened his eyes to the possibilities ahead of him. During his third month he converted his spare time into $276.00 in cash.

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50c Postpaid — Fits any Pocket

Tell her she was a fraud! Tell her she was a cheat, an impostor! He groaned to himself at the thought. Still irresolute, he had turned to glance apprehensively across the ballroom, when he felt a hand touch him quietly on the arm. David stood beside him.

From his place in the corner David, too, had seen Beeston enter the ballroom; and he, too, it seemed, had divined instantly what brought his grandfather. Lloyd, David's father, had carried out his promise: he had told Beeston of the fraud. And David, knowing Beeston, knew, too, what they might expect of him now that he had learned.

Surprisingly, however, it was for Varick, not Bab, that David was concerned. Bab he did not even seem to consider. As he touched Varick on the arm he spoke, and his voice was grave with warning.

"You'd better go," said David.

No need to tell Varick that. He had been convinced of this the instant he had glimpsed Beeston. Even so, however, this was not the question. It was, instead, how he could get Bab out of that ballroom, out of the house itself, too, so there should be no scene.

David interrupted his thoughts.

"There'll be no scene, don't worry—not with her," he said; and Varick, astonished, turned to him swiftly. No scene with her? Why, Bab would be the first of all Beeston would denounce. More than that, it would be like Beeston to denounce her publicly, there before her guests. However, there was no time now for explanations.

"Do as I tell you," said David sharply. "If you'll go there'll be no trouble. I'll look out for Bub."

Bab was still standing there, her eyes and her drawn brows filled with bewildered wonderment.

"Come, Babs," said David.

Then when, as in a dream, she moved away with him David looked back across his shoulder. Once again he signed imperatively to Varick; once more he waved to him to go. But Varick did not move. He stood there as if debating, as if in that brief moment something had dawned within his mind. Bab and David, slowly threading their way amid the throng on the ballroom floor, drifted toward the door. On the way there they passed close to Beeston, but Beeston did not so much as give the two a look. His eyes on Varick, he stamped swiftly toward him. A moment later the two stood face to face. A thick growl escaped Beeston, a rumble of rancorous dislike.

"Huh!" he said roughly. "What are you doing here?"

Outside, huddled in a cab, Mr. Mapleson sat waiting. A long line of motors thronged the street—huge limousines or smaller, equally smart landaulets, their chauffeurs and footmen clustered along the curb in groups. Beyond from the open windows of the Beeston house the strains of an orchestra poured forth; and through the hangings one had a glimpse of the crowded ballroom, the dancers gliding to and fro. Absorbed in his thoughts, however, Mr. Mapleson could not have been more solitary had he been plunged into the heart of the Sahara.

He had lost; he knew that now. His crime, the fraud and forgery he had committed, all had been in vain. However, it was not just of this failure that the little man sat thinking, not altogether of this downfall of his dreams. Curiously, neither did his mind dwell at the moment on its consequences to himself. Jail yawned for Mr. Mapleson, and yet he did not give it a thought. The thought of Bab was what filled him with despair. He began to see now what he had done to her.

"Diamonds and pearls! Diamonds and pearls!" A groan escaped him. How he had tried, how he had striven, sacrificing everything, his own honor included, to make her happy, to give her what she wanted! And how he had failed! It was not only that he had failed, however; he withered at the thought of what he'd brought upon her. For the diamonds and pearls, the symbols of the vaunted riches he so long had prated about, were not all that would be stripped from her now. Bab not only had lost all this, she not only would be shamed and branded, but she would in all probability lose the man she loved!

"Oh, God!" said Mr. Mapleson; and as the groan escaped him he bent forward swiftly and buried his face in his hands.

It was of Varick he thought. Varick he knew loved Bab. But even though he

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did, would Varick care now to marry her? Would anyone, in fact, care to take for his wife a woman who had been the central figure in a crime, a shameful fraud? Or even if he did, would his friends, his family, let him? Nor was that all. There was a nearer, more poignant shame that the fraud would fasten on her. Before his mind's eye arose a vision, a picture of Beeston, now that he knew the fraud, denouncing Bab before her guests. Mr. Mapleson quivered at the thought.

Varick, when he had left, had warned him he must not leave the cab. He must stay there till Varick came back with Bab. But this was too much. At this thought, this picture of Beeston, Mr. Mapleson struggled swiftly to his feet. There was still time. If he hurried he still could get to her before Beeston did. So, his hands fumbling with the catch, Mr. Mapleson had thrown open the cab door and was stepping out when suddenly he halted. There, hurrying toward him, came Varick!

Not above half an hour had passed since he and Mr. Mapleson had parted, but to the little man a lifetime might as well have intervened. Unnerved, in a sort of stupor, he stared blankly. Varick was alone! Outside, his hand on the cab door, he stood giving an order to the driver. Then as Varick, entering the cab, slammed the door behind him Mr. Mapleson awoke.

"Bab—where's Bab?" he cried.

For a moment Varick did not speak. His face was set and a smile, grim and sardonic, played about the corners of his mouth.

"She's not coming," he said abruptly.

Mr. Mapleson did not seem to comprehend.

"You left her?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," answered Varick grimly.

Mr. Mapleson could stand no more. His voice suddenly rose.

"Tell me what has happened!" he cried. "Don't they know? Haven't they found it out?"

The taxicab, gathering speed, had already reached the Avenue, turning southward on its way, and with a jerk of his head Varick indicated the house they had left behind them.

"They know everything," he said. "Beeston has known it for weeks. He knew long before Lloyd took the trouble to tell him."

Mr. Mapleson heard him dumfounded.

"Beeston knows? And he didn't turn her out?" gasped Mr. Mapleson.

It was so, and the little man's eyes rounded themselves like marbles. Beeston had let her stay? Incredible!

"I'll tell you something else," drawled Varick. His air dull, his speech, too, as if what had happened had left him stupefied, he turned to Mr. Mapleson: "Beeston said he didn't give a damn what Bab was, whether she was a fraud or not. Understand? Lloyd was there, and I heard Beeston say to him: 'You tell her a word—her or anyone else, mind you—and your wife'll get no more money from me. You'll go to work!'"

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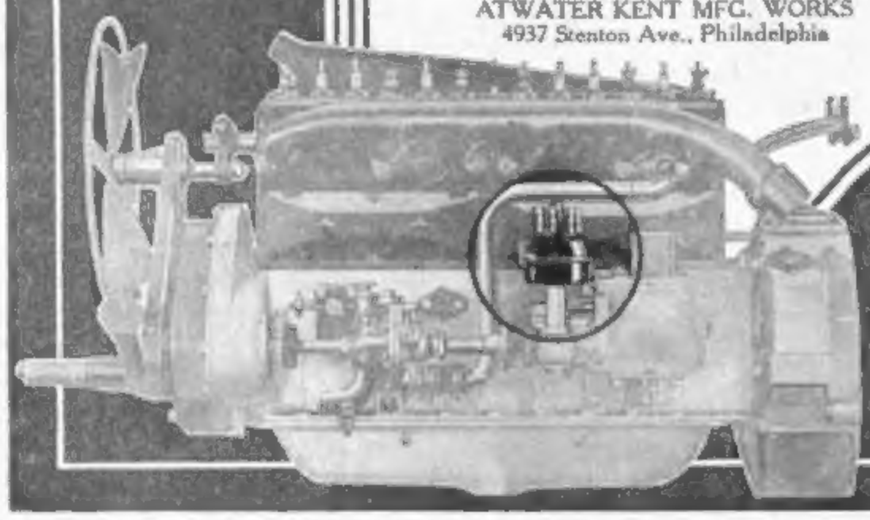

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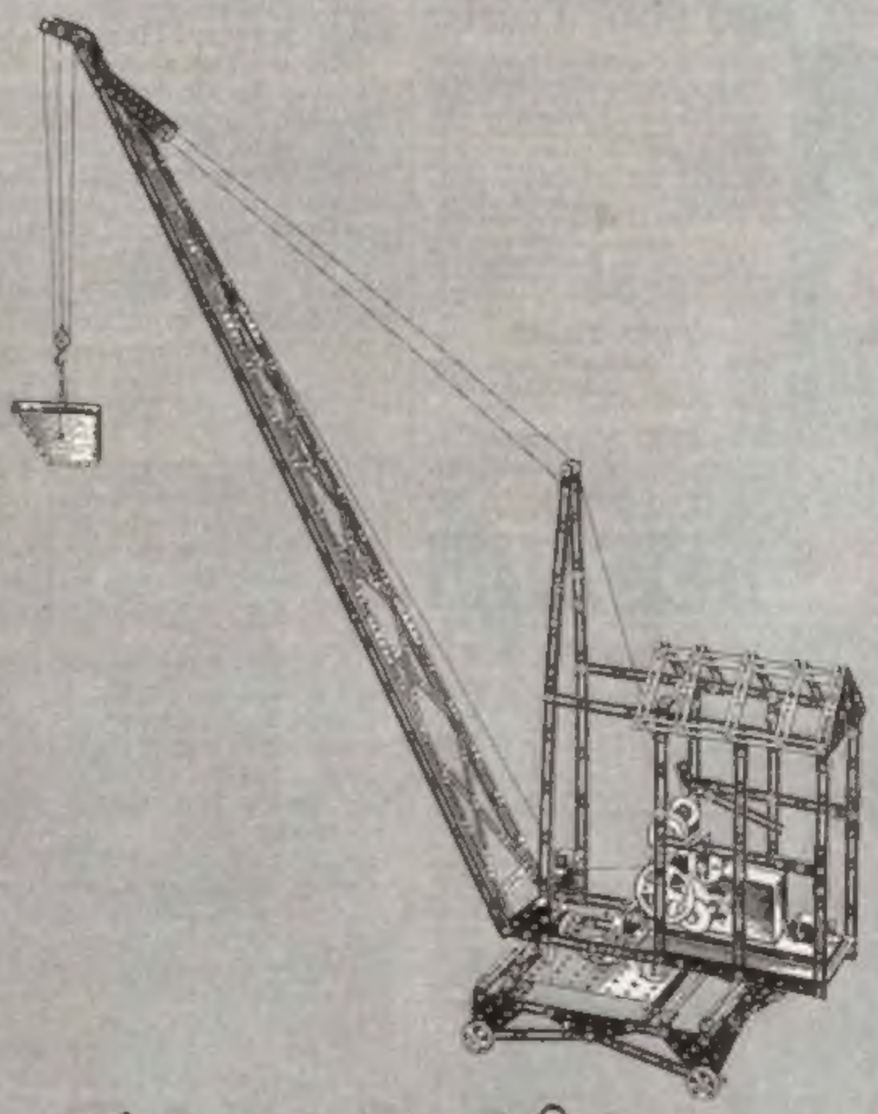

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